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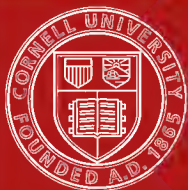
THE GIFT OF

Henry W. Sage

1891

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HOOD'S OWN.

THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH ALL
THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,
BY HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

VOL. VIII.



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THE FRIEND IN NEED.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, *after* STERNE.



“He gain’d from Heav’n, ’twas all he ask’d—‘a Friend!’”

GRAY’S *Elegy*.

CHAPTER I.

“A FRIEND in need,” murmurs the Courteous Reader, “is a friend indeed.”

“There’s no such person,” shouts Need himself, in a thread-bare black coat, with white metal buttons. “If there were, he would accept this bill for me—only fifty pounds—at six months,—and sure to be renewed!”

“The only Friend in Need that I have met with,” observes Viator, “is a green one, and runs from Paddington to the Bank.”

“Need or no need,” cries Honoria, the spinster yonder, with the flesh-coloured ribands and cherry-coloured face, “a true friend is a nonentity! Friendship, indeed! It’s a mere form of speech—a word invented to figure in poetry with a capital F!”

“To be sure,” chimes in Ignoramus, “a Friend and a Phoenix both begin with the same letter; and one is as great a *raris avis* as the other.”

“There might be such fellows amongst the Greeks and Romans,” says Minor, “but the breed is lost. Why your own Pal,—hand and glove with you in the ring—leg and stocking on the turf,—will sell you any day for a pony!”

“Yes—I had a Friend once, as he called himself,” grumbles a seventh malcontent. “And so had I—and I—and I—and

I—I, I, I, I, I,”—chorus a thousand voices, male and female, base and treble, sound and cracked.

My dear creatures!—dear deluded, deceived, betrayed, bubbled, forgotten, slighted, cast-off, dropped, shirked, cut, and ill-used fellow-creatures—give me leave. I agree to all you have said—to all you are going to say—about false friends. Heaven knows that too many of such counterfeits are abroad—that unprincipled imitations are daily palmed off on the unwary. They are as common, my dear madam, as false hair, false eyebrows, and false teeth—as current, my good sir, as false whiskers, false oaths, and false dice. I admit that the “Friend of my Soul” is nothing better than an old song (and the author of it deserves to receive the freedom of Coventry in a base metal box, for inviting a friend to only a sip of his goblet). I allow that even a long-standing friend is too apt to get weary of that position. I admit that half of the world’s private friends are rank impostors, and all its public ones. The Friend to Truth, the Friend to Justice, and the Friend to the Constitution, in the political journals ;—the Friend to the Brute Creation, and the Friend to Fair Play, in the sporting ones ;—the Friend to Art, and the Friend to Impartiality, in the critical ones ;—take them all, and welcome, and the *Amis du Peuple* into the bargain. But a stand must be made somewhere for the second best (some think best) of our social ties.

Shade of Achates ! Ghosts of Pylades and Orestes ! Shall we moderns renounce the ancient bond between man and man, because “Yours very truly” cools occasionally into a “Very humble servant ?” Shall we reject all advances, and discredit all assurances from Amicus, because Coleridge gave up his “Friend ?” Shall we decline all grasping and shaking of hands, because the act is sometimes followed by blows on the organs of vision and smelling, by hits in the wind, cross-

buttocks, and punches in the epigastrium? Is Alcander, forsooth, but a name, for not signing it to an accommodation bill; or my friend with the pitcher only a poetical image, because he will not take long odds against a dead horse? Must dear Tom of the brown jug be hard or hollow at the core, because Philip's heart, on grating, was a wooden nutmeg? Or is Sextus a false friend, because Septimus cut Octavius, one cutting day, when he was too cold to speak, and too stiff to nod? Must the whole friendly brotherhood be thus tarred and feathered, because Eugenius was once pigeoned?

Are all female attachments mere fables, because Honoria's "other self" chose to marry a drysalter, and to have eleven girls and three boys? Is Albina no true friend to Brunilda, because she will not be gown'd from the same piece of geranium-coloured silk,—the first being a blonde, and the last a Nut-Brown Maid? Must the whole friendly sisterhood be thus branded, because Maria Della Crusca was fobbed off with a German metal keepsake instead of a silver one?

Shame on such wholesale indictments! Fie on such sweeping condemnations! They are moral massacres—Fusillades and Noyades!

Look with a right spirit, at the right time, and in the right place, and Friends are plenty, swarming like the brown shrimps on the Belgian sands. Methinks I see one now, in my mind's eye, a true, a good, a great—nay, a big Friend—like Damon and Pythias rolled into one! And is that substantial figure, sixteen stone of heart and heartiness, a mere figure of speech? Is that comely, friendly face, so Saxon in its roundness, but florid enough for Gothic—only a word with a capital F! And *he* is only a sample. There are dozens extant of such fat Friends—and hundreds—thousands—of more slender ones! Friends through thick and thin—Friends

like the tar, for all weathers, cloud or shine, rich or poor, well or sick—Friends that you may cut, and they will still be Friends—in a word, Friends unto death !

“But where are they ?” inquires the Courteous Reader. And the famous Arabian Echo cries “Where ?” in as good English as if it had never answered advertisements in any other language.

Where !—Only go down Bishopsgate at Whitsuntide, or through Tottenham at any tide—

“Pshaw ! poo ! pish !—what, Quakers ?”

Yes—Quakers. The Society of Friends. That great Firm of them, with thousands of partners, active and passive, sleeping and wide-awake,—dealers in friendship, wholesale, retail, and for exportation,—for it keeps its virtue in any climate—in Africa, where the dirt-eating Negro is done black ; and in Asia, where the opium-chewing Chinese is done brown ; in the close fixed air of Newgate, or in the free wind that whistles for want of thought round a Bohemian tent. Friends to the friendless, to the houseless, to the graceless, wherever there is a philanthropic action to be performed, there is the Quaker foremost to do good——

“Hollo, master,—come—belay that ! In the action with the Fill-and-drop-it, as you call her, the carronades played blood and blazes with the Mounseers, and sent nine-and-forty on ’em, in no time, to Old Nick : but I’m blest if the Quakers did any good at all !”

CHAPTER II.

THAT rum-sodden Trincolo!—Verily, the marine zoology already possessed a sea-urchin, a sea-cow, a sea-bear, a sea-dog, a sea-horse, and now there is a sea-ass!

To confound friend M. or N., an active benefactor to the human race, with —— a wooden cannon!

And yet, after all, Sir Thomas Overbury's "pitcht Peece of Reason calkt and tackled" was not so unreasonable. For, seeing how the Rewards of Merit in this world are distributed—how this Great Gun is loaded with honours, and how splendidly that other one is mounted, even a shoregoing philosopher might fancy, with Jack Junk, that the greatest good to the species is done by the carronades!

CHAPTER III.

Now Jasper Duffle was a Friend, and moreover, a Friend in Need, for he was in need of a doctor. The disease—some sort of fever: for, in one hour from his seizure, he was like a Dutch plaice—all drab and red spots. Accordingly—but stop, some gentleman cries "Walker!"

'Tis the Courteous Reader!

Now, by ferret-eyed Nemesis! if the subject were not a Quaker, and myself—as an Author always ought to be—completely identified with my subject, I would steel-penetrate the offender with the weapon next at hand! But no, no, no. My nature is subdued to what it works in—a vat of Barclay's entire. Not the brewing Barclay, but the Apologising. And

kick me, and I will apologise, too, for my kerseymeres are no longer black, but of a weak teetotal green. Nay, tweak me by the Roman feature, and fear not. I am no longer one of those who wear a nose like the knob of a surgeon's night-bell, and must rouse up whenever it is pulled.

Twelve Courteous Readers, were they all householders of Middlesex, and all in a jury-box, and all sworn to do it, could not try my temper. There is nothing spicy in it—no more pepper than in Bedreddin Hassan's cream-tarts. If I ever had any spirit, it has taken the long pledge not to show itself again. Anger! You might as well hope to obtain a spark from a non-electrical eel! Retaliation! You may as soon expect it from the slate-coloured thing that the charity-boy spits upon and then cuffs. Pride, envy, malice, hatred—the very blackest of my passions, are turned of a mouse-colour, like the black horse that is clipped.

Ever since I have been writing in this brown study I have been taking on Quakerism—silently and insensibly, as the swine take on fat. My whole nature is changed—the acids have become saccharine—the hard fibre more soft—the rough, sleek—whilst the milk of human kindness has thickened into a rich cream. I am no longer Mister, or Esquire, but plain Friend—a friend to everybody in the world, including myself. Henceforth I have done with all mundane and carnal vanities, and redundant discourse, and profane expletives. My garments shall be olive—my beaver, brown, with a broad brim, and like unto the hat of Gulliver, which required a team of six horses to draw it off. I will say *thee* and *thou* to Kings, and Pluralists, and Editors—and *yea* and *nay* to Magistrates and to Judges. As to the act of violence, the more I am called out, the more I will stay in—and before I will pay one copper farthing to the Queen's rates, I'll be d—d!

“Friend ! thee hast sworn !”

Not a bit of it, fair Rachel. The word is—*distrained*.

CHAPTER IV.

To return to Jasper Duffle and his fever —

“All gammon !” exclaims a medical student from Lant Street—a disciple of Æsculapius in a pilot-coat, and with a head not unlike Galen’s over the apothecary’s door—only brazen, not gilt.

“All gammon and humbug—won’t pass the œsophagus ! What ! a Quaker have a fever ? I wish you may get it ! It ain’t on the cards. Ask Guy—ask St. Thomas—ask St. Bartholomew—ask Bob Smith. A palsy if you like, or an ague, or dropsy, or atrophy, or lethargy, or consumption, provided it don’t gallop—anything chronic ; but as for a fever, or anything red-spotted, they can’t come it.. There is no such case in the ‘Lancet,’ nor in all the curiosities of Dr. Millingen’s ‘Medical Experience.’ You won’t find a Quaker of any kind in Bright—and it’s long odds agin Aristotle. The same agin Celsus, and Mithridates, and Æsculapius, and Hippocrates ; but no—he was a horse-doctor. It’s all my eye ! What’s a fever to hang on by ? They’ve no nervous irritability—no peccant humours — no nothing to ferment with—all cold and phlegmatic. You might as soon expect inflammatory action from a fire engine, or spontaneous combustion in a salt cod, or a flare-up from a temperance snap-dragon, made with raisins and water. It’s no go, old fellow ! Lushing might do it, but they don’t drink, and they won’t fight—always train off. They can’t breed anything malignant, it ain’t in their system, and if you were to give it ’em, they’d

take all the spite out of it, as a cow does the small-pox, till it's as mild as my Havanna. Why, a Quaker's pulse never goes above thirty in a minute, best pace, I've timed lots of 'em ; and besides, they've no red blood, like our claret, it's all buffy coat, and you can't get it up to fever heat—no, not if you boiled it ! ”

Indeed ! Now, if this were correct, what an organisation to sound and auscultate, about the region of the heart, with a moral stethoscope !

“Moral ! morals be hanged—all twaddle. I've sounded a Quaker, my boy, with the real instrument—a capital tool, made by Weiss himself—and there's hardly more noise than in a stiff 'un. Only a gentle hum, like a top going to sleep, no *râle*, no *bruit de sifflet*, no *bruit de diable*—catch a Quaker rattling or whistling, or making a devil of a noise ! By the bye, I recollect a case, it is in Boerhaave's Dogmas, or Reed's, or Murray's, or Bill Gibbons's—blister me if I know which—of a Broadbrim with the hydrophobia. Bit in nine places, and wouldn't have one of them cauterised or cut out, and yet never ran mad ! ”

No, sir ?

“No, sir. Walked it, and never gave tongue. Only bit one little child, and that was a baby in arms, and then not through the skin. Shook his head at water, but lapped loo'-warm milk, went home, got into bed of his own accord to be smothered, and died like a lamb. So you see what likelihood there is of a fever. Not the ghost of a chance ! Ask the patentee of James's Powders. Why, the Quakers never have the morbus—won't turn blue. If you think I'm cramming you, go to Doctor Bumpus, or Doctor Arne, or Doctor Billing, or Doctor Lushington, or Doctor Swift, or Doctor Faustus, any of 'em will back me up. Ask Bell, if he's Handy, or go to the surgeons, Seddon, or Cubitt, or Carpenter, any

of our top-sawyers. Or have a spell at the medical books ; there's Phillips on Febriles, Perceval on Typhus, Macculloch on Marsh, Pym on the Bulam, Coutts on the Remittent, Dickinson on the Yellow ; try all the fevers, and if you find a Quaker in any one of 'em I'll be pounded, and find my own pestle and mortar."

All of which, Mr. What-'ye-call, may sound very logical to you, who study the pathological, and nosological, and physiological, and necrological. But it is true, nevertheless, that friend Duffle had a fever,—and what is more, not a slow fever, but a fast one,—and what is still more, it was scarlet—as fast and scarlet as the old Royal Mails.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD put down my pen at "Royal Mails," in order to frame some extra-strong asseveration, when Prudence plucked me by the sleeve, and advised me, before pledging my honour, to be certain that I could identify Truth in a mob. "Thou hast been mistaken in her," said Prudence, "a score of times. The naked Truth—was Lady Godiva on a Coventry token. The plain Truth—was Mrs. Conrady. And as for thy seeing Veritas in Puteo, didn't the old bricklayer go down to the very bottom of the well, where he was found lying till he was black in the face ?

"Then again, the other day, the Marquis of Fitz-Adam, in spite of his high office, and his vast wealth, and his nobility, and his ancient name, was publicly called a 'fool !' That, at least, saidst thou, was the voice of Truth—honest, manly Truth. But the lie in thy throat !—"Twas a parrot talking Pollytics to herself.

"Truth," continued Prudence, "the terrestrial truth, at least, is as subject to modification as our mortal selves ;—for instance,

GEOGRAPHICALLY
AND
CHRONOLOGICALLY.

"And first of the first. There is the Great American Sea Serpent, which, at New York, is a Truth as real and as long as the cable that the Great Western hangs by at her hawse-hole. But embark it for London. In three days, with a fair wind, thou couldst not sound with it twenty fathoms ; in six days, scarcely the deep nine ; in nine days, hardly the mark seven ; in twelve, barely a quarter less five ; and off Greenwich, the snake would have no longitude at all.

"Then, again, there is the monstrous Kraken, which, for all its multitudinous arms, has no hold of belief, so long as belief lies rolling in the Humber. But what is a Lie in the Firths becomes a Truth in the Fiords. With every degree north, the Fiction acquires consistency—the colder the plainer ; till, with the mercury somewhere about zero, the abstract becomes concrete, and you may see the Gigantic Polypus as distinctly as did Bishop Pontoppidan. Wherein the Kraken resembles the Miraculous Water described by Father Johannes Frigidarius, which was so ineffably pure and transparent as to be invisible till it froze.

"And of the said Aqua Mirabilis, there is to this day a phialful in the secret drawer of a private cabinet, in a certain chamber of a certain building at Cologne ; where you may see the phial, any time, for a fee of three rix-dollars, and convince yourself, with your own eyes, that it looks, as it ought to do in only fifty degrees north, like a mere empty bottle."

And the Mermaid ?

"I would not have thee," said Prudence, "believe in more than one-half of it at a time. But credit whichever moiety may please thee most. There is certainly such a thing in nature as a woman's head, and also a fish's tail; the falsity arises from *putting this and that together*, which, by the way, gives birth to nine-tenths of the mischievous scandalous fables that, like the ominous Syren, produce tempests and dirty weather in society.

"But, to my secondly—how Truth is affected Chronologically.

"Time has been called the test of truth, and some old verities have made him testy enough. Scores of ancient authorities he has exploded, like Rupert's Drops, by a blow upon their tales; but at the same time he has bleached many black-looking stories into white ones, and turned some tremendous Bouncers into what the French call 'accomplished facts.' Look at the Megatherium or Mastodon, which a century ago even credulity would have scouted, and now we have Mantell-pieces of their bones. The headstrong fiction which Mrs. Malaprop treated as a mere 'Allegory on the banks of the Nile' is now the Iguanodon! To venture a prophecy, there are more such prodigies to come true!"

Suppose it a fine morning, *Anno Domini* 2000, and the royal geologists—with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, Trappists, greywachers, Carbonari, feld-sparrers, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in Tilgate Forest. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well, to work they go, hammer and tongs, mallets and threeman beetles, banging, picking, splitting, digging, shovelling; sighing like paviours, blasting like miners, puffing like a smith's bellows, hot as his forge, dusty as millers, muddy as eels, what with sandstone, and gritstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, *marl* and bog earth; now

unsextonising a petrified bachelors-button, now a stone tom-tit, now a marble gooseberry-bush, now a hap'orth of Barcelona nuts geologised into two-penn'orth of marbles, now a couple of Kentish cherries—all stone—turned into Scotch pebbles—and a fossil red-herring, with a hard roe of flint. But those are geological bagatelles. They want the organic remains of one of Og's bulls, or Gog's hogs (that's the Mastodon), or Magog's pet lizard (that's the Iguanodon), or Polyphemus's elephant (that's the Megatherium). So in they go again, with a crash like that of Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo! another and a greater Bony Part to exhume! "Huzza!" shouts Feld-sparrer, who will spar with any one—and give him a stone. "Hold on," cries one; "Let go," shouts another; "Here he comes," said a third; "No he don't," says a fourth. "Where's his head?—where's his mouth?—here's his caudal!"

"What fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious! There—there now, easy does it! Just hoist a bit—a little, a little more. Zounds! pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they're very friable."—"Never you fear, zur; if he be friable I'll eat 'un."

"Bravo! there's his cranium. Is that brain, I wonder, or mud? Now for the cervical vertebræ. Stop. Somebody hold his jaw. That's your sort! there's his scapula. Now then dig, boys; dig into his ribs. Work away, lads—you shall have oceans of strong beer and mountains of bread and cheese, when you've got him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail!

"Huzza! there's his femur! I wish I could shout from here to London! There's his tarsus! Work away, my good fellows, never give up; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the first—the first—the first Lord-knows-what that has been discovered in the world!"

"Here, lend me a spade and I'll help ! So,—I'll tell you what, we're all Columbuses, every man-jack of us ; but—I can't dig. It breaks my back. Never mind ; there he is, and his tail with a broad arrow at the end ! What terrible spines on his back ! what claws ? It's a Hylæosaurus !—but no—that scapula's a wing—by Saint George, it's a Dragon !"

"Huzza !" shouts Boniface, who has the monster on his own sign.

"Huzza !" echoes every Knight of the Garter.

"Huzza !" cries each schoolboy who has read the "Seven Champions."

"Huzza !" roars the illustrator of Schiller's "Kampf mit dem Drachen !"

"Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !" chorus the descendants of Moor of Moor Hall.

"The legends are true, then ?"

"Not a bit of it," says a stony-hearted Professor of Fossil Osteology. "Look at the teeth—all molar. That Dragon ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor tough pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys. He lived on——"

"What ?—what ?—what the deuce what ?"

"Why, on undressed salads."

CHAPTER VI.

"THOU seest, then," said Prudence, "how dangerous it is to vouch for either the truth or the falsehood of a thing—even a romance of one's own making—whilst Time and Space are extant. Most stories have some foundation (or who would live, thought I, in first floors ?), but the plainest matters of

fact may be transmuted into the most absurd and improbable fictions. Who knows, then, what thy Friend in Need might become in some foreign translation, or a future edition with additions? As thus:—

“In England, ever since it was England, it has been the custom on the Feast of St. Michael to dine upon roast goose—green, or stubble, or the tame sort if possible, but at any rate goose. With the tailors, the rite is absolutely sacramental; a duty wherein the pleasure of commission exalts the sin of omission to a pitch of moral turpitude, that a tailor cannot contemplate without his knees knocking together. It is considered in that trade as equivalent to a fraudulent failure. Imagine, then, the horror of Schneiderius, a petty member of the fraternity, when, on the Vigil of the Saint, he found himself without the means for purchasing even giblets! His last shilling had gone to buy sage and onions for the stuffing, and apples for the sauce; but, alas for the bird! a customer had failed at the eleventh hour in settling his little bill. Schneiderius was in despair—all the colours in his pattern-book seemed darkening into black. He could not borrow, for only one person would lend, who asked for security. His irons were already pledged—his watch was in pawn. To be sure, he might—no, he could not—spare the dripping-pan, or the dish, or the two plates (for he was married), or the two black-handled knives, the green-handled fork, or the one iron spoon. In this dilemma, happening to raise his hand to his head, as all men do in any perplexity, he knocked off his glasses, which had been his grandfather's, and were solidly mounted with silver rims. A blessed accident! for it made Schneiderius a happy man. The object was obtained; it was chosen, haggled for, bought, picked, trussed, stuffed, basted, roasted, dished, carved, eaten, and digested.

“The next day Schneiderins told Hans in confidence that *his spectacles had furnished his Michaelmas Day’s dinner!*”

“Hans enclosed the story, *verbatim*, to Kohlkopf of Dusseldorf, who told Nadel, who told Faden, who told Knopf, who told De Lobel the Fleming, who told it in print to Izaak Walton, and he told his disciples that—*Barnacles produce Geese!*”

CHAPTER VII.

IN the evening Jasper Duffle was delirious. The heat of the fever had melted his brains like butter and they began to run.

Such, at least, is De Beurres’s theory of Mental Deliquescence; but other matters must have melted besides the Quaker’s brains—for example, his taciturnity. To hear how he talked! It was not a flow of language, but a flood of it, like the rush of the Rhenish waters after a sudden thaw. Verbs, adverbs, substantives, adjectives, nouns, pronouns, prepositions, interjections—all the parts of speech came mobbing out of his mouth, like the boys at noon from the grammar-school door. It was as if, after a long minority, he had come into his mother-tongue, and was spending,—nay chucking it away as fast he could!

Then, too, the subjects of his discourse! for his mind having a mind to wander, his thoughts rambled exactly as a boy does when he rambles without leave.

Now, when a young micher plays truant, it is not for a lounge about the homestead, but to roam in forbidden paths, or to visit places that are tabooed, the poacher’s hut or the gipsy’s tent. At “one bound he overleaps all bounds,” and,

like a dog that means to range, takes care to get beyond a whistle. The Rubicon once passed, away he goes, deaf to everything but the Wandering Voice from the forest. Cuckoo! Away he goes, up the fallow, across the wet meadow, along the green lane. Whurr flies the partridge,—up jumps puss,—and the startled blackbird gives a whistle as if his bill chattered with fright. Cuckoo! A fig for the Passive Voice! Could a Verb Active leap that ditch? On he scampers, splash through the brook, crash through the spinney, slap-dash through the hedge,—the stile is too easy. What sweet snatches and catches of music, as the brambles rasp across his fluted corderoys! Hollo! there's a weazel! Away bolts a rabbit! Screech! cries the jay—it's J for Joy, not Jography—and yonder is a magpie, all in black and white, like a child's undertaker. But what boy ever thinks of death? Why he forgets it even while pelting the frogs. But hush! a bird's-nest, with five eggs in it. Now, then, for an *omelette soufflée*; and could Ude make a better one with the same means? There, the shells are threaded on the boy's rosary, and he makes for the river. What a prime place for fishing! what a shoal of tittlebats! Plump! that's a water-rat, and crikey, how nearly he is stoned! But hark!—cuckoo!—the voice comes from some private plantation. And now the truant's learning stands him in some stead, for it enables him to read the notice on the board—"TRESPASSERS BEWARE!" That's irresistible—so in he goes!

The ramblings of Friend Jasper in his delirium were after the same fashion. His mind wandered into all sorts of forbidden places, and none the less that it had escaped from a very strict school. The first trespass, however, was determined by accident; for the Cambridge coach happening to pass through Tottenham, with the guard playing on his keyed bugle, the delirious Fancy instantly caught up an

imaginary instrument of the same kind, and in a twinkling the sick quaker was trumpeting away, not very musically indeed, but quite as much in time and tune as could be expected from one who had never taken lessons on even the Jew's Harp.

"Now, a plague take you!" cries the Courteous Reader; "do you call it a delirium to trump with your lips in imitation of a French Horn?"

"Delirious, indeed!" says Miss Strummell, at her grand piano. "Why, if the man had only just acquired a taste for music—dear, delightful music! it was more like coming into his senses than going out of them!"

To which I only reply in the words of a celebrated Friend, on another occasion, "*Thereafter as may be.*"

And, in the meantime, pray take so much trouble for me, good Eugenius, as to repair into the Kitchen-Garden,—the bed to the left hand, where the cabbages grow,—and pick me a cigar. For, look you, every living animal smoke nowadays, down to the puppies.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Don't tell me," said Jasper, sitting upright in his bed, and looking at one of the mahogany bed-posts, as if it had been one of the Primitive Founders of the Sect,—“don't tell me of the vanity of crotchets and the abomination of quavers! If a Mau was not meant to be musical, why had he drums in his ears? why a pipe in his throat? Why, I say, if I was not intended for a singing creature, and to warble like a lark, or a cock nightingale, why was I gifted with any notes beyond G, A, B? which would have sufficed

for all talkative purposes, from the prices of indigo even unto the fluctuations in corn ? ”

“ Jasper Duffle, thee art beside thyself,” said a feminine voice behind the bed-curtain.

“ Had I this harmonious voice,” continued Jasper (and he chanted a bar or two of some undiscovered tune), “ with a natural shake in it (here he quaked a little on B flat), and a range as if it were from the cockloft to the kitchen (here he sounded some octaves), now as soft and low as a purling brook (this example was inaudible), and now loud enough to fill the rotunda at the Bank (a *sostenuto* in C), was I endowed with this musical, comprehensive, flexible, powerful organ, only to say Yea and Nay with, and then hold my peace ! ”

“ I wish thee would ! ” said the Voice.

“ O Catalani ! ” continued the delirious Quaker, “ O divine Catalani ! for I heard thee once upon a time, when I was disguised in a blue coat and black nether garments—O ravishing Catalani ! hadst thee that wonderful astounding wind instrument only to scream withal at a mouse or a Naples spider ? Nay, if Nature had not meant thee and thy fair countrywomen for her own singing-birds, would she not have clapped the Swiss goitres on the Italian throats ? ”

The Voice behind the curtain gave a groan.

“ There again,” said the bewildered Jasper,—“ there is the instrumental ! If man was not meant to flute, and to harp, and to fiddle, why were strings made to twang, and metals to ring, and the wind to whistle through a hole ? Why were earth, and air, and water, made conductors of sounds, if Nature did not intend to give concerts ? Why, Nature was an accomplice before the act. Don’t talk to me of scraping the entrails of cats with the tails of horses, but tell Paganini to bring his fiddle,—or stop, I’ll do it myself ; ” and, suiting

the action to the word, to work he went, elbow and wrist, as if he had been sawing and filing for dear life at bars of iron instead of bars of music, and withal making more grimaces than Le Brun's Passions or Lavater's Physiognomy, for there is no such face-maker through a horse's collar, as a fiddler at his chromatics. Nor would fiddling serve him, for by and by, inflating his cheeks like Boreas, he came in crash ! with a trumpet, and then with a trombone, and then with a bassoon, and then with a flute, and then with postboys' whips, and tavern-bells, and great guns, and musketry, for the sounds which enraged Hogarth's Musician now compose a composer. No wonder that after such a scena he fell back quite exhausted on his pillow.

"Now," said he, "I'll compose."

"Thee had better," said the veiled Voice.

"I'll compose an Oratorio," said Jasper, again sitting up in his bed. "I have all the singing for it in my head, and only want a worthy subject. Let me see. Yea, verily, I have it ! Penn's Treaty with the Indians ! And now, friend West, my picture against thine for a thousand pounds !"

"I wish the man Brumby would come," murmured the Voice.

"Hark !" said Jasper, nodding with his head, as if listening to music, and beating time with his right arm. "That harmonious prelude represents the Smoke of the Pipe of Peace. Yonder come the Indians. Those ornamental appoggiaturas are the feathers in the savage men's heads, and that roll of the double drum is their squatting down on their hams. Now thee shalt hear their taciturnity."

"Jasper Duffle !" said the Voice, "thee cannot work miracles."

"Silence !" cried Jasper, "I am playing Friend William Penn. That slide from A to G is the length of his outer

man, and the other slide from C to F is the breadth. That affectuoso movement expresses his benovolent smile, and the little twiddling 'notes are his two thumbs. The long sostenuto on B means that he keeps on his beaver. Now then for the solo on the bassoon,—that's the reading of the Treaty, all properly engrossed on vellum,—and there's a flourish of trumpets for the red wax. The pastorale describes the beauty of the ceded country. The low notes are the valleys, the high notes are the hills, and those very high notes are the blue sky."

"Thee cannot fiddle blue," muttered the Voice.

"Bravo! I have almost finished," said Jasper, who was getting out of breath. "There! that grand crash of all the instruments is the amicable execution of the treaty, and the long cadenza, which seems twenty times to have come to an end, but always begins again, is the Genius of Christian civilisation presiding over Pennsylvania to the end of time?"

"Pshaw! it's a quiz," says the Courteous Reader.

"What! compose an Historical Picture," cries a Royal Academician, "in crochets and quavers? *Chiaroscuro!* effect! Figures, and colours, red, blue, green, yellow."

"To be sure; why else had sir Joshua Reynolds an ear-trumpet, but to hear what colour he painted?"

"Nay, but,—fiddle yellow?"

"Exactly so; and varnish and frame the picture into the bargain. Fiddle yellow! Why the most fiddling little fiddler that ever fiddled, will fiddle you 'a Landscape and Cattle, with a Rainbow in the corner,' on one string; and what is more, he will tell you that if you have any music in you at all, you will hear the light falling on the cream-coloured cow!"

CHAPTER IX.

“AND pray, sare, do you not know,” squeaks a little swarthy gentleman, just bolted, like Sir Jeffery Hudson, from a fiddle-case,—“do you not know dat de great Haydn in his ‘Creation’ have made music of de light falling on every ting in de world?”

“Yes: as audibly as the ‘light up! light up!’ at a General Illumination. As if, forsooth, the Instantaneous Radiance burst forth with a crash and a splutter, like the flame of a lucifer match! As if the magnificent Phenomenon, described by the sublime passage in Genesis, could be represented by a sort of Instrumental Flare-up!”

“Flare-up!—Donner and blitzen!—and do you mean to say, sare, dat dare is no such ting as de picture-music?”

“Quite the reverse. There is the overture to ‘Der Freyschütz.’ It is Music telling us of a Bad Dream she had after ‘supping full of horrors,’ on the Brocken: Her wild unearthly tones, descriptive of fiendish howlings, and laughter, and mockery, produce, in the mind’s eye, a parallel Vision of infernal Phantoms engaged in the Mystery of Iniquity. You recognise the Night Mare and her neighings. But when some Fanatico, with his hollow drum before him, and his fiddle behind him, comes forward vapouring, and pretends, like Flute, the Bellowsmender, to ‘see a voice,’ and ‘hear his Thisby’s face, when he professes to detect, in any crochetty combination whatever, the sound of the sun shining, or the noise of the grass growing, and such like musical and moral impossibilities; when he would persuade me that by the miraculous magic of music,—with a mere hey-diddle-diddle, a cat and a fiddle—a cow can jump over the moon——”

“Dat dam Cow again !”

“Then I say that she cannot—and all the Semiquavering Friars in Rabelais shall not quaver me into any other opinion.”

“Potztausend !”

“Fair play, Mein Herr, is a jewel, the diamond that does not cut diamond, and all I want is fair play for the whole Family of Art. Her divine Daughters are each of them worthy of a man’s love for life. But when Cecilia gives herself more than her legitimate airs—snatches the Brush from one Sister, and the Pen from the other, and sets herself up as First Fiddle in Painting and Poetry, as well as in Music ; when she calls herself the All-Accomplished, and All-Eloquent, and so forth, it is time to tell her that her Universal Language would not serve her in Dordrecht to ask for a Dutch cheese ; and that with all her playing, and she plays morning, noon, and night, she cannot play me a ‘Pictorial Shakspeare.’”

“Ah ! you have no musical eutoosiasm ! you do not know what it is !”

“Excuse me ; but I do. Musical Enthusiasm is like Turtle Soup. For every quart of Real there are ninety-nine gallons of Mock, and calves’ heads in proportion !”

* * * * *

Bless me ! what a shriek !—I did not know that Prudence had such a note in her compass ! It must have waked up all the little Campbells at Lochow !

“You have done it now,” says Prudence, with a natural shake in her voice that would make Fear’s fortune, if she were not too great a fright for the Opera—“You have done it with a vengeance ! To talk disrespectfully of Music, with a street band playing under the very window ! Yes—there they

come—Big Drum, Serpent, Trombone, Bassoon, Clarionet, and Triangle—and, mercy on me ! more—more ! more ! and still more, swarming down ‘all sorts of streets,’ and Il Fanatico himself amongst the foremost, and flourishing a great drumstick over his head like a Donnybrook shillelagh ! What awful faces they turn up, with their eyes flashing like theatrical rosin ! What a frightful hubbub ! They are scolding and cursing you in English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh ; in French, Spanish, and Italian ; in High and Low Dutch, and Dog Latin. What will you,—what can you say to them ? They are abusing you in every living language !”

“Why then, my dear Prudence, I must e’en say to them what the Master-BUILDER of Babel said to his polyglott workmen.”

“And what was that ?”

“Hold your *Confounded Tongues* !”

CHAPTER X.

Apropos——

There is no music in “Robinson Crusoe.” Not a semitone. Perhaps the Solitary reflected that there was nobody to listen to his performance ; a consideration, my dear Miss Strummel, which would put a stop to half the musicals that are musicked in this musicky metropolis. However, amongst all his contrivances for cheering his solitude, or employing his leisure the Sailor Hermit never wishes for, or attempts a tune. He scoops a canoe, makes chairs, tables, pans, pipkins, baskets, a lamp, an umbrella, and a tobacco-pipe, and yet never tries his hand at a violin. Not even at Pan’s pipes, or an oaten fife.

“No music, sir?”

“No, Miss, not a Jew’s Harp.”

“Then, as sure as you are there, sir,” cries Miss Strummel, “that’s why Queen Anne ordered the author to be put in the pillory, and to lose his ears!”

CHAPTER XI.

“Now then I will paint,” said the delirious Quaker, still sitting up in bed, but inclining his head to the right shoulder; whereas, in fiddling it had leaned towards the left. An observation of some phrenological importance, as shewing that Painting and Music preponderate on opposite sides of the cranium.

“Don’t tell me,” said Jasper, again addressing the mahogany bed-post, “of the sinfulness and vanity of gay colours. If the old Adam was intended to wear drab garments, why was the Primitive Man supplied with seven Primitive Colours, being one for every day in the week? Verily, drab is plain, and slate is neat, and olive is sad, and chocolate is sober, and puce is grave, and white is pure, and pepper-and-salt is seasonable—why then was the refractory light allowed to refract blue, red, green, and yellow, except that the World might be Beautiful as well as Good? Why else did Nature paint and enamel the universe with all the bright and gay colours,—aye, and fast colours to boot, or else they would all have been washed at the Great Flood! Nay, why was the Arch of Promise itself composed of all those prismatical tints, instead of a plain stone-colour like the arch of a bridge? If the rainbow hues were vanities, would the dying dolphin be decked out in them in his last moments?

Or, if they were sinful, would Nature lavish them, as she doth, on birds, beasts, flowers, and fishes ; sometimes many colours at once, like the peacock ; or changeable, like the chameleon ; or successive, like the blackberries, which are first green, and then red, and then purple ? Surely there be objects for ornament, as well as things for use ; or wherefore the gay birds and butterflies—nay, why the crested humming-birds, which seem to have butterflies growing out of their heads ? Why the precious stones, topazes, amethysts, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, garnets, and the brilliant diamond, which flashes with all their tints at once ! Then again there is Woman, lovely Woman, with her bewitching blue eyes, and ruddy cheeks, and red lips, and her yellow hair——”

“That is Hester Primrose,” muttered the Voice behind the curtain.

“Why had she those blue eyes, like plums with the bloom on, instead of goosecherries—and those cheeks like red-streak apples, instead of russettings ; and those lips like ripe cherries, instead of olives ; and that hair like golden thread, instead of flaxen string ? And why doth she not blush of a puce-colour, or a lead-colour, instead of that lively crimson ? Why, I say, hath Nature painted all these beautiful objects and lovely creatures in such fair tints, but for the delight of the Sense of Vision ? Why else had I these bow-windows in my head ?”

“Thee had better shut them,” said the Voice.

“Why were these two eyes ever furnished with optical nerves to transmit the prismatical tints to the inner man ? Or why was not the crystalline lens suffused with some grave humour or fluid, to show me the whole creation as through a glass that is smoked ? But nay, nay, nay. The glorious Sun was ordained to dispense light and gay colours—and which I

must see even against my own will ; for the more I shut my eyes and thrust my face into the pillow, the more the motley tinges seethe and bubble up in the darkness, like a rainbow being boiled into a diet-drink for a blind man. But why do I name the Sun ? If thee had thy way ” (here he shook his head at the bed-post), “ thee would put the Sun, as the West-End woman puts her Glass Lustre of Gaiety, in a brown-holland bag ! ”

“ As for Painting,” continued Jasper, vigorously sweeping at a Fancy Piece with an imaginary brush, “ if Painting be a Vanity, why was Rubens endowed from above with the pictorial Genius, or Vandyck with the artistical organ ? Had Claude de Lorraine that wonderful eye for colour, only to distinguish an orange from a lemon ? Had Rembrandt that marvellous knowledge of light and shade merely that he might say, ‘ Friend, it is a dull day,’ or ‘ Friend this is a bright morning ? ’ Nay, have I myself such an exquisite sense of the beautiful in form, only that I may know Hester Primrose, behind backs, from her mother ? ”

“ Thee wilt overtalk thyself,” said the Voice.

“ There is Raphael,” said Jasper : “ do not his dumb painted faces discourse as eloquently of Love, and Faith, and Piety, by mere looks, as any speechless Elder at our own Meetings ? Is not the expressive silence, which museth praise, embodied in the Angels and uplooking Cherubs of the Painter of Urbino ? Yea, is there not a whole hymn of adoration in the figure of an Infant St. John—the religious sentiment expressed in painted hieroglyphics instead of printed words ? Then, again, there are the Cartoons. Is not the picture of Ananias as powerful a Warning to the man who saith, ‘ I will not have some pudding,’ and then ‘ I will have some pudding,’ as a written Tract against Lying ? And is there not as much profit in the painted Preachment of Paul at Athens, as in the

feeble holding forth of Dorcas Fish, which no man heareth, or woman either ? ”

“Because she is ancient,” said the Voice, “and hath lost her gifts.”

“And I will paint too,” cried the delirious Quaker, flourishing his ideal tool with increased fervour. “So bring me that long-legged thing like a cameleopard ; and set thereon a wide canvas like a ship’s sail ; and give me my maul-stick and my brushes, and my palette, with a hole in it for my thumb. Now, then, for my paint-pots and my oil-cans, for whale and sperm, and my bladders of pigments, and mind that there be plenty of scarlet——”

“It is the colour of the Woman of Babylon,” said the Voice.

“It is a warm colour,” said Jasper ; “and why not warm colours for the eyes as well as warm woollens for the legs ? So let me have abundance of Vermilion, and Dutch Pink, and Light Green, and Bright Green, and Prussian Blue, and Sky-Blue, and King’s Yellow, and Queen’s Yellow, and Royal Purple. I have promised the Friends to paint only a Scripture Subject, and so it shall be—namely, Joseph and his Brethren ; but never trust me if I don’t squeeze every bladder there is in oil paints into the Coat of Many Colours.”

“The Artful Dodger !” exclaims the Candid Reader.

“It is all a mistake,” says a great Periodical Pluralist. “In our opinion, I think that the work we have just read is to my mind, as it appears to us, a mere absurdity. According to all principles of Art—Christian or Pagan, Catholic or Lutheran, Ancient or Modern, Fine or Plain—a Quaker laying such a palette is totally out of keeping !”

The Capital Critic ! As if a mind off its hinges would act as regularly in its accustomed direction as a well-hung door !

Moreover, extremes breed extremes as naturally as dogs beget dogs ; and the Quaker, from being over rigidly denied the pigments, was the very man to go the whole hogments. And besides, he fancied that he was painting for the Exhibition.

CHAPTER XII.

“AND do you mean to say, sir,” cries a doughty little champion of the Academy, with badger’s-hair whiskers, a maul-stick fit for a tilting spear, and a palette big enough for a buckler,—“do you intend to insinuate that we sacrifice too freely to Iris ?”

“I do : that you would sink Sentiment and Expression, give up Drawing, and surrender Design, rather than strike your Colours. Just allow me to step into your painting-room. Aye, there they are—your accomplices before the Fact, a damask drapery, a pot of tulips, a peacock’s tail, and a porcelain vase. You only want a stuffed Harlequin for a lay figure ! Sacrifice to Iris ?—Yes. There is Daubeny’s grand Illustration of Romeo—‘*I do remember an Apothecary, &c.*’—a splendid piece of colouring, but how did he obtain it ?”

“Pray how, sir ?”

“Why, he has made it a night-piece, and, thanks to the Apothecary’s show-bottles, Romeo has not only a yellow plume, and a pink mantle, but a grass-green face and a sky-blue right hand.”

“A grass-green face ?”

“And pr’ythee, why not—for the sake of colour—as well as a grass-green horse ? There is a verdant charger, you know, under William the Conqueror, in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. But hark ! there is a riot at this very moment

in a certain great Gallery ; and about nothing in the world but a bit of colour. Did you ever hear a more angry buzz from a swarm of wasps ? It's too bad !—it's a burning shame !—Scandalous !—Diabolical !—It ought to be shown up in the papers !—It's a subject for Parliament ! ”

“It has killed all my carnations,” cries one—not a gardener, but a painter.

“And my Two Children !” says another.

“And my Roan Horse !” exclaims a third.

“It has taken all the shine out of my Sunset,” declares a fourth.

“And all the warmth,” says a fifth, “out of my Fire of London.”

“I should like,” growls a sixth, “to slash it all into ribands !”

“I'll scratch the eyes out !” mutters a seventh between his teeth.

“And pray, sir, what is it all about ?”

“Why it is all about my picture,” replies a Royal Academician ; “a portrait of a Monk in a brown frock. After the thing was hung up by the Committee, I happened to find out that the Monk was made a Cardinal, and all this pretty row is because I have painted him into scarlet !”

CHAPTER XIII.

“WHERE am I ?” whispered Jasper, *pianissimo*, and looking round him in a sort of bewilderment,—“where am I, and what am I called ?”

“Jasper Duffle,” answered the Voice ; “and thee art in thy own chamber, in thy own dwelling house.”

"It's a lie!" cried Jasper, *fortissimo*. "I am King Richard the Third! Give me a bowl of wine, and a watch, and tell Geziah to saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow."

But stop!—halt!—avast!—woh!—pull up!—Here is the old boggle. The Courteous Reader objects to a Theatrical Quaker; as if the delirious fancy would care any more than a mad bull whether it ran down Long-Acre or into Drury Lane.

"Aye, but then, to quote Shakspeare, Friend Duffle must either have read play books, or have visited the theatre." And why not? According to sacred and profane authorities, the most powerful Tempter that ever assailed Human Nature was Curiosity. It was the ruin of Eve and of Pandora, of Blue Beard's wives and of Doctor Faustus. And will any one venture to say that the same Power which drew so many people into the wrong box, could not drag a single Quaker into a box at Covent Garden?

"That's very true—well, go on."

"I am Richard the Third," shouted Jasper, "and I've lost my horse! And between thee and me, friend (here his tone dropped again), as precious a screw as ever went on three legs."

"*A horse goeth upon four legs,*" said the Voice.

"I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus," spouted Jasper, with an attempt to suit the action to the word. "He was swallowing a tailor's news, and there were five moons!"

"*There is only one moon,*" said the Voice, "*and it is in the last quarter.*"

"Put out the light," muttered Jasper, "and then put out the light."

"*There is no light in the chamber.*"

"Alas? poor Ghost!"

"*There be no ghosts.*"

O Truth! Truth! Truth! if ever thou hadst a true

Friend in this world, she was sitting in a russet gown and white kerchief behind that curtain ! What a pity that the Romancing Traveller, and the Rhodomontading Captain, and the Imaginative Counsel, and the Equivocating Witness, and the Bouncing Tradesman, were not within hearing of the oracle ! What a thousand pities that the tall Bully who “ lifts his head and lies ” was not within earshot of her voice—that conscientious Voice which would not allow even Delirium to wander from the fact !

CHAPTER XIV.

FOR some minutes the Quaker had lain dormant, quite still and silent, when suddenly he started up with glittering eyes, and began talking in a much louder tone.

“ I should like to know,” said he, “ whether I am an animal or a vegetable ? ”

“ Thee art a rational creature,” said the Voice,—“ at least when thee art in thy senses.”

“ Because if I was a vegetable,” continued Jasper, “ I should be green. But I’m up to a thing or two, and know the time of day. Broad-brims be hanged ! ” and he plucked off his nightcap and threw it at the bed-post. “ If I’ll be a Quaker any longer, call me pump, and hang an iron ladle to my nose. No—no, I’ve too much blood for that—warm, red, boiling hot blood, and muscles as springy as whalebone, and as much spin in me as a top. So, between you and me (here he grew confidential with the bed-post), I’ve dropped the Society, and cut away down the other road. Ask Old Barney—we’ve had a deal for the brown togs. They never fitted me, never ; always cut under the arm, or somewhere,

and wouldn't sit easy to human nature. No more larking in 'em than a strait-jacket—I've tried lot o' times, and they always pulled me up before I could over a post. If a Jumper ever jumped in such a dress I will eat him with my cheese. No—no ! no more Quakerism ! It's a slow coach, with the skid on. I'll tell you what,—I'll have a new drag. The roan shall be clipped, and I'll turn Geziah into a tiger. (*A groan from the bedroom door.*) I've been a precious long time in the coop. But my mother shall know I'm out, and no mistake. Here goes for a screech !”

And, making a tunnel for the voice with his hands, he set up a yell like a wild Indian. Then putting his finger into his cheek, he attempted a drover's whistle—then he tried imitations of fox and bullock hunters, sheep-drivers, and hackney-watermen—and then he gave “Sprats !” for two voices, “Mackarel !” with variations, and “Old Clo's !”

“Thee wilt scandalise us all,” said the Voice.

“It's a jolly good lark !” said Jasper, laughing boisterously till he fell backward on his pillow, “fourteen knockers twisted off, and Tottenham Cross done all over in red lead.”

The Voice gave a groan.

“To-night,” said Jasper, “we're to smash the lamps, and let off a maroon at Bruce Castle. That's your sort ! Go it, my coveys !” and lifting up his voice, he chaunted the burden of the slang song, “Nix my dolly, pals, fake away !”

“That is Latin,” exclaimed the Voice. “He singeth a Popish hymn.”

“Latin, indeed !” cries an indignant Classical Master ; “yes, Thieves' Latin,—and your Quaker utters it as glibly as if he had learned his Accidence in Newgate !”

And why not ? Did you never hear, Doctor, of the kitchen-maid, who, in her crazy fits, could talk Greek with Porson, and Hebrew with Hyman Hurwitz ? It is a psycho-

logical fact, well known to physicians, that a man or woman in a delirium will prove to be acquainted with matters whereof they were supposed to be as ignorant as our First Parents ; and, moreover, they will discourse of such mysteries in the very language of the adepts. Thus the Master of a Poor-House was found during a frenzy to be a perfect master of French Cookery ; and gave directions, *secundum artem*, for above a score of made-dishes. On the same authority, a school-girl discoursed very fluently, throughout a fever, in the jargon of the Judicial Astrologers : whilst an old Lady, of decidedly religious habits, was overheard, when light-headed, to go through the whole performance of Punch and Judy, the dog Toby included.

This was precisely the Quaker's case. In the course of his daily business, which led him through bye-streets, lanes, and alleys, to markets, wharfs, and barges, amongst coachmen, carmen, cabmen, watermen, lightermen, cads, porters, jobbers, and vagabonds of all descriptions, it was inevitable that he must hear, willy-nilly, a monstrous variety of profane oaths, as well as a prodigious abundance of vulgar slang—why he should have hoarded up these tropes and figures in his memory, instead of letting them pass by him like the idle wind, is beyond a guess—unless he saved them, as some careful people lay by old button-tops, rags, bones, and similar oddments, under the common notion that they will all come into use some day or other. However, there they were, cant, curses, flash songs, and the points of some practical jokes besides ; and the heat and hurry of his brains allowing no time for selection or decent clothing, out they all came, or were pitched, naked and higgledy-piggledy, like the inmates and utensils of a burning house !

In short, he talked like a costermonger, and was so abusive, that you would have thought he carried pebbles in

his mouth, like Demosthenes, to accustom it to hard words. The mildest names he used were * * * * and * * * * ; and, as to oaths, he swore so many, that if he had been fined for them at the legal rate, the dollars placed edge to edge would have reached from Bow Street to any place you please, that is a five-shilling fare !

“He is possessed with a Devil !” exclaimed the Voice, alias Rachel Duffle ; and jumping up from her chair, as if to fetch an Exorcist, she ran—yes, for the first time in her life, ran down-stairs, and would, perhaps, have jumped the two steps at the bottom, if they had not been occupied at the moment by Jonathan Brumby.

CHAPTER XV.

“AND who in the world was Jonathan Brumby ?”

Patience, Miss, patience. I was about to inform you, but now I must give you, instead, a lecture on that prying, meddling, impertinent passion, called Curiosity. But, I beg pardon : it is inteded also for your Father, and Brothers, and Uncles, and your male Cousins ; for it is no more a female complaint than the influeuza.

Some years ago the modern Babylon was thrown into consternation by the mysterious assassination of a female mendicant, one Judith Trant. It was a time of profound peace. There was no Eastern or Western Question to occupy the public mind, so that the subject had fair play.

“Shocking and Barbarous Murder !” bawled the News-men.

“Shocking and barbarous, indeed !” cried a million of human echoes. The perpetrator had owned to the act—but

why did he do it? Not for love, for Judith was an old woman. Not for money, for she was a beggar. Not for revenge, for there was no quarrel. Not for political ends, for she was nobody. It was a perfect puzzle! The motive-mongers were completely at fault!

Curiosity is like the Crocodile, which never leaves off growing till its death. The Constable who seized the Murderer, the Magistrate who examined him, the Clerk who made out his mittimus, the Jailor who received his body, the Turnkey who locked it up, and the Under-Turnkey, were all dying to know "Why he did it?"

"He couldn't tell," he said. "It was sudden impulse—a sort of whisper—Satan put it in his head—he had no reason for doing it,—in short, the why and wherefore of it were more than he knew himself."

Such an account was, of course, very unsatisfactory to the gossips. Curiosity ran to and fro, with her tongue out like a hound, to pick up the scent.

"Where was he born! Who were his father and mother? Were they lawfully married? Who baptized him? Who nursed him? Had he been vaccinated? Where schooled? Where apprenticed? Did he ever keep rabbits? Did he go to church or chapel? Could he sing or whistle, and what tunes? Could he play on anything, or was he ever at the theatre? Did he wear his hat on one side; What was his exact height? Was he in the habit of killing old women?"

The Jailor made his prisoner drunk; but the secret did not transpire. The Jailor's wife made toast for the Murderer, and invited herself to tea with him; but she got nothing from him except a lock of his red hair. His fellow-prisoners advised him, in vain, to make a clean breast of it. His Counsel declared the whole truth to be indispensable to his defence. Ministers of all persuasions tried to persuade him

to unbosom. Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, and Lutherans,—staunch Protestants though they were,—all preached in favour of Auricular Confession. Ladies brought fruit, flowers, cakes, and tracts, to the wretch, and invited his confidence. “Why—why—why did he do it?” But Woman herself could only obtain from him the woman’s reason,—he did it, because he did.

Curiosity was ready to burst. Like a crocodile, she had shed tears, and pretended to sympathise with human suffering, in order to gratify her own appetite ; but all she caught was a little hair. She could not eat, drink, or sleep, for thinking of it ; and in the impatience of her own torments, declared loudly that the Rack, for such obstinate cases, ought never to have been abolished.

In the meantime, the Trial came on. The Court was crammed. The Clerk read the indictment, and the prisoner pleaded. The witnesses proved the crime, but wondered why he did it. The Counsel hunted for a motive. The Jury fished for it. The Judge speculated on it in his charge ; and, finally, the Foreman brought in a Verdict of “Guilty !” with a recommendation to mercy, “provided he gave his reason.” The Convict swore that he had none to give : he had killed the old woman off-hand—it was a sudden start—the same as a frisk—he couldn’t account for it—’twas done in a dream, like.”

Curiosity was rampant. A Duchess, two Marchionesses, and as many Countesses, honoured the Murderer with a visit, and engaged to use their interest with the King, for a pardon—on one condition. A noble Lord promised to make the prisoner a Superintendent of Police in exchange for the secret. A patriotic County Member declared the disclosure was due to the country, but pledged his honour to confine the least hint of the matter to his own bosom. A public

Journalist generously offered the use of his columns for the Felon's last words, without charging for them as an advertisement. The Chaplain himself could not refrain from wondering, in the Condemned Sermon, at a crime committed without malice, without profit, without necessity, without motive.

The wretched Culprit sobbed, groaned, wrung his hands, and expressed, by the convulsions of his features, the utmost remorse and contrition.

"Why did ye do it, then?" whispered the pew-opener.

"Lord knows," replied the Culprit.

Monday came—his last Monday. The sun rose brightly—the cold cell grew lighter and lighter—but Curiosity was as much in the dark as ever. The men who had sat up all night with the Convict declared that he had talked a wonderful deal in his sleep about green fields, and Berkshire, and a game of cricket. And not a word about the old woman? Yes, he said, he had killed her because—(Ah!—yes,—well,—what,—go on, why did he kill her?)—Why, because she didn't get more notches!

Crash! What a blow Curiosity seemed to have received plump in the ear! The hardest cricket-ball ever pitched could not have hit her more severely! Her head rang with it for a week after. However, she was able to follow the doomed man into the Press-Room, where the Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs, with their respective friends, the Ordinary, and the Extraordinary Clergy, the Reporters, and other official or officious persons, were assembled. The Convict's irons were knocked off.

"If you have anything to say," stammered the Senior Sheriff, "now is the time."

"To cleanse the bosom of the perilous stuff," put in a celebrated Tragedian.

"It is not yet too late," began the Ordinary.

"Come, let's have it," said a Penny-a-liner.

"Now then," muttered the Jailer.

But the Convict shook his head and repeated the old story.

A Phrenologist, who recollected that "Murder will speak with a most miraculous organ," now felt the devoted head, but was none the wiser. Nothing remained, therefore, but to beg for keepsakes ; but as the Turnkey, and his Wife, and the Ladies of Quality, and the Peers, and the M.P., and the Editor, and the exhorters of all denominations, had already received a lock of his hair apiece, the last comers were obliged to put up with a few carrotty clippings.

[And all the while there thou wast, poor old Honesty, toiling for a shilling a-day, wet or shine, in the fields, and not one Christian Man or Woman to ask thee for so much as one white hair of thy head !]

—The last comers, I say, had but a few carrotty clippings, so closely the Murderer had been cropped. And in this plight he was led forth to the scaffold, in the gaze of ten thousand Sons and Daughters of Curiosity in the street, at the windows, and on the house-tops. And a wonderful strange sight it was ! For every Son and Daughter of Curiosity had on a pair of Solomon's famous Spectacles ; and in each ear one of Dr. Scott's renowned Cornets, which catch even the ghost of a whisper at a public meeting !

And now the last hope rested on Jack Ketch, who took his opportunity while he adjusted the rope. But, after a whisper, even that Functionary shook his head and intimated to the company in two brief syllables that it was "No go." The Criminal, like the Weary Knife-Grinder, had no tale to tell. So, in despair, the Ordinary at last began to read the Burial-Service ; when, lo ! just as the fatal bolt was about to

be drawn, a desperate individual, in a straw hat, a light-blue jacket, striped trousers, and Hessian boots, with an umbrella under his arm, dashed in before the Clergyman, and, in hurried accents, put the old question.

"Now or never! Why did you do it?"

"Why then," said the Convict, with an impatient motion of his cropped head, "I did it—to *get my hair cut!*"

CHAPTER XVI.

Now when the serving-man Geziah went to fetch the medical man Brumby, he found him in his odoriferous shop, very busily helping his Assistant to make up prescriptions with fidelity and dispatch. The Apothecary was what is called a Parish Doctor, and a tall, raw-boned woman, some sort of Nurse in the parochial Infirmary, was waiting for the poor people's medicaments.

"Friend Brumby," said Geziah, "thee must come directly to Jasper Duffle."

"I will," said the Doctor. "What is the matter with him?"

"That is for thee to tell," answered Geziah.

"Is it the epidemic?"

"Peradventure it is," said Geziah.

"Well, say I am coming."

"I will say that thee said so," answered Geziah, and then departed.

"And how is Gaffin?" inquired the Apothecary, addressing himself to the tall, raw-boned female.

"He can't be wus," said the Woman. "We've tried everything, solids and slops, and nothing will sit on his .

stomach. Nothing," shaking her head, "nothing except the Crowner."

There must either be a forty-judge power of gravity peculiar to the medical profession, or else such ignorance and absurdity were so common as to have lost all power over the risible muscles—for those of the Apothecary never even quivered. The Assistant seemed equally inperturbable.

"What's the matter with Nixon?"

"Why, Doctor Barlow says as how he's got a scurrilous liver."

"Scirrhou, Scirrhou," muttered Brumby, as if to himself, but for the benefit of his associate. "And what about Gosling?"

"Ah, there's been a terrible to-do about him!" said the Woman. "The other sick paupers objected agin his coming into the Ward. He's consumption, you know—and consumption is hereditary if you sleep in the same room."

"And Bird?"

"He complains a good deal of the indigestibles," said the Woman. "But that's along of the bullets. He's very abusive, but couldn't swear for the hiccups, and so he swallowed the bullets to prevent the risin' of his lights. Cobb's goin' very fast."

"Is he rational?"

"All over," said the Woman, "as thick as it can stick. I never see such a rash afore in my days."

"And Gunn?"

"That's the old sailor," said the Nurse. "Ah! men in his line of life oughtn't to come into Infirmaries. Nothin' goes down with 'em. You may as soon argufy a brute beast into taking physic of his own accord as a sailor. Not he—though it's life or death with him—and his mouth parched as dry as a stick, and his skin so hot, I thought he would

scorch his pattern on the sheets. Howsomever, at long and last, I managed him, for I went with a glass in each hand. ‘Now, Gunn,’ says I, ‘yes or no—here’s your coolin’-draff, and here’s a glass of rum—both or none.’ ‘Why then it’s both,’ says he,—and he continnys every three hours.”

“Humph!—And what about Bradley?”

“Why somebody said as how at his last pint he’d begin to tell fortunes.”

“You allude,” said the Doctor, “to the supposed gift of prophecy *in articulo mortis*.”

“Maybe I do,” said the Woman. “Howsomever, we all crowded round his bed to ketch his last words,—and, sure enough, after a long insensible fit, his lips begun to move. ‘Never say die,’ says he, ‘I shall get over all this.’ But before he could prophecy any more, down dropped his poor jaw, and he was as dead as a house.”

“And how’s Poulter?” asked the Doctor, taking up another order at sight for nasty stuff.

“His cut thumb is mendin’,” said the Woman. “But he’s dreadful overloaded—for stomach or no stomach he forces hisself to eat, mornin’, noon, and night, to prevent his jaw lockin’.”

“And What’s-his-name—the man with the Cholera?”

“There’s no hopes of him,” said the Woman,—“none whatever. He’s in the state of collops.”

“In what?” exclaimed the Assistant.

“Collapse—collapse,” whispered the Doctor, who, having compounded his share of the prescriptions, hastily put on his broad-brimmed hat, and prepared to pay the desired visit to Jasper Duffle. Before he went, however, he looked into a book which had been lying open with its face to the counter. His intention was merely to make a mental note of the part where he had left off reading; but in seeking for the passage

he fell in with another, which excited him so violently, that with an angry "Pish!" he sent the pamphlet fluttering to the other end of the shop.

"Make it penal, indeed!" muttered the Apothecary, as he flung out of the door: "I should like to see it!"

CHAPTER XVII.

JONATHAN BRUMBY was the principal Apothecary, &c., at Tottenham, and in homage to the genius of the locality he always wore sad-coloured clothes of the same formal cut. He was therefore a favourite with the Friends, but enjoyed an extensive practice besides; and, as before noticed, held an official appointment in the parish. He dealt in Metaphysics as well as Pharmacy, on which account he was reckoned an extremely clever man; howbeit, nine-tenths of his panegyrists imagined that he kept his metaphysics in the labelled drawers and stoppered bottles; and that his *pharmacy* consisted in keeping a horse, a cow, a few head of poultry, and a pig. There are many reputations in the world that are built on as strange foundations.

In person he was a stunted figure, with a face as puckered as a monkey's, and moreover as pale (pray note this) as an untoasted crumpet. Many a sick man, woman and child, had to rue the hour which first confronted them with that wan wrinkled visage!

The truth was, that seeing his own face in the glass every morning during the operation of shaving, and having dipped into the speculations of Monsieur Quetelet, the Apothecary took it into his head that his usual pallor was the average complexion of an Average Man. This was the true secret of

his practice, as, indeed, it is of all our practices, when we mete by our own ell, weigh by our own pound, and measure by our own bushel. When Jonathan Brumby said, therefore, that a patient "looked charmingly," he meant that the party looked something like a marble bust or a plaster cast.

"To obtain this desirable complexion in his patients, the most obvious means was to extract the colouring matter by blood-letting, to which Jonathan had recourse so frequently and so freely, that the obsolete term for a Physician might have been justly revived for him, for he was emphatically a Leech. Indeed, he rather excelled the *Hirudo*, which sometimes requires to be bribed with milk, sugar, or beer; whereas, the Apothecary wanted no coaxing, but at the mere sight of a bare arm, went directly to the vein. Gout, palsy, dropsy, measles, mumps, chicken-pox, whatever the complaint, hot or cold, high or low, fast or slow, he had recourse to venesection. He bled for everything,—and, above all, in the Influenza, and as everybody had the Influenza, his Lancet beat Wakley's hollow—as to the numbers who took it in. The truth is, a man rides and drives his horses with discretion—his hobbies never. I verily believe, if our Leech had lived in the days of Seneca, he would have tried to bleed the Philosopher to life again, after he had bled to death in the bath.

There are two poles, however, to every human extravagance; and supposing Jonathan Brumby to point due North as to Phlebotomy, in the South, as his antipodes, stood the Author of the Treatise "*De l'Influence Pernicieuse des Saignées.*" It was this very work that the Apothecary took up from the counter before he went out; and the passage which so stirred his spleen contained a proposition to make the shedding of "one drop of Christian blood" as criminal an offence as it was by the laws of Venice.

"I should like to see it made penal!" said the Phlebotomist, by which, of course, he meant quite the reverse; and thanks to this heresy of Dr. Wiesécké, when he arrived at Jasper Duffle's, he was in the humour to let blood with a dirk.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I AM glad thee art come, Friend Brumby," said the delirious Quaker, with a twilight consciousness of his own condition. "I hope thee hast brought thy shears. This growing weather, a man cut in yew-tree is sure to get out of order; and I've straggled sadly in my top twigs."

The Apothecary made no answer, but groped instinctively in his pocket. His patient was naturally florid, and by help of the scarlet-fever and a good fire, looked not only as red as the York Mail, but shewed an inclination to turn (as the York Mail afterwards did) to a rich claret colour. There needed no other symptom to decide the treatment; in a few minutes poor Jasper was bleeding like a calf, whose veal must be blanched for the London market. On—on—ou, poured the crimson stream, as if it had been water from an Artesian well. And on—on—on, it might have spouted much longer, if Nature had not interfered, by producing syncope, whereupon the blood stopped of itself. The Apothecary would rather have had a few ounces more, but there was no help for it, so he applied restoratives to the patient, and then bound up his arm.

"There!" said the Phlebotomist, quite delighted with the pallor he had produced in Jasper's countenance, "we've taken out the *scarlet*, and now we'll attack the *Fever*!"

Whether the complaint be curable by such instalments is a question for the Faculty. In the meantime, the notion had the sound of soundness, and kept the "word of promise to the ear." It had just that sort of plausibility which satisfies a passive mind ; and the intellects of Rachel Duffle being of that quiet order, she took it for granted that all was right, and concurred with the popular opinion of Jonathan Brumby, the "extremely clever man."

Of what followed, the blame must lie between the Doctor, the Delirium and the Disease. It is certain that a man in a fever is more restless than common ; and if he be light-headed besides, the mischief might happen by design as well as accident. It is equally sure that the Phlebotomist had been somewhat disappointed in his most sanguinary aspirations, and might, therefore, be rather careless in securing the vein ; however, between one cause and another, the bandage came off in the night, and before the mishap was discovered and remedied, the unlucky Jasper had lost an unknown quantity of the vital fluid !

"That accounts for my strange vision," said the Quaker, whom the depletion had restored to his senses. "Verily, I dreamt that I had been vaccinated over again by Edward Jenner ; and lo ! instead of this blood, the lying fancy told me that it was warm milk from the cow which kept flowing from my arm !"

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER twitch at my sleeve : and Prudence, holding up her warning finger, is again lecturing at my elbow.

"Beware," quoth Prudence—"pray beware. You are on dangerous ground, where a single false step may be fatal

Are you sure that you are qualified to practise even at Hot-tentottenham, and to treat a Black Fever, let alone a Scarlet?—Have you read Armstrong on the subject?”

No.

“Or Cooke?”

No.

“Or Buchan’s ‘Domestic Medicine?’”

No.

“Or ‘The Doctor?’”

No.

“Have you had the Scarlet Fever yourself!”

Never to my knowledge.

“Mercy on us!” cries Prudence; “then you know nothing at all of the matter! Have you ever possessed a Family Medicine Chest?”

No.

“Did you ever prescribe brimstone and treacle?”

Never.

“Did you ever carry out ‘Doctor’s stuff’ in a covered basket?”

Never.

“Did you ever sell Morison’s Pills?”

Heaven forbid!

“Have you read Arnott’s Physicks?”

No.

“Why then, you are ignorant even of the *Materia Medica*! And now,” says Prudence, “as to *Anatomy and Physiology*. Did you ever see any body cut up?”

Never, except metaphorically or critically.

“Have you ever studied the skeleton?”

Only the living one—Claude Seurat.

“Have you ever made any anatomical preparations?”

Not even a wooden leg, or a nose of wax.

"But possibly," says Prudence, "you are a Somnambulist. Did you ever fall asleep with your eyes turned inward, and, by the light of your own lights, obtain an insight into the mechanism and operations of the human frame?"

What! look into my own stomach! never! even with daylight and a tablespoon!

"Of course not," says Prudence. "And you never, by Magnetic Clairvoyance, looked through and through your sick neighbours, till, like Dr. Hornbook, you could name and prescribe for every disease in the parish?"

Never, I'll take my oath!

"In short," says Prudence, "you have no medical knowledge whatever, innate or acquired, natural or revealed. And yet you will tamper! A Scarlet Fever, too—and I'll be bound you do not even know when to expect the crisis! Pray, pray, pray take care. Life and death are in your hands—a sentence or paragraph from your pen may be as mortal as the Recorder's warrant! One powder for another—the wrong mixture—a table-spoon instead of a tea-spoon,—a single error in treatment may make Jasper Duffle a corpse, and Rachel Duffle—the meek, truth-telling Rachel—a forlorn widow!

"Here then you have a respectable Quaker, a husband—perhaps a father—laid up in his bed, with a dangerous disease, and totally dependent on your skill and knowledge for his recovery; whereas, through sheer ignorance, but with the best intentions in the world, you may do for him as effectually as if you had stirred arsenic with his gruel. At the very best, you must make him survive by a miracle, and live on preposterously hearty and active, when according to all Medical Jurisprudence he ought to be dead and buried, and his estate in the possession of the Next of Kin.

"I will give you a case in point," says Prudence. "An Author, and one of the most popular that ever lived, who had

his Hero on his hands very ill with an Ague. And how did he treat the complaint? Not as Dr. Elliotson would advise, by large doses of quinine, ten grains at a time, and twice, if not three times a day—to be candid, quinine was not then invented—but with a strong infusion of tobacco, and moreover, ‘strong and green’ tobacco, steeped for an hour or two in old rum. In fact, the Patient found the mixture ‘so strong and rank of the tobacco,’ that, to use his own words, he could ‘scarcely get it down.’ Now such a composing draught ought to have composed the poor fellow for ever; but if not, he must have been killed to a dead certainty a day or two afterwards when he repeated the ‘mixture as before,’ but ‘doubled the quantity.’ *That* must have settled him—and then what becomes of Man Friday and his Poll Parrot?”

What! our old friend Robinson Crusoe?

“Yes,—the ‘Monarch of all he surveyed’—and who must have died after a short reign of six months—instead of twenty-eight years, two months, and nineteen days, during which De Foe pretends that he governed his Desert Island!”

Zounds! a monstrous cantle! And must we then give up the land-logged canoe—and the dear suit of goatskin—and the mysterious footmark, and the Caribbee man-cooks, and Man Friday, and Friday senior, and the Spaniards, and Will Atkins? Must we really renounce the China voyage and the Overland Journey? The delicious Bear-dance and the terrible Battle with the Wolves?

“Yes, all, every thing must be cancelled subsequent to the date of July the 2nd, in the ‘Journal;’ that unfortunate day when the Solitary completed his infallible cure for the Ague. Indeed, so strongly is Doctor Spearman impressed with the necessity of this catastrophe, that he has written a circumstantial Narrative of the Discovery of the Corpse of Robinson Crusoe by a Party of Buccaneers, who landed for wood

and water on the Island of Juan Fernandez. The ship's surgeon opens the body and analyses the contents of the stomach, and the *New Version* concludes with a professional Report of the Post-Mortem Examination."

"From the Sectio Cadaveris," says this imaginary document, "the fact is clearly established that the deceased was poisoned by a narcotic herb, called Nicotiana ; the same having, apparently, been macerated in a saccharine spirit."

CHAPTER XX.

"It is dangerous work, you see," continued Prudence, "for a Non-Medical Author to meddle with a disease. Even with professional men, practice does not make so perfect, but that first-rate physicians will take the wrong path in Pathology, and commit errors in Therapeutics, which end often in Tragedy, and sometimes in Comedy, or Farce. For instance, there was Doctor Seaward, who conceived the notion, during his residence at Brighton, that all complaints of the head, including mental aberration, were to be cured by Sea-Sickness. He was cock-sure of his theory : it was whispered to him by every hollow shell ; he smelt it in the seaweed ; he heard it in the rattle of the shingles, and in the roar of the billows. Nay, he would prove it practically ; and, accordingly, he made up a snug party of his Patients, for an Experimental Cruise."

Well, suppose the day fixed, and the vessel selected and hired—a Dutch-built pleasure-boat, that would be sure to roll and tumble like a porpoise. Imagine the party embarked—Messrs. Black, White, Brown, and Green, the patients, the theoretical Doctor, and his practical assistant, Mr. Murphy.

There is little wind, but a desirable swell, of which the *Lovely Polly* takes her full swing the moment she leaves the Pier. As might be expected from her figure, she climbs as clumsily over each wave as a clodpole scrambles over a country stile; and then rolls in the trough of the sea, like a colt that is "winning his shoes."

"Now, Murphy," says the Doctor, "you must carefully note down the order in which the gentlemen are taken ill."

"With all the pleasure in life," says Murphy, preparing his tablets, whilst the Physician rolls himself up in his cloak, and ensconces himself in a snug corner at the stern of the boat.

In the meantime the helmsman, by prescription, is a perfect lubber in his steering of the *Lovely Polly*. Sometimes he keeps her full, and sometimes leaves her empty. Now making her take the wave on her nose, then on her bow, then on her quarter, and occasionally on her broadside, so that not one of the landsmen can keep his legs.

"Murphy!" says the Doctor,—*"Murphy, how is Mr. White?"*

"Quite charming, thankee, Doctor," answers White for himself."

"And Mr. Black?"

"Why hearty, Doctor, hearty, only I'm a little peckish."

"And so am I, and I," echo Messrs. Brown and Green.

"Then it's more than I am," mutters the Doctor, putting his head again under his mantle.

The *Lovely Polly* seems determined that the theory shall have a fair chance. If she had shipped neat brandy, instead of so much salt water, she could not stagger more abominably. The Doctor, full of hope, repeats the old summons.

"Murphy!"

"Here I am, sir?"

"Do they look pale at all?"

"Divil a bit,—all as red as the flag.

"And are they eating and drinking?"

"I believe they *are*, it would do you good to see them!"

"No it wouldn't," says the Doctor to himself.

The Skipper, who has had a hint of the theory, now takes the helm, and throws the Lovely Polly into the hollow of the sea, where she rocks like a cradle. Then he puts her full before the wiud, and contrives to give her a circular reel, so that at every wave the vane at the masthead makes a complete circuit.

"Murphy, how are they now?"

"As well as ever, sir."

"What! not one of them squeamish?"

"Not the least taste in life of it."

"What are they doing?"

"They're drinking bottled porter and smoking cigars."

"That ought to do it," says the Doctor.

"But it don't," says Murphy.

It blows squalls. The sea rises, and the Lovely Polly goes to work like a schoolmistress; for why?—the more unruly the waves are, the more she pitches into them. There is motion enough to churn cream into butter.

"Well, Murphy, what news?"

"Why, they've eaten up the pork-pie and the pickled salmon, and drunk all the port wine, and now they're at the cold milk punch."

"Well?"

"Quite well."

"What! nobody ill with all that eating and drinking?"

"Yes, *I* am," says Murphy.

"What shall I do now, your Honour?" inquired the Skipper.

"Do!" cries the Doctor, turning suddenly ugly, as if he

had the cramp in his face, "do ! why turn round the bo—bo—bo—ho—boat, to be sure, and put us ashore as fast as pos—pos—pos——"

"Oh, I'm murdered entirely," cries Murphy.

The helm is put down, and the Lovely Polly goes round till her wooden head is set directly at the Chain Pier. There at last the Experimental Party is relanded—the speculative Physician and his Assistant as pale and peaking as starved tailors—the patients as ruddy and vigorous as Welsh farmers in winter.

"Confound them !" mutters the Doctor, "they must have the stomachs of horses ! But my theory is correct, for all that ! I am as certain as ever that they would be cured by sea-sickness."

"That's true for you," says Murphy in his sleeve, "only you can't make them sick."

"Now that is a true story," said Prudence ; "indeed some French Physicians failed exactly in the same way. Here is the report."

"Nous avons, malheureusement, nous et le domestique qui nous accompagnait, été horriblement tourmentés du mal de mer ; et les monomaniaques confiés à nos soins n'ont point éprouvé le plus léger malaise. Monsieur le Docteur Lachaise a éprouvé le même désappointement."

CHAPTER XXI.

ALAS for poor Jasper ! After his double loss of blood the reaction was rapid. The fever seemed to have assumed a typhus character, and under its depression the Patient sank lower and lower—deeper and deeper still. Never was there

such an illustration of the Quaker doctrine of Non-Resistance ! He did not struggle even for dear life. He made no more fight for it than an oyster. He never rallied ; but submitted to be cut off as passively as a cabbage. The more he was smitten, the more he gave in ; and Death seemed only to delay the final blow, from shame to strike so very unresisting a victim.

In vain the Apothecary "threw in" his tonics ; as vainly Rachel poured in her broths ; they had lost, apparently, all power of stimulus or nutriment, and might as well have been thrown into a cart or poured down a gutter. Jasper still kept sinking : down, down, down he went like a plummet—down, down like Mexican Stock—down like the mercury of the barometer before a hurricane—down, quietly down, like a leaky ship in a dead calm !

What was to be done ? A Homœopathist would have exhibited an infinitesimal dose of hyoscyamus to lower the pulse still further. A German Wasserkurist would have drenched and drowned the animal spirits with cold water. A Counter-Irritator would have aggravated the outside with Spanish Fly and mustard, or whipped it with stinging nettles. One Doctor would have sent the Patient to Madeira, another to Port and Sherry. Dr. * * * * would have supplied him with a tube, and advised a good blow-out : and Jonathan Brumby would have taken a little more blood from the arm. The course was indicated, he said, by the spontaneous hemorrhage in the night, which was evidently an "effort of Nature."

There was something, however, in this proposition, which alarmed even the quiescent nature of Rachel Duffie, who did not fail to remember the Mosaic canon, that "the life of all flesh is the blood thereof." The operation itself was rather like a process which is particularly distasteful to the Sect,

—to wit, distraining on the premises,—and the inference naturally occurred, that, like the legal bleeding, it might be practised too often to be beneficial. Besides, two heads are better than one, and for these several reasons, the Quakeress decided on calling in the assistance of a regular Physician. The serving man Geziah was therefore despatched on this new errand, and as the case was somewhat urgent, he set off running at the usual rate of running footmen in serious families, namely, about three miles an hour. But a Physician is not so easily found as a fiddler who haunts public-houses instead of private ones ; and Geziah had to hunt from Row to Place, and from Place to Terrace, and from Terrace to Street, and from the Street up a Court, before he could say to himself “Lo, here he is.” It was a mean house of one story, with a broken pane in the dingy front window, through which the Quaker took a peep into a small, miserable room : there was a wretched truckle-bed in it, whereon lay a sick man, with his face as yellow as a guinea. The poor man’s wife was sitting on the foot of the bed ; and at the near side of it, with his back to the light, in an old-fashioned, high-backed chair, was the Doctor.

“I wonder,” said the Doctor, suddenly clapping his hand to the nape of his neck, “that you don’t mend that window.”

Geziah instantly withdrew his face from the pane, but was able to hear the woman’s answer.

“It’s been so for months and months,” said she. “Our poor Billy broke it only two days before he died, and his father won’t have it mended.” And then Geziah heard a deep groan !

The Quaker looked again at the fractured glass, and observed for the first time that it was studded with watery globules—a minute before he would have called them rain-drops, but now they looked like human tears.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE door was ajar, and Geziah stood and listened awhile before he rapped.

"What do you think, Doctor," said the female voice, "if so be he was to try the Brandy and Salt?"

"Why, I think," said the Doctor, "that provided he tried enough of them, he might find himself in a *drunken pickle*."

"People say it's good for every thing," remarked the woman.

"Which, as extremes meet," said the Doctor, "is the same as good for nothing. Brandy and Salt, indeed! But that is one of the signs of the times! Fifty years ago, when your grandmother sent for a Doctor, he was obliged to come in black, and a wig, and could no more practise without a gold-headed cane than a conjurer without his wand. He talked to you in gibberish, and the more mystery he made of his art, the more you put faith in it. He told you to shut your eyes and open your mouth, which you did most devoutly; and then he put into it you didn't know what, from you didn't know where, that was to act you didn't know how, and to cure you didn't know why, except that the stuff came out of bottles, inscribed with cabalistical signs.

"There was not a man, woman, or child in those days, who would have believed that the Grand Catholicon could come out of a brandy-bottle and salt-box. But that comes of your cheap Encyclopedias and Penny Magazines! Now you shut your mouth and open your eyes, and won't take a powder till you know, *seriatim*, all its ingredients. Yes, you swill and swallow without inquiry all sorts of draughts and mixtures, by the quart and gallon, under the names of porter and port

wine, and so forth ; but insist, forsooth, on analysing your physick, because that shows you're scientific ! Formerly you were all for mystery, and now you are all for history. Your Doctor now comes in a brown frock-coat and a fancy waist-coat, and, for any outward sign to the contrary, may be an architect or a stock-broker. He tells you your disease by its popular name, and says, in plain English, that he is going to give you some Epsom salts in pump water. And that's the secret of the popularity of Brandy and Salt,—because there's such a General Diffusion of Knowledge as to both articles. I say it's a Sign of the Times. People must know the Why and Because of everything. For instance, if I want you to take a little calomel, I must tell you beforehand that it is intended to promote the secretion of the bile by the absorption of the gastric juice. To be sure it is, says you, and now I know all about it, here goes ! ”

At this point Geziah introduced himself into the apartment, and briefly delivered his message to the Physician.

“ A fever, eh ? ” said the Doctor, turning round on his seat, and taking a deliberate survey of the demure serving-man from top to toe. “ Is your Master's head gone ? ”

“ Nay, but his wits be,” answered the precise Geziah.

“ Ha ! Are you sure of that ? ” cried the Doctor, rather sharply. “ Will you swear,”—(here he got on his feet, and “ stood up to his man ”)—“ will you really take your oath that your Master is *non compos* ? ”

“ Oaths are profane,” said Geziah ; “ I will not swear at all.”

“ Why, man,” continued the Doctor, “ the line between sanity and insanity is as difficult to settle as the American Boundary. It's the puzzle of the Profession,—the Sampson's Riddle of the Faculty : so hard a matter, that some of us have cracked our own skulls against it. And here you come,

without Diploma or Licence, and declare as plumply that your Master's head is turned ——”

“Nay, friend, I said his wits.”

“Well, then, his wits—as plainly as if you had seen him jump out of them. Now, I should like to know, my friend, when you consider a man to be out of his senses?”

“Friend,” answered Geziah, with perfect good faith, and an appropriate ignorance of the tropes and vanities of the gay world, “I conceive that a fellow-creature must needs be beside his reason, when he saith, like Jasper Duffle, that he will turn his serving-man into a tiger!”

“Egad then!” exclaimed the Doctor; “it is a very prevailing mania! And yet, after all, I have known a poor eccentric gentleman before now to be voted out of his reason on quite as irrational evidence. Well, friend, I will come to your mad Master, and, as the Americans say, like greased lightning.”

“It is never greased,” said Geziah; “I will say thee wilt come speedily.”

“Very good,” said the Doctor, and being something of a humourist, he added, “That he would be at the appointed place before the Quaker could whistle ‘Nancy Dawson.’”

CHAPTER XXIII.

“I AM just in time,” said the Physician, looking at his golden stop-watch, by which he timed the performance of Jasper's languid pulse,—“just in time (*sotto voce*) to be too late.”

He then asked a few questions of the Apothecary, who went into a technical description of the course of treatment

which had been pursued : touching by the way on Monsieur Quetelet and average complexions, Phlebotomy, Dr. Wiesécké, and the Merchant of Venice.

"It was a serious case," said he ; "however, I have pretty well taken out the scarlet, and have nearly subdued the fever."

"You have indeed," said the Physician. "Do you kill your own pigs ?"

"Pigs !" thought Jonathan Brumby ; "how did he know that I keep pigs ?"

"Because, in that case," whispered the Physician, "it would be a good way of doing it."

The Apothecary started and stared, as if uncertain whether he had not met bodily with the Arch Enemy of Mankind, or the Author of the Treatise against Phlebotomy. However, he kept down his anger, and silently followed the Doctor to the parlour, where Rachel was calmly awaiting their report ; with her placid face, and her hands demurely clasped, and her finger-ends peeping out of her dark mittens like rabbits from their burrows. "Well, Friend," said the meek Voice, "what dost thee think of Jasper ?"

"I am sorry, ma'am—to think, ma'am—(the face of the Quakeress mechanically puckered up at these appellations)—in short, ma'am," said the Physician, reassured by the self-possession of his auditor, "he is going very fast."

Poor Rachel ! There was a momentary struggle between Nature and Formality, but Nature triumphed, and the afflicted wife expressed her grief in a style older than Quakerism.

"O these are cruel and heavy tidings !" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and writhing like any other woman ; "but is there no hope,—does thee mean to say there is no hope for my dear, dear Jasper ?"

"There is only one thing," said the Physician, "that can save him."

"And what is that?"

The answer was a single word, and not a hard one either ; but if it had been the most horrid blasphemy, the grossest personality that could be put into such a compass, it could not more have shocked and offended Jonathan Brumby. It seemed akin to those magical words in the Arabian Tales, which have the power to transform the hearer into a dumb brute beast. The Apothecary, indeed, could hardly have stood more aghast if he had actually felt some such spell at work in his frame—his head sprouting into horns, and his feet hardening into hoofs. The awful syllables, however, had no influence over the Quakeress, who even ventured to repeat them.

"What dost thee mean by *Transfusion*?"

"It is a surgical operation," replied the Physician.

"It's an invention of Satan!" cried Jonathan Brumby ; "and before I'll have any thing to do with it—" here he paused for an alternative—"before I'll have any hand in it, I'll lose the last drop of blood in my body!"

Bang! went the parlour-door, like a musket ; and then bang! went the street-door, like a cannon !

"Transfusion!" muttered the Phlebotomist, as he stamped along the Terrace, "it's downright Atheism! It ought to be made a penal offence—and as to that pragmatical Doctor, I'd transfuse him to Botany Bay!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE idea of Transfusion was so bran new to the Quakeress, that it took her some time to get it into shape. Her first mental sketch was of Jasper being supplied with the vital fluid in the ordinary manner with other fluids, that is to say as he would have been refreshed with a pint of stout. But she soon painted that image out again, and began another more in the style of Retsch's Outlines of Hamlet, with the blood, in lieu of Hellebore, being poured in at her husband's ear. Her next rough draught seemed founded on the tale of the Vampyre,—but, not to go through all her successive designs, she at last, by help of the Physician, formed a tolerable picture of the operation. She was, however, a little abroad again, when, in answer to her inquiry as to its being painful, the Doctor replied,

“No—provided you don't give him his *claret* in too great a hurry.”

“But, peradventure, it is sinful,” suggested the conscientious Rachel.

“No more than a Bank transfer,” said the Doctor. “It is surely as lawful to replenish the empty veins as to fill a hungry stomach.”

“But art thee sure, friend, that it will answer the purpose?”

‘Perfectly,’ said the Doctor. “It has been proved by experiment. For instance, a rabbit was drained of its blood till it lay apparently as dead as if it had been smothered in onions. A quantity of blood from a living rabbit was then injected into the veins of the dead one, when lo! up jumped Bunny in good health and spirits, and began hopping about the room.”

"But Jasper is not a rabbit," objected the literal Rachel.

"No, Genus Homo," said the Doctor, "therefore must have homogeneous fluid."

"But Jasper may object to it."

"I'll answer for him," said the Doctor. "Only let me once give him over, and he'll call for a parish engine, let alone a syringe."

"But where will thee obtain the fluid?"

"Where, ma'am?" said the Doctor; "the first that comes: and we have no time to lose. There's your man-servant, he's fresh-coloured and healthy, and will serve our turn as well as if he had his blood from the Conqueror."

"Thee shall put it to Geziah thyself," said Rachel, and she rang the bell for the serving-man, who soon put in an appearance. He was an old servant, and reasonably attached to his master; but the proposition was no sooner made to him, than all his blood seemed to retreat inward, as far from the surface as possible. That fount, therefore, was hopeless. He did not, indeed, utter a dissenting syllable; but his face said, as plainly as face could speak, "Friend, I pray thee remember that I am one of the people called Quakers, and as such have objected to shed my blood even for my country, which containeth, peradventure, twenty millions, more or less, of men, women, and children."

"Then you will not part," said the Doctor, "with half-a-pint or so of your entire?"

"Not for gold," answered Geziah. "Nevertheless, I may find some one who is better suited to thy purpose." And he proceeded to describe a certain comely young man who lodged at the inn called the Angel—a model of manly strength, and besides, remarkable for the regularity of his habits and the extraordinary care which he bestowed on his bodily health. He rose and went to bed betimes: took a

great deal of exercise in walking, as well as with the dumb-bells within doors ; dined constantly on mutton-chops or boiled chickens ; and drank moderately of malt liquor and sherry, but strictly eschewed all spirits.

“It is but a little way to the Angel,” added Geziah ; “and if thee please, friend, I will just step and fetch the young man hither, who, perchance, will be willing to part with the fluid of life without my own scruples of conscience.”

“Do so,” replied the Doctor : and in about ten minutes the comely sober young man stood before him, stroking down his forelock with one hand and swinging his hat with the other. He was really a fine athletic young fellow, as fresh as a daisy, as sound as a roach, and as willing as you please. So the bargain was struck—an appointment was made for the operation—and the Doctor went home for his instruments. Geziah returned to the kitchen and Rachel ascended to the bed-room, where she thus forewarned the Patient—

“Jasper, thee art to be transposed.”

CHAPTER XXV.

ALL was ready : Doctor—Assistant—nice Young Man—Laundy’s Syringe—tube—scalpel—large conical tumbler—hot water, &c., &c.

“Mercy on us !” cries the Gentle Reader, “you do not mean to treat us with the operation ?” (and last night she was at a Melodrama !)

“I cannot bear the very idea of blood-letting,” lisps Affectation (and she is engaged to a bold Dragoon !)

"Anything surgical quite gives me a turn," says another fine Lady (and she is the wife of a Butcher!)

"I will never read it! I never can!" declares a fourth Sensibility (and she spells over the Accidents in "The Times"!)

Faugh! what an age it is for Cant and Pseudo-Humanity! And yet who leaves off animal food? But hark!—what says that French Classical Master?

"Mon Dieu! to let him blood on de stage! Fi donc! Quel goût horrible! Vraiment, les Auteurs Anglais sont des Barbares! Non, non, non,—sare, so many true, real, veritable assassinats as you shall please to choose in front of de curtain; but all de mock murders must be done behind de back of de scenes!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Now then," said the Doctor. "Be attentive and steady. I hope we are not too late—the Patient has little or no Pulse—but he breathes. There—you see he doesn't seem to feel the cut. Now Martins, the probe—just slide it under the vein—now the tube—and now, my man, it's your turn. That's right—arm all ready—egad, there's muscle! it's like an arm of marble! There—now steady—let it flow into the tumbler. Martins—just touch the Quaker's arm with the sponge—now the syringe—all right. I don't think any air has got in—look, he rallies already—but we mustn't drive too fast. He isn't winking, is he?"

"No."

"Well and good—pulse better—he gets stronger at every

stroke of the piston—capital claret, no doubt! Martins, put your ear down, and tell me what he is whispering.”

“I can’t make it out, sir—it is only a buzz.”

“Never mind, then—don’t repeat it. I should think we’ve got in about four ounces—as much more, and we’re safe. Hark! can you make out that?”

“He says he feels warmer.”

“Of course he does. Courage, my friend, summer’s a-coming. We’re going on swimmingly—no flicker of the eye—no quiver of the lip. Now I think he has got enough—if he wants more he will make it. Here, take the syringe and the probe. I’ll bind up this, and do you stop the other tap. Bravo!—no blunder—no bungle—and the Patient, thanks to Transfusion, quite a new man! Look how he throws out his arms right and left, as much as to say he’s good for another round!”

In fact the Quaker seemed aroused from the dead, and Rachel, who was introduced, could scarcely believe her eyes and ears.

“How dost thee now, Jasper?” said the Quakeress.

“Verily,” said Jasper, thrusting out with his right arm, “I feel as if I could smite down a strong man.”

“Aye, but mind,” said the Doctor, holding up a warning finger to his Patient, “you must keep yourself as still and silent as if you were at Meeting. If you can sleep to order, take a good six hours’ nap, and by that time I will look at you again.”

“As for you,” said the Doctor, addressing himself to the Purveyor of the fluid, “you are a regular trump. There’s your money, and you and the Quaker must settle your consanguinity between yourselves. I don’t pretend to know what relations by blood you are now to each other; or whether you will have any claim on his heritable property.

That's a point for the lawyers : perhaps, he will not even have a right to be blooded without your concurrence, but the long robes must settle that too.

"Egad !" continued the Doctor, still addressing the young man, but in reality only thinking aloud, "I could pick a thousand pretty speculations out of this same Transfusion, each growing out of the other like the leaves of the Cactus. Rare nuts to crack for the Casuists ! Famous logs for the Logic-Choppers ! Why, the Thesis-Mongers of Göttingen and St. Omer have talked and written volumes on worse arguments !

"But why do I talk of only the Germans and the Jesuits ? There's debate in it for the Heralds' College—the College of Physicians, and the Inner Temple. Matter for Metaphysicians, Moral Philosophers and Mystics ; Chemists, Romancers, Historians and Conveyancers. Talk of the quantity of soil carried down by the Rhine or the Ganges, what is that to the millions of acres conveyed by the vital current from one generation to another ? Then, how many other things run, as it is called, in the blood ! Honour and shame—privilege—legislative *nous*—High treason and slavery—small feet and hands, according to Lord Byron, and gouty ones, according to the Faculty.

"There's our old friend in history, Perkin Warbeck—as much blood of the right sort, as I have just transferred, would have made a Prince Royal of a Pretender ! And then there's the old Doctrine of Sympathy—if the young fellow should die first, odds blood ! what's to become of the Quaker !"

How much farther the humorous Physician might have carried these sanguinary speculations is uncertain, for the Young Man having put on his coat again, stroked his foretop to the Doctor, made a scrape with his right leg, and took his

leave with an assurance that he would be ready and willing to find as much more claret as they pleased on the same terms, provided it was not wanted till after the Thirty-First. And thereupon, after exchanging congratulations with the placid Rachel, the Doctor, Martins, and the instruments, in the nautical phrase, "took a new departure."

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN a fortnight Jasper was so far recovered as to be able to walk abroad ; and the first use he made of this ability was to seek out the Young Man whom he called his "Life-Preserver."

The Quaker was naturally of a grateful disposition, and beyond the pecuniary recompense, felt himself under an obligation to express personally his thankfulness to the Individual from whose arteries he had derived the means of his own revivification.

"Verily, under Providence," he would say, "it is through that sober discreet young man that I am enabled to do thus ;" and then he would flourish about his arms to show their agility, and with an evident enjoyment in the power and play of his muscles.

To his infinite disappointment, therefore, he was informed by the landlady of the Angel that her late lodger had removed the week before to another part of the country—she thought towards Hampton—but she promised to inquire of her husband, who was gone to London, and let the gentleman know the nice Young Man's address.

"I will thank thee to do so," said the Quaker ; "for my

heart yearns towards him, and I cannot rest satisfied till I have used kindly speech to my preserver."

A Roscicrucian Philosopher would perhaps have detected some other influence than mere gratitude in these yearnings, some mysterious attraction between the sanguineous molecules, or magnetical sympathy—instead of an impulse, half moral and half commercial, for the Quaker was going about with blood in his body, which, according to his conscientious reckoning, he had not paid for. It was worse than being in debt for his coat—every pulse reminded him that the amount added to his circulation had been subtracted from that of a friendly fellow-creature, but for whom he must have given up even the twiddling of his thumbs.

"Whereas, now," he said, making a very tolerable imitation of the necessary motion, "I could knock down Geziah."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ACCORDING to all Meteorological Prognostics, the Thirty-First of May, to be seasonable weather, ought to be a very fine day—and so it is.

The clock has struck nine. The Quaker's brown-bodied chaise is at the door; and Geziah, in his best drab suit, is standing at the head of the sleek roan horse. Jasper himself is on the steps of the house, taking a last look at a scrap of paper, and getting by rote the address of his Life-Preserver before he puts the document into his extra large pocket-book. Part of the staid figure and the whole of the placid face of Rachel Duffle are visible in the rear of her stout partner, whose complexion has regained a tint, a full blush rosier than that of an average man.

The Quaker gets steadily into the roomy vehicle—cautiously pilots the roan horse down the bright gravel, between the crisp olive-green shrubs, and steers carefully through the iron gates, which the serving-man deliberately closes, and then climbs in beside his master. A chirrup, and off they go at a gentle trot—the Quaker apparently dapping for chub with his whip on the hind quarters of his horse.

How fresh is the morning air! producing a delightful mixed sensation between breathing and drinking. How fragrant the hedge! how green the fields! how bright and warm the sun! The Quaker feels the genial influence throughout his inner man: and he is so cheerful, by sympathy, that he cannot help smiling at a post or rail, and could find in his heart to nod to a pig or a duck. The errand he is upon, no doubt, has a share in the feeling: for he enjoys in anticipation his friendly meeting and greeting with the Samaritan Young Man.

“Verily,” says he, “I think the Transfusion hath made me more alive than before: methinks I feel the blood tingling from my toes even unto the very tips of my ears!”

“Yea,” answers Geziah, “and from his free-going, I think that Tobias (the roan horse) hath been transfused also!”

On they go, quakerly and shakerly, at the rate of seven words to the hour, and as many miles to the hour—over Lea Bridge—past Whip’s Cross—skirting Wanstead Park—across the Flats—making right for the Essex Marshes, and in a fair way for the Ferry House, which stands over against Woolwich. But stop—what are the human creatures about in yonder meadow?

The roan horse is pulled up, and the Quaker and Quaker’s Quaker endeavour with all their might and sight to dis-

cover the meaning of the assemblage. The people are clustered in a dark living ring, and something—no, two somethings are moving to and fro in the middle. It's a Mill, by gosh !

Now a prize-fight between two human beings is one of the very last spectacles that ought to attract a member of the Society of Friends to behold any nearer than he could help. Jasper, indeed, had never witnessed such a thing in all his days—not even from a distance : but that very circumstance might inflame his curiosity ; or perhaps he intended to remonstrate with the peace-breakers—however, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach the ring. This unseemingly desire he nevertheless struggled with as became a Friend, and for some time with success, till all at once there arose a wild shout from the mob, and before it had done ringing, the roan horse felt the rein drop on his tail, the astounded Geziah found the whip in his own hand, and the excited Jasper was running like a madman to the scene of action.

The conflict had recommenced ere the Quaker arrived at the ring, and when he obtained a first glimpse of the men, they were engaged in a sharp rally. And now, alas ! for the influence of bad example ! the corruption of evil company ! Had Jasper been allowed a single moment for reflection, his conduct might have been different ; but when he came the battle was raging at its height—his blood heated by running, had no time to cool—above all, everybody around him was half frantic, and nothing is so contagious as popular excitement. To confess the truth, the Quaker was soon as noisy and excited as any of his neighbours—pushing, elbowing, and jumping, on his tip-toes. His fists were clenched—he squared with them mechanically, as others did—and echoed most emphatically the war-cries of both factions :

“Go it, Old 'Un!” “Well done, Young 'Un!” “Jack for ever!”—and “Huzza for Jim!”

“My eyes, what a floorer!” shouted a delighted costermonger.

And “My eyes, what a floorer!” repeated the Quaker, as the Young 'Un went down.

Round the 157th was at an end.

The Young 'Un, his face covered with blood, was picked up and seated on his second's knee. His bottle-holder briskly sponged away the claret from his disfigured features, when lo!—could it be? Yes, Jasper knew the pattern of the mug in a moment—it was that of the steady, sober, well-trained lodger of the Angel at Tottenham!

An indescribable tremor ran through the Quaker's every vein! His heart fluttered like a bird—every muscle in his body, and especially those of his arms, began to stiffen—he set his teeth, and fairly broke into a sort of savage war-dance as the battle recommenced. But it was nearly over—after counter-hitting, to the unutterable agitation of the Quaker, the head of his benefactor was caught under the left-arm of the enemy, where it was squeezed and punched, with as little mercy as if it had been a lemon!

The partisans of the Old 'Un were uproarious! but the blood of Jasper (*if it were the blood of Jasper*) was at boiling heat. In an instant, with a yell like a wild Indian, he burst through the ring—his beaver, his Quaker's beaver, went whirling into the air—and before it came down again, he had received one blow and had given two!

The thing was so sudden—the apparition of a Fighting Quaker so extraordinary (equal to supernatural), that before the Seconds, Bottle-holders, or Time-keepers, could interfere, the account was settled. A terrific smashing blow, straight from the shoulder—flush in the face—the fellow-hit to that

with which the Gas-man finished Cooper—sent the Old 'Un down like a shot—deaf, dumb, blind, and *pro tempore* dead—and that hit was the gammon.

* * * * *

“Vell! I’ve heard of such coves,” said a misanthropical costermonger, “but I never believed in ‘em, never till I seed that ere Quaker! It’s common enuff in this vurld for to side and go along with the vinner; but to cut in and stick up, as he did, for a beaten man, that’s vot *I* calls a ‘*Friend in Need!*’”

NOTE.

THE notion of transferring the vital fluid from the veins of one human individual into those of another, is two centuries old. It occurs in a comedy called “The Asparagus Garden,” by Richard Brome, dated 1634. This sanguinary scheme was, probably, consequent on the great discovery of the Circulation of the Blood, which had been made public by Harvey some few years before, and might have attracted the attention of the dramatist. The operation of Transfusion, as now practised by Dr. Blundell, is, however, for a purpose very different to the one proposed in the old Play :—

Hoyden. But must I bleed ?

Moneylack. Yes, you must bleed : your Father’s blood must out. He was but a Yeoman, was he ?

Hoyden. As rank a Clown (none dispraised) as any in Somersetsbire.

Moneylack. His foul rank blood of bacon and pease-porritch must out of you to the last dram.

Springe. Fear nothing, sir. Your blood shall be taken out by degrees : and your veins replenished with pure blood still, as you lose the puddle.”

[My father was devoted to the contemplative man's recreation. The two ensuing Fishing Sketches appeared in the "New Sporting Magazine"—consisting principally of his own experience of the exercise of the "gentle art in Germany"—with some information gathered from his friend and quondam brother-of-the-rod—Franck.]

FISHING IN GERMANY.

SCENE—*The Brake, near Bromberg: VON PISCATOR, in the uniform of a Lieutenant of Prussian Infantry, is spinning a live minnow. FRITZ, his regimental servant, also in blue faced with red, is in waiting in the attitude of "Attention."*

Von P. FRITZ!

Fritz. Here, Mr. Lieutenant, Sir,—what's your pleasure?

Von P. Have you polished my best epaulettes, and put those large worms, as I told you, in the box of mould?

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Lieutenant.

Von P. Did you take the reel to the armourers to be mended, and have you brushed my clothes, and laid out my cocked-hat and gloves—and did you bespeak another liver at the butcher's?

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Lieutenant—and, Sir, the white maggots that were in the brown dish with the sand, are all gone of a sudden, and the old woman grumbles, and says her whole house is of a buzz with blue-bottles.

Von P. Ah! I thought the old lady would rise at them. Have you cleaned your musket?

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Lieutenant, the inspection is at twelve o'clock, and I have gathered plenty of moss. The hooks you told me to look for were sticking round your cap; and I took your note to Miss Von Koser, and I filled the tin box with May chafers for the afternoon; and I have cleaned out all your pipes.

Von P. Good—you may stop here—and be ready with the landing-net. Who is that gentleman coming yonder?

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, I do not know.

Enter AMICUS.

Amicus. Here he is! At the old sport—though not at the old place!

Von P. Eh! What! Himmel! It cannot be! Yes it is—what, Amicus!

Amicus. Exactly so—But stop—avast there! Fain kissing!

Von P. True. I forgot! your hand then, old fellow, a thousand times welcome to Bromberg! You must excuse my not knowing you at sight; but I should as soon have looked for the man in the moon!

Amicus. Phoo! phoo! We are not all such slow tops, as in your Prussian parish here, where your best pace is a quick march of so many steps to a minute. To us of the great Movement Party, thanks to rail-roads and steamers, such a visit as this is only a drop-in.

Von P. I am as happy as if I had been made a Captain! Well, and how—

Amicus. She is very well, and sends her kind regards.

Von P. And little—

Amicus. Is now a big one—and goes to boarding-school. But if you please, we will postpone all questions of domestic interest, and speak, as the Quakers say, to the matter in hand.

Von P. Confound the fishing and the fishes too! They shall have a whole holiday, as the boys do when a visitor comes to the school.

Amicus. Nonsense, man, take up your rod, I hate to spoil sport—so just fancy that we are at our old haunt on the Lahn, and go on with your fishing.

Von P. So be it. But remember, I must and will talk, in spite of all the rules of the silent art. To think of seeing you here! Phew! how warm it has made me! Fritz, do you see any of our officers about?

Fritz. No, Mr. Lieutenant, not one.

Von P. Then I may relax a little. One of our superiors here, is a bit of a martinet, and expects us to eat, drink, sing, dance, and fish, buttoned up to the chin.

Amicus. But you used to dress more in character. Where is the old sporting-jacket, as full of pockets as an old country house is of cupboards?

Von P. At home, on its own peg. I have a turn of duty at twelve and must be in uniform.

Amicus. True; as an officer of the 19th, and a fisherman, you belong in a double sense to the line; and I wish you many a rise with them both. But zounds! look to your craft! Steady, steady—why Fritz does credit to your drilling, and handles the landing net like an adept! Aye, there you have him—a handsome fish enough; but what has he got on his nose, a pistol bullet or a force-meat ball?

Von P. Neither. That blue nob is as much his own, as the nubble you see at the end of some human noses—like a work with a supplement. Barring that awkward excrescence, it is, as you see, a handsome fish, with red fins, and fine silvery and golden scales. The German name for it is Zoerte. They come from the sea up this river to spawn—grow to about a pound and a-half in weight, and from twelve to fourteen inches long. In flavour they resemble the trout, and are probably of the same family.

Amicus. Herr Zoerte, I shall be happy to be more intimately acquainted with you! Have you any other strange fish in this water?

Von P. Yes, several. The Zander, which you saw and

tasted at Berlin ; and then there is the Geuse, which grows to a large size and much resembles Carp. The natives bait for it with boiled peas, but it will rise freely at the fly, like the chub. Moreover, we have, I think, every sort of fish enumerated in Walton or Salter.

Amicus. Egad ! you are well supplied, then !

Von P. As any Cheapside cockney, with Hungerford on his right hand, and Billingsgate on his left. Now, the Brake is but a detachment from the Netze, a river which communicates at one end with the Vistula, at the other with the Oder, and through both with the Baltic ; thus the finny tribes, as you say of water, are abundantly laid on ; the Vistula, nearest Bromberg, is more than two miles broad, and when the frost breaks up—which, by the way, is an awful sight, for the ice rushes down the river in mountains—the fish then swarm into the Brake to spawn, and are taken with German tackle of all descriptions.

Amicus. Is it a free fishery ?

Von P. Nearly so—a permission for rod and line costing only a dollar and a half, or four shillings and sixpence per annum. Grayling are plentiful, and I have killed a great many trout, of from four to seven pounds. Ho ! Now then, Fritz. Another bullet-nose !—No—it is a perch.

Amicus. And a fine hog-backed fellow he is. He must weigh at least three pounds.

Von P. The Brake is renowned for the size of its fish : so much so, that I have been puzzled by some of the common sorts, which had literally grown out of knowledge. For instance, immense bream and gudgeon, so unusually large, that they really seemed trying to be barbel.

Amicus. You make me long to be among 'em ! It was always a fancy of mine in reading Gulliver, that I should have liked a day's fishing in Brobdignag.

Von P. Yes—but not with Lilliputian tackle. You remember the tool bequeathed to me by an English Colone when he left the Rhine to become a Consul in the East—a rod originally of a delicate constitution, and which did not get stouter and stronger as it grew older. Add to this the internal consciousness of sundry weak lengths in my gut—a short assortment of tackle in general—above all, the knowledge that a thousand miles, wet and dry, lay between myself and Bond & Son of Crooked Lane; and you may form some idea of my nervousness, on finding myself in presence of monsters of twenty and thirty pounds' weight. I never looked so foolish in my life!

Amicus. Except once,—at Antonin,—when, a certain Lieutenant, having only snipe-shot in his single-barrel, a certain English spaniel named Dash, put up a certain Wild Boar!

Von P. Yes, that caused something of the same feeling. You may judge how very scarce was my tackle, when I tell you that one day I walked back to the Netze, a distance of five English miles, after a gorge hook I thought I had left behind!

Amicus. And did you recover it?

Von P. Yes—but not till after I returned dog-tired and had thrown myself into a chair.

Amicus. O, I understand—where Gaffer Gurton found his needle.

Von P. However, I got over my fears in course of time; and especially when a good friend in London sent me over a stout rod-of-all-work, and a reinforcement of tackle. To these premises he considerably added what he called inferences—namely a family bottle of Burgess's Anchovy Sauce, another of real East India Soy, and a ditto of cayenne.

Amicus. A very logical deduction,—and as a corollary I conclude that you have salmon.

Von P. Yes—of two sorts : one of which I suspect is also strange to you. It is called here the Hook salmon ; not, as I at first supposed, from the mode of taking it, but because the under jaw hooks up at the end, from one to two and a half inches, and fits into a deep groove in the upper one, so as not to be seen when the mouth is shut.

Amicus. Well, I have heard before that all fishes were dumb, but your Hook salmon seems to have a peculiar mode of holding his jaw !

Von P. The safest plan, sometimes, with other creatures than salmon.

Amicus. Now I think of it, there are the talkative fishes of four colours in the Arabian Nights ; and the only end of their loquacity is to get themselves tilted out of the frying-pan into the fire. But, *revenons à nos moutons*—how are the salmon caught by the natives ?

Von P. A great many are taken as in our own country. There is a waterfall near the mill, which the fish strive to ascend, and those which miss their leap fall back and are caught in the Lachsfang or salmon-trap at the bottom. The natives have also another mode of their own, which they practise near the fall.

Amicus. By spearing or leistering, perhaps, in the Scotch fashion ?

Von P. Not exactly. The weapon is a long pole, with a huge hook, as big as a wine bottle, fitting into a groove at one end. To this hook is also attached a line half an inch thick, which, passing loosely along the pole, is held securely in the hand. When the Bromberger spies a fish, he slowly thrusts the pole into the water, and striking strongly, hooks the prey in the thick part of the body. The hook is soon disengaged

from the pole by the struggles of the fish—the slack rope becomes a tight one—and the salmon, vaulting and tumbling, is hauled by main force into the boat.

Amicus. It is a curious coincidence—but, in lieu of the great hook, suppose a moveable spear-head, made of elk-horn, and you have precisely the *modus operandi* of the Shoshonie Indians, in their salmon-fishing, as described by Washington Irving. And what sport have you had yourself with royal fish ?

Von P. Very fair. The first one I captured rather unexpectedly, for I was fishing for chub, with a common gut line, a small hook, and our favourite evening bait on the Moselle—a natural white moth. He was very violent ; however, in about thirty minutes I contrived to land him—and he weighed eleven pounds, without the sauce.

Amicus. I am getting envious, and unless by this time to-morrow—snap ! there you are in him again !—a salmon by Jove !

Von P. No—it is only a big chub ; they take a live minnow here like the rest.

Amicus. A chub !—zounds ; what a plunge ! When did you ever see a chub so game ? It's a salmon, by all that's boilable.—I'll lay you the fishmongers' odds—lobsters to shrimps !

Von P. Done !—here he is. We are both wrong—it's a bass—a May-fish, as it's called on the Rhine, from the season of its annual visits. They are very plentiful here, but extremely cunning and shy ; for which reason I am the only person who ever pulls one out, to the great wonder of the Bromberg fishermen.

Amicus. Let me reckon—Perch, Bream, Chub, Bullet-nose, Zauder, Zoerte, Geuse, Trout, Grayling, Salmon, Bass,—really for a Piscator you are in most clover-like quarters !

And then—whatever other smoking nuisances you may have here, you are not threatened with steamboats, which scare the best fish out of our rivers—for instance the Upper Rhine. As for the salmon, they are evidently on the look out for quieter neighbourhoods—and as I was informed by a gentleman from Spain, a great number, unexpectedly, made their appearance last year in the river at Bayonne.

Von P. It seems to be naturally a capricious fish. An old chronicle of Bromberg lately fell into my hands, from which it appeared that in the seventeenth century the Bernardine monks here took from one hundred to one hundred and seventy salmon, in twenty-four hours, whereas, it is now reckoned good sport if as many are caught in the whole season.

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, sir,—it is half-past eleven o'clock.

Von P. The devil it is! then I must give over at once. Amicus, I must crave an hour's leave of absence. Fritz will show you to my quarters.

Amicus. I must first go to my own, at the Hotel de Berlin.

Von P. Adieu, then, for the present—I will call for you at one, and we will dine together *tête à tête*, as in the days of Lang Syne. I cannot answer for “humble Port” but you shall have “imperial Tokay.”

Amicus. I am not particular, and would as soon have that as gooseberry or cape. So good-bye till one.

FISHING IN GERMANY.

(Continued.)

SCENE—*The Netze.* VON PISCATOR : AMICUS : FRITZ *in attendance.*

Amicus. So this is the Netze !

Von P. Yes ! it is not so rapid as the Brake, and is, therefore, more congenial to the pike, and fish of similar habits.

Amicus. Ergo, the order of the day is trolling. By the way, in coming hither, methought I detected some traces of that arch-enemy of anglers, the otter.

Von P. No doubt you did, there are enough here of the base vermin, as he calls them, to have regularly badgered old Izaak Walton. I have often thought he would have relished my piscatory quarters in the Water-mill—but how he would have fretted of a moonlight night to see the villanous otter taking a walk in the garden !

Amicus. Why not hunt them ?

Von P. Only from the want of huntsmen and dogs. Our German cousins are anything but sporting men, in the English sense of the term ; and rarely or never will you find one who goes, except with his fore-finger, “at all in the ring.” Then, as for dogs, the game amphibious might defy our whole muster of mongrels, and curs of low degree.

Amicus. Well, I always said your German beavers would turn out to be otters.

Von P. Ah ! our old argument, which ran so long upon castors. But you are decidedly wrong. The beaver is at this very time to be found in Germany.

Amicus. Yes ! “all round my hat.”

Von P. No ! in the Elbe, I lately read in the newspaper from Torgau, a paragraph, not only proving that the animal in question is indigenous, but affording a singular illustration of its instinctive sagacity. It stated that the river had been higher than within the memory of man, but that the circumstance had been expected from a sure sign of spring floods in the Elbe, viz., that the beavers had built such unusually high dams. This is what I call proof positive.

Amicus. Yes ; and waterproof into the bargain. I wonder if the builders of that unusually lofty edifice, the Tower of Babel, had received a hint, from the beavers, of the great deluge.

Von P. Probably the shrewd aquatic beast can foretaste a flood in the quality of the element ; for instance, whether it contains an unusual proportion of snow-water from the mountains. But yonder is Herr Von Muckelback, who is going, by appointment, to make his first essay in the gentle craft.

Amicus. What is his quality ?

Von P. A Bromberg official ; he is the Royal-Mail-Coach-Wheel-Grease-Over-Comptroller.

Amicus. Mercy on us ! I shall never learn it ! Mr. Royal-Mail-Coach-Wheel Contractor all over Grease ! Does Mr. Von Huckelback speak English ?

Von P. You shall hear. Herr Von Muckelback, this is my friend Amicus, an Englishman, and a fisherman, of whom you have heard me speak.

Von M. Sare, I am mush happy for to make acquaintance at you. [*Amicus bows.*] Company is a great plaisir. Ve vill all togeder catch vun fish.

Amicus. Sir, I shall be proud to have the honour of wetting a line with Mr. Royal-Mail-New-fast-Post-Coach.

Von P. Come, come—a truce to compliments—and let

us fall to work ; Fritz—the tackle. Mr. Over-Comptroller, please to watch how I put together your rod. There ; now I fit it with a line, thus : next the hook must be baited.

Von M. Ya, yes, mit von vurm, and von fly, and von little live fish, and von frog.

Von P. As a Tyro, I would recommend your beginning with only one of them at a time—and when you are more advanced in the art you can try them altogether—if you like. Here is a large worm, almost a serpent, fit to tempt a big chub. There ; your tackle is all ready.

Von M. Nein ! nein !—stop—halt ! I must first set fire to mine pipe—so—

Von P. There's your rod then. Remember the instructions I gave you beforehand, and no doubt you will soon have a bite.

Von M. May be so, and may be not so. To-day I shall catch someting, and to-day I shall catch no-ting. It is all de same as von. I vill be glad dis way, and I vill be glad dat way. Ven I do not have a bite at a shub-fish I shall be full of contemplations, and make a smoke.

[*The Tyro removes to a distance. VON PISCATOR looks after him, and shrugs his shoulders.*]

Von P. There's a sample for you, of German phlegm ! I wish to Heaven he may hook a Wels !

Amicus. A Wels ! what is that ?

Von P. A very ugly customer in any sense ; I am ignorant of his name in English, and suspect, indeed, that he is a great Unknown in our British rivers. There are none in the Brake, for they delight in muddy sluggish streams—but they are plentiful in the Netze, and are common in the Elbe, and the Oder. I remember reading in the newspapers, some years ago, that two immense Wels had been taken at Berlin and Stettin, and being fastened to the shore with chains, were

publicly exhibited on account of their great size. As a full grown one will weigh about a hundredweight, you may suppose the chance you have against such a monster with a rod and line.

Amicus. Yes ; it must be very much like catching a Tartar.

Von P. Then, for your comfort, he will take any bait, for he is as voracious as a shark, and includes fish, flesh, and fowl in his bill of fare. The natives take him with strong sea-tackle, baited with a piece of meat, or a large fish, and as to fowl, he will rise at ducks or young geese and swallow them with ease.

* *Amicus.* A sort of check upon Goslings. Have you ever had the misfortune to take such a freshwater Leviathan ?

Von P. I incline to think so, for one day, on trolling in the Netze, I hooked an enormous fish, which I could not get to show himself on the surface. By dint of sheer strength and weight he kept at the bottom, till he fairly wore out the wire-gimp and made off ; they are very strong. An old Netze fisherman told me—

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, sir, look at Herr von Muckel-back !

Von P. Eh, what ? ha ! ha ! ha ! Yes, he has caught his first fish !

Amicus. How he capers ! It is like St. Vitus's dance !

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, sir, he is calling for help.

Von P. So he is ! *Amicus,* let us go to the rescue. *Fritz,* run forward with the landing net.

Von M. Hola ! help ! mine good friend ! Gleich ! quick ! One great fish has caught me, and he shall pull me in !

Von P. Steady, my dear sir ! don't be alarmed. It's only a chub, give him plenty of line—but, zounds ! your reel is foul. You had better let me have the rod.

Von M. Wit all mine heart, and wit all mine soul ! Ach ! Potztausend !

Von P. Amicus, did you see that ? The chub was seized by a bigger fish—'twas a Wels !

Amicus. Yes, but look at the Royal-Mail-Post-Coach-Man !

[The Over-Comptroller, alarmed by the struggles of the huge fish, sets off running crab-wise, but encounters a stump. The rod snaps in two, and HERR VON M. falls on the broad of his back with his mouth wide open—meerschaum flying a yard two or beyond his head.]

Von P. My dear sir, I am very sorry ; give me your hand ; I hope you are not hurt ?

Von M. Ach Gott ! I am all shook and broke into little crumbs ! and de rod is broke also, and, tousand devils ! here is mine pipe all smattered to little bits !

Von P. Accidents will happen, my dear sir, and especially to anglers in their noviciate.

Amicus. Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.

Von M. Ja wohl ! but it cost so much ! vierzehn dollars, and dirty dollars,—no, de fishes shall not catch me any more !

Amicus. If you would like to try my tackle —

Von M. Sar, I tank you very much. But it shall be better for me to go home where I have mine wife and some more pipes. Adieu, Herr von Piscator. Herr von Amicus, I am your servant, very humble. *[Exit.]*

Von P. Adieu, Mr. Over-Comptroller. Fritz, gather up the wreck, and now, Amicus, let us try our own luck in the Netze.

Amicus. As trollers, not as Comptrollers. Your German friend was not born under Aquarius or Pisces. By-the-bye, did you ever read Robinson Crusoe ?

Von P. What ! was I English born ? Have I ever been a boy ? Did I ever get beyond my A B C ?

Amicus. Well, well, don't curl your moustachios. Of course you have the whole history of the mariner of York by heart, from his first running away to sea to his acquaintance with Manfredi and Don Juan.

Von P. Don what ?

Amicus. I beg pardon, I meant Man Friday and Juan Fernandez.

Von P. Come, no bantering.

Amicus. Well, then, you have read that first and best of historical novels, and now in the course of the narrative did it never occur to you as extraordinary, that, as one of the most natural modes for his support, Crusoe availed himself so little of fishing.

Von P. I cannot say that it ever occurred to me. I was too much interested in his domestic dilemmas and contrivances.

Amicus. Nevertheless, it was one of his most obvious resources for getting a dinner. Here is a fact in illustration : some years back two of those metropolitan scholars, whose lower bodies and nether limbs seemed covered with sinapisms put on the wrong side outwards—in short, two boys of Christ's Hospital took it into their neither covered nor uncovered heads to dock their blue coats into blue jackets, make up their sheets into white trousers, and set off Crusoe-mad after adventures by the seaside. They were retaken at Brighton or Margate, and when asked how they had proposed to subsist, they replied that they meant to catch fish.

Von P. A case in point, but Robinson was not so very destitute either as to victualling or sporting. He had shooting, with various kinds of wild fowl ; then he had hunting, or rather coursing, in running down the wild goats ; a course, by the way, I rather wonder at, as he mentions "an animal like a hare." Then, for eatables, he had goat venison and kid, and birds, and he made cakes.

Amicus. True. But recollect it was the fear of running short in powder and shot, that set him trapping, and running down, and breeding goats. Now, the hook and line would have helped quite as much in saving his ammunition. But, perhaps, you think that a man who could always have fine lively turtle for the turning over, might dispense with cod and haddock.

Von P. No, I would not have even green fat always, any more than *toujours perdrix*. But, possibly, Crusoe had no tackle.

Amicus. No, not from Ustonson's or Crooked Lane. But you cannot be serious in such an objection; why, the merest savages get over such a difficulty, and are never at a loss for nets, lines, or hooks.

Von P. Then, mayhap, there were no fish to catch.

Amicus. On the contrary, it appears from the testimony of Penrose and the old Buccaneers, who frequented Juan Fernandez, that fish swarmed round the island, and were so willing to be caught as to be taken almost with a bare hook.

Von P. But Crusoe did fish! I have not the work to refer to, yet if my memory serves me truly —

Amicus. I have searched the book on purpose. Fishing is mentioned only once throughout the narrative, and Crusoe, or Defoe, was rather given to recapitulation. Now, if not for his actual sustenance, yet considering the leisure he had for meditation, and the positive turn for it visible in his reflections, it is surely very strange that Crusoe did not betake himself, *con amore*, to what has been emphatically called the "Contemplative Man's Recreation."

Von P. It is certainly an unaccountable circumstance, and as a true piscator, I must needs confess it to be a weak length in my favourite work. But, possibly Defoe, although so very

English in other respects, was no lover of the angle, and though born in the metropolis, had never tried for a traditional gudgeon in the New River or a roach at London Bridge.

Amicus. We have no evidence either way, except that, witness his controversial tracts, he was fond, speaking allegorically, of fishing in troubled waters. But if not a practitioner of the gentle craft, at any rate as a Londoner he must have been constantly reminded of fish and fishing.

Von P. Perhaps he did not like fish, and unconsciously attributed his own distaste to the hero of his story.

Amicus. Your last shot is nearer the mark : in the solitary paragraph on the subject, Crusoe states expressly that he did not care to eat much fish, because it disagreed with him.

Von P. Exactly as I thought,—so Defoe not liking fish, and Robinson Crusoe being a Protestant, and not obliged to eat it twice a week, the whole thing is explained.

Amicus. Not yet. You think you have hooked him, but it's only a weed. The man who disliked such food was not Defoe but Alexander Selkirk, from whose life we learn that if he wanted a fish to rise, he had only to put it in his stomach. Now, as the same physical peculiarity is ascribed to Robinson Crusoe, we have evidence circumstantial of the source whence the author derived his delightful "Romance of real life."

Von P. If it was not all an Allegory.

Amicus. A what ?

Von P. An Allegory like John Bunyan's. For instance—Juan Fernandez was Paradise, Robinson Crusoe was Adam, Black Friday was the Devil.

Amicus. And Eve ?

Von P. The cat, maybe, or the poll-parrot. But hush ! we're come to the pike.

Amicus. Then pay threepence, and ask for a ticket.

Von P. A pun—a wretched pun—and most villanously out of season! What has a turnpike to do with fishing?

Amicus. A good deal, in Germany. Have I not travelled on your high roads, and seen the toll-man sitting in his toll-house, and with a trolling-rod—I beg pardon—a tolling-rod thrust out of the window fishing for groschen and pfennings?

Von P. A true picture I admit.

Amicus. And, by the way, just the very sort of fishing for your Mail friend, Mr. Shackaback—Pickaback—Hickleback.

Von P. No, Muckelback, and pray remember the prefix.

Amicus. True. Only give him his Von, and I may cough or sneeze for the surname.

Von P. So here we are! Now let us fall to work.

Amicus. And fortune send us a Wels!

Von P. So wished, so fished! It misgives me that I am now into one. Just feel my rod.

Amicus. Phoo! you are fast to a great stone or stump!

Von P. Nay, look at the line—it moves!

Amicus. Give him time to pouch! It's a heavy pike!

Von P. Long odds on a Wels! I am sure of it by his weight, and his style of going down like a sinking barge. Now then for the fisherman's first virtue, patience, for of course I am at anchor here for half a day.

Amicus. Keep a steady pull upon him, and try to raise him.

Von P. So I do; but it's like trying to pull up the bed of the river.

Amicus. How lucky there are two of us!

Von P. Why?

Amicus. Let's lift up the bed of the river by the four corners, and we may have him in it—perhaps fast asleep!

Von P. Nonsense ! Stop—he gives a little!—No he don't ! What a sulky hulk it is. It's full twenty minutes since he took the bait. What's to be done ?

Amicus. Why, as he will not come up to us, we must go down to him. Can you dive ?

Von P. What !—blow him up like the Royal George !

Amicus. Stay—I have an idea. Did you ever hear of scratching for barbel ?

Von P. Yes, amongst the pot-fishers on the Thames.

Amicus. No matter. When a Wels will not be caught fairly, he must be hooked foully :—if he will lie at the bottom like a drowned body, he must be dragged for, which is the gist of my plot. This stout cork, and a lead, and some of our double eel-hooks, will make capital grappling tackle. Only hold on warily till I am ready. Now then—look to your own line. I know exactly where he lies. There—huzza ! I've got hold of him !

Von P. Bravo ! at the very first cast !—but hollo !—Murder !—Fire !—Water ! Zounds, man, hold him in !—hold him in !—hold him in, or he'll run me out ! Fritz, lend a hand.

Amicus. Aye, do ; for he's pulling like a horse. Now then,—haul, boys, haul,—yes, there he comes, tail foremost, for the grapple has hitched him at that end. Another heave,—so—and there he flounders on the bank, by all that's ugly !

Von P. I did not promise you a beauty. His great flat head, his enormous wide mouth and thick lips, are fatal to any pretensions of the kind.

Amicus. Humph ! let me see. He has no teeth, a body fringed with fin, and tapering from the head to the tail, and a slimy skin like an eel's. I think I recognise the species of your Wels.

Von P. Indeed! Pray enlighten me.

Amicus. It is the Silurus, sive Glanis—the Sly Silnrus, alias Sheet Fish, which is figured in Yarrel’s work. It is said to be found in the Nile, as well as in some of the great American rivers; and I am so well content with having helped to capture one in the Netze, that with your consent, like the Royal-Mail-Coach-Wheel-Grease-Over-Comptrolling gentleman, we will postpone all meaner fishing for to-day

Von P. Agreed, especially as it is about to rain cats and dogs. Fritz shall present the Sly Silnrus to my landlady, the miller’s wife, in revenge for the loss of her ducklings.

Amicus. And so ends what a London cockney would call our “performance at the Wels with real water.”

[The remainder of this year is taken up by “Reviews” reprinted from the “Athenæum.”]

REVIEW.



THE HISTORY OF JIM CROW. By JOHN BRIGGS. London: Smallfield & Son. 1840.

THIS book is one of the signs of the times. A few years since, the most romantic authoress connected with the Minerva press, would never have dreamt of choosing a black man for the hero of a tale.

She would never have thought of him, but as Lady Somebody’s footman, or a cymbal-player in the Guards. Now, however, the case is altered. Twenty millions have been paid on Sambo’s account, and on a parallel principle with Desdemona’s affection for the Moor, loving him for the dangers he had passed, we like him for the money he has cost.

He has not only served to talk, and write, and spout about, but has been found worthy of "egregious ransom."

We have purchased him into freedom, as the planters bought him into slavery ; he is ours by dint of pounds, shillings, and pence, and we are as proud of the acquisition, as of a picture by one of the "Black Masters."

He is no longer a nigger, but a gentleman of colour, a favourite low comedian, the hero of a novel, and a jet ornament to society.

The plot of this novel is, in any sense, extremely simple ; and the principal adventure, like one of Æsop's, seems to take place amongst the birds and beasts. A couple of Chickens, whilst enjoying a rural walk, are suddenly assaulted by a savage Bull. Mr. C., the reverse of a game chicken, immediately runs off to fetch a certain great Dog, ungallantly leaving his pullet to be plucked, spitted, and basted, in the meantime, by the horned beast. Jim Crow, however, instead of wheeling about after the example of his namesake, or the craven husband, rushes to the rescue, like the grateful black in Sandford or Merton, or like Mrs. Trollope's Factory Boy, and like one of Madame de Genlis's heroes, drops the wicked brute by a dexterous stab in the spinal marrow.

Thereafter the chicken-hearted Mr. C., retreating from a brace of terriers, falls backward, and mortally injures his own spine in a gravel pit. The widowed Chicken gratefully regards the valiant Crow as a *rara avis*, and preferring his sable suit to her suit of sables, appears one blessed day in a plaid silk morning dress, and tacitly invites her preserver to a piebald marriage. The hint is taken, the favours are prepared, the ring is bought, and our Chicken and Crow go the way of all turtle doves.

MORAL—That a good-for-everything black is better than a good-for-nothing white.

From internal evidence this book is by an American, and an Abolitionist. The style is quite Transatlantic, magniloquent, and mercantile. Here is a specimen :—

“Mr. Ledger replied, ‘Oh, the debt, whatever your fervid imagination may have swollen it up to, has been sponged out by that Niagara cataract you just now threw over it. I know how to appreciate the man whose heart exposes itself in a flood, through smiles labouring to conceal it. My life, or even the honour of my wife, I would trust to his word for keeping unstained, sooner than I would a dollar-note of a stopping bank to one of the common herd of mankind, without legal security.’”

The scenes and sentiments have a touch of the Kentuckian—for instance :—in the leading “notion,” and its illustrations, that physical and moral courage are as inseparable as the Siamese twins. Mere animal bravery is, according to our author, the parent of humanity, sobriety, and especially truth,—cowardice being “consequentially the father of lies.”

To give his sentiment on it, in the style of Joseph Surface, the man who cannot whip his weight in wild cats, will never speak his mind in society, but fib, tell white lies, and prevaricate, and like the unfortunate Mr. Chicken, greatly grieve the sensitive mind of his dear wife, by occasional deviations from truth in occasional conversation. Indeed, for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the author stickles like a quaker, but, very unlike a quaker, with murderous weapons in his hands.

To our mind it is a suspicious sort of moral courage that must back its verbal bluntness with the sword of sharpness, and cannot trust itself abroad without a loaded pistol in one pocket and a bowie-knife in the other. But Mr. Jim Crow is a true physical-force man ; and even a female character cannot please him, without a dash of the Amazon to the maidenly Mississippi—witness a sketch of his heroine.

A Mr. Stuart, a sort of pet of the petticoats, is supposed

to be in bodily peril in a feud, and before his friends can get ready their rifles, their wives and daughters rush out to the rescue, literally with poker and tongs. Amongst the foremost races Rosetta, alias Moral Courage, "with her father's bowie-knife firmly grasped round the middle by her fingers, her thumb crossing the extreme hilt, the blade lying flat along her lower arm, with the point extending an inch below her elbow." The leading Thalestris, armed with "a toasting fork," unfortunately trips, and falls just in the path, but Moral Courage clears her at a leap, and exhibits a phenomenon quite as new as the one that Faraday extracted from the electrical eel. It is vouched for by the tumble-down Thalestris.

"The latter frequently declared that it was not only apparent but real fire that Rosetta's eyes emitted in her rage; for as she turned her face in awe, when she found the girl would fly over her, *a real spark alighted on the back of her neck and had raised a blister.*"

REVIEW.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. By "Boz." Vol. I. London :
Chapman & Hall. 1840.

THE first volume of "Master Humphrey's Clock" is now complete; and in the absence of any professional criticism on the work by that Prince of Clockmakers, Sam Slick, we will venture to give our own opinion of the performance.

The main fault of the work is in its construction. The parts are not well put together; and some of the figures, however ornamental, tend seriously to complicate and embarrass the movements of the machine. We allude to Master Humphrey and his leash of friends. They were

never intended, as the author states in his preface, to be active agents in the stories they are supposed to relate ; but it was assumed that the Reader would be interested in the interest taken by those shadowy personages in the narratives brought forward at their club-meetings. This was a mistake. In the "Arabian Nights," indeed, we take an interest in the interest excited in the Sultan by each of the Thousand and One Tales, because a yawn from Shayrigar would be the story-teller's death warrant ; but the auditors of Master Humphrey possess no such despotic power—his head does not hang by its tale ; and accordingly, whilst interested ourselves at first hand—say by the history of the "Old Curiosity Shop" and its inmates—we think no more of the gentle Hunchback, his friends and the Old Clock, than of as many printing-house readers and an editor's box.

The truth is, the Author is rather too partial to one of the most unmanageable things in life and literature, a Club. The Pickwick began with one which soon dispersed itself ; and the character of its namefather and President was infinitely better for the dissolution. In the present work there are two,—the Clock Club above stairs, and the Watch Club below ; and between them they lead to so many difficulties and discrepancies that it becomes necessary to get rid of them by something like a *coup-d'état*. For instance, Master Humphrey, from reading his stories to his private friends, is found addressing them, direct, to his public ones. Jack Reiburn gives an account of the proceedings of the Watch Club, of which he could be cognizant only by intuition ; whilst Mr. Pickwick has such a foreknowledge of how his contribution will print out, that he recommences in a following number with "we left Will Marks standing under the gallows." In point of fact—and we confidently appeal to Mr. Weller, Senier—what literary new, fast, post coach could

make a more hockerder start than with four insides, professedly booked to nowheres at all, and with such a wery illconwenient time-keeper as an old, venerable, antiquated eight-day clock on the roof of the wehicle? Vy, none-somever. The inconveniences of such an arrangement soon manifest themselves ; and accordingly, whilst the two Clubs are snugly housed—the one in the kitchen and the other in the parlour, and, as the frontispiece hints, all fast asleep—the author quietly gives them the slip and drives off to take up characters, who really have business down the road.

The revival of some of the Pickwickians supplies its own excuse. It affords us an agreeable glimpse of our old favourites ; and moreover the re-introduction of Old Weller—the same, but with a difference—in a new title, that had long “laid dormouse in the family,” is strictly legitimate.

His fears of “inadwertent captivation,” and his wish that he knew how to make himself ugly or disagreeable, are pleasantly characteristic ; so is also his graphic description of railway travelling, and who can read his inimitable comparison of the screech of the steam-whistle without exclaiming with one of our Uneducated Poets,

“ Arn’t that ere Boz a tip-top feller !
 Lots writes well, but he writes Weller !”

Sam shines out a trifle less vividly than his parent, the fault perhaps of his marriage ; for there certainly is an “ oh-no-we-never-mention-her ” reserve on the subject of his help-mate which we hope will admit of a favourable explanation in the next edition.

In the meantime we have a crow to pluck with the author, which is a very black one indeed. We allude to Mr. Pickwick’s contribution to the Clock Case. Now, a genuine story from that dear worthy creature—one out of his own

head and heart—would have been a literary jewel ; but a tale of Witchcraft of the times of James the First—poo, poo!—we for one will never believe that he wrote it ; but that it was written for him, and, at a guess, by the clever Authoress of London in the Olden Time.

To turn from the old loves to the new, we do not know where we have met in fiction with a more striking and picturesque combination of images than is presented by the simple childish figure of Little Nelly amidst a chaos of such obsolete, grotesque, old-world commodities as form the stock-in-trade of the “ Old Curiosity Shop.” Look at the Artist’s picture of the Child asleep in her little bed, surrounded, or rather mobbed, by ancient armour and arms, antique furniture, and relics sacred and profane, hideous or grotesque ; it is like an allegory of the peace and innocence of childhood in the midst of violence, superstition, and all the hateful or hurtful passions of the world. How sweet and fresh the youthful figure ! How much sweeter and fresher for the rusty, musty, fusty atmosphere of such accessories and their associations ! How soothing the moral, that gentleness, purity and truth, sometimes dormant but never dead, have survived, and will outlive fraud and force though backed by gold and encased in steel !

As a companion picture we would select the Mending of the Puppets in the Churchyard, with the mocking figure of Punch perched on a gravestone, “ a touch quite Hogarthian in its satirical significance.”

As for Little Nelly herself, we should say that she thinks, speaks, and acts, in a style beyond her years, if we did not know how poverty and misfortune are apt to make advances of worldly knowledge to the young at a most ruinous discount—a painful sacrifice of the very capital of childhood. Like some of the patent sharpeners that give a hasty edge

to the kuife, at the expense of a rapid waste of metal, so does care act on the juvenile spirit ; and the observer may daily see but too many of such blades, precociously worn thin, and so unnaturally keen, that like our over-sharpened knives, they could almost cut with their backs.

In strong contrast to Nelly we have the Old Man, her grandfather,—so old, that he seems never to have been young. His very vice is one of those which outlive most others. A gambler at heart, but persuading himself that, whilst gambling for money, he is only playing for love ; that he speculates in dice and cards merely for the sake of his grandchild,—nay, that he robs her for her enrichment,—he affords a striking illustration of the assertion in “*Hudibras*” about the pleasure of being cheated, a pleasure so congenial to human nature, that in the absence of any other swindler, we cheat ourselves. No one ever played, as a practice, except for the sake of play ; and the old man’s gambling has just as much to do with his love of Nelly, as gambling on the turf with the love of horses, or on the Stock Exchange with the love of country.

Of a lighter sort are the vices of Mr. Richard Swiveller ; the representative of a very numerous class, plenty as weeds, and though not so noxious as some orders, quite as useless and worthless as any of the tribes. There are thousands of Swivellers growing, or grown up, about town ; neglected, ill-conditioned profligates, who owe their misconduct not to a bad bringing up, but to having no bringing up at all. Human hulks cast loose on the world with no more pilotage than belongs to mere brute intelligence, like the abandoned hulls that are found adrift at sea with only a monkey on board.* Such an estray is Dick Swiveller, a fellow of easy

* This figure was suggested no doubt by a wreck brought into Ostend with only a small monkey and some love-birds on board.—Ed.

virtue and easy vice—lax, lounging, and low in morals and habits, and living on from day to day by a series of shifts and shabbinesses. Here are some of them most topographically described: they read like truths, and suggest quite a new mode of colouring Mogg's Map of London. He is making an entry in a greasy memorandum book:

“‘Is that a reminder in case you should forget to call?’ said Trant with a sneer.—‘Not exactly, Fred,’ replied the imperturbable Richard, continuing to write with a business-like air, ‘I enter in this little book the names of the streets that I can’t go down while the shops are open. This dinner to-day closes Long Acre. I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen Street last week, and made that no thoroughfare too. There’s only one avenue to the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop up that to-night with a pair of gloves. The roads are closing so fast in every direction, that in about a month’s time, unless my aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way.’”

Still there is more of folly than of absolute vice about Richard Swiveller. For instance, he might have thought of a mistress, and he dreams of a wife; and he might have been a ruffianly Spring-heeled Jack, instead of a “Perpetual Grand of the Glorious Appollers.” He is rather weak than wicked; and, indeed, seems to have an impression of his own, to which he gives utterance in a maudlin fit, that his errors and mishaps are attributable to the want of early guidance.

“‘Left an infant at an early age,’ said Mr. Swiveller, bewailing his hard lot; ‘cast abroad upon the world in my tenderest period, and thrown upon the mercies of a deluding dwarf, who can wonder at my weakness? Here’s a miserable orphan for you!—here,’ said Mr. Swiveller, raising his voice to a high pitch and looking sleepily round, ‘here is a miserable orphan!’”

The deluding Dwarf, just referred to—a Mr. Daniel Quilp, Ship-breaker and Heart-breaker, is one of the most highly-wrought characters of the work. Stunted in body and limbs, but with a head fit for a giant, and rough coarse hands, furnished with long, crooked, and yellow nails, he is described

as a sort of human Caliban, who plots mischief and misery with the restless malignity of a fiend, and fights, bites, and pinches with the wanton malice of a monkey. For his size he is as disproportionately savage and vicious as the Norway Rat in the Regent's Park, what Winifred Jenkins calls a perfect "devil in garnet," one of those same devils perhaps, who, according to Milton, compressed themselves into pigmies to make room in Pandemonium, and who had remained a Dwarf ever since. We are not partial to this association of moral with physical deformity, which the commonalty is but too apt to regard rather as a necessary connection than a coincidence. Thus, according to the popular notion, the young Princes smothered in the Tower, were not so much the victims of ambition as of a Crooked Back,—a prejudice palpably embodied in the prodigious hump of that most popular of our histrionic delinquents, Punch. To a certain extent, perhaps, the neglect of the infant frame, which produces rickets, being extended to the moral and intellectual nursing of the individual, might induce a corresponding defeature, but beyond this, there is no reason why the most distorted figure should not be joined to the most amiable or noble of spirits—even as Daniel Quilp himself is married to a pretty little mild-spoken woman with blue eyes. Of this truth indeed, the author gives us an example in the gentle and benevolent Master Humphrey, whilst his Quilp is a horrible impersonation of the more vulgar theory. An evil spirit lodged in a repulsive shape, he seems determined to retaliate upon Nature herself for placing him in what the Americans would call so unhandsome a fix. Conscious, like Richard of Gloster, that he is not "formed to engage all hearts and charm all eyes," he resolves to drain these and break those, to tower in wickedness if not in stature, and to retort an hundredfold on human kind the scorn and loath-

ing which he supposes to dog his heels. Even in better natures we have sometimes seen instances of the self-torment occasioned by a sensitive consciousness of personal defects, till the morbid poison became virulent, and the milk of human kindness was turned into verjuice, and the bile into double aquafortis ; but the virus fermenting with an original complication of the vilest passions in the Dwarf he comes forth, cursed and curst, a perfect Lycanthrope.

According to this reading of the part the character of the wharfinger and dwarfinger, Daniel Quilp, is strikingly brought out : not to forget some clever, though rather melodramatic bye-play, such as where he “ eats hard eggs, shells and all ; devours gigantic prawns, with heads and tails on ; chews tobacco and water-cresses most voraciously at the same time ; drinks boiling tea without wiuking ; and bites his fork and spoon till they bend again.” In fact, he lays himself out for, and is, a “ Little Enormity.” Whether such beings exist in real life, may appear, at first sight, somewhat questionable ; but in fairness, before deciding in the negative, one ought to go and view the wilderness assigned as his haunt, and then to ask whether there may not be for such scenery fit actors and appropriate dramas ? It has been said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives ; an ignorance, by the way, which Boz has essentially helped to enlighten ; it is quite as certain that one half of London is not aware of even the topographical existence of the other ; and although remote from our personal experience, there may be such persons as Quilp about the purlieus and back slums of human nature, as surely as there are such places as the Almonry and Rats’ Castle.

After senna comes the sugar ; and should the malice of the Diabolical Dwarf taste too bitter, let the reader turn to the episode of the Schoolmaster and his beloved Scholar,

who wrote so good a hand with such a "very little one." The story is simple, touching, and unaffectedly told; one of those stories which can only come from a well-toned head and heart working in harmony with each other; one of those that, whilst they recommend the book, endear the author—and no writer's personal character seems more identified with his writings than that of Boz. We invariably rise from the perusal of his volumes in better humour with the world, for he gives us a cheerful view of human nature, and paints good people with a relish which proves that he has himself a belief in, and sympathy with, their goodness.

Moreover, he shows them to us (the Garlands for instance) shining in clusters, as if he would fain have a milky way of them; whereas he puts forward the bad as rarities or exceptions, and Quilp as unique. Above all, in distributing the virtues, he bestows a full proportion of them amongst a class of our fellow-creatures who are favoured in Life's Grand State Lotteries with nothing but the declared blanks, and even in its Little Goes, with nothing but a moderate share of the undrawn tickets.

The poor are his especial clients. He delights to show Worth in low places—living up a court, for example, with Kit and the industrious washerwoman, his mother. To exhibit Honesty holding a gentleman's horse, or Poverty bestowing alms. Of this compensating principle there is a striking instance in the Wax-work Woman, Mrs. Jarley, a personage who in many or most hands would have been a mere mass of tawdry finery and unmitigated vulgarity. Vulgar and fine she undoubtedly is; but there is a generous and kindly nature beneath, and she is truly a Christian in her charity, and a lady in her hospitality, although the last has no better sphere than a house upon wheels. An unfailing appetite is one of her attributes; and her heart is as good as

her stomach, as you feel sure from her first introduction. It is easy for the empty to feel for the hungry, for the fasting to sympathise with the famishing ; but it is on the very back of a full meal—after bread and butter, knuckle of ham, and tea and brandy—that Mrs. Jarley recognises the aspect and the claims of Want, and invites the wayfaring Old Man and Nelly to a welcome repast. The people of this world may be divided into two great classes, the Monopolisers and the Sympathisers, and Mrs. Jarley is one of the last mentioned.

Witness her amiable and earnest inquiries of her man George as to how he enjoyed the cold pie and the beer, and her liberal hope that she had not hurried him in his meal. It was surely not by chance, but by artistical design, that the author set such a substantial, warm-hearted, living, breathing, talking, eating and drinking creature in high relief amidst such cold inanimate effigies of humanity as her Wax-work Figures.

The rest of the Clock-work Figures, the Wachlesses excepted (poison the Wachlesses ! as Quilp would say), are all good in their several ways. The selfish, discontented Tom Codlin, the contented Short *alias* Trotters, and Mr. Vuffin with his theory about shaky giants, wrinkled dwarfs, and wooden legs. The Law List, we have little doubt, can furnish a power of attorneys akin to Sampson Brass, of Bevis Marks.

His sister, a sort of Office Copy of himself—a pettifogger in petticoats, is more of a phenomenon—a real Law Cat ; and Richard Swiveller ought hardly to have found courage to borrow her cap off her head to wipe the window. The following scene between Miss Brass and her diminutive maid-of-all-work at feeding-time seems intended, Boz-like, to warn us that the most ill-used children are not to be found in factories.*

And now a few words of Boz himself. We are rejoiced to

* Here is quoted the never-to-be-forgotten scene wherein Sally Brass gives the Marchioness her scanty dinner.

learn, from so good an authority as his own preface, that in spite of certain crazy rumours to the contrary, he has never been "raving mad," and we sincerely and seriously trust that he never will be "off his head," except when, like Quilp's urchin, he chooses to be on his feet.

We have given our reasons for liking his last work : it is life-like and bustling, and therefore good for one's amusement ; it comes from a sound head and heart, and it is therefore fitted for one's amusement ; and accordingly, as "Master Humphrey's Clock " has already its thousands upon thousands of readers, we beg cordially to recommend it to the Million.

REVIEW.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT, &c. By J. J. LOWNDES, Esq. SPEECHES IN FAVOUR OF AN EXTENSION OF COPYRIGHT. By J. N. TALFOURD, Serjeant-at-Law ; with the Petitions in favour of the Bill, &c.

IF no other benefit had been derived from the discussion of the Copyright question, the public would be indebted to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd for showing practically how indifferently any measure, not of immediate interest to some political party, is likely to be treated in Parliament. To a simple Utopian no subject would have promised more fairly. Honourable members had not been bored with it ; it was not stale and flat, but as new as Socialism. It was not one-sided, but lustrous with as many facets as a cut diamond, shining equally on Whig and Tory, Independent and Radical. It belonged to no particular school, but generally concerned Oxford and Cambridge, the London University, and King's Colleges, Eton, Harrow, Rugby,

Christ's, Paul's, and Merchant Tailors'. It was of no decided complexion,—blue, orange, or green,—but a true neutral tint. And hence, alas ! its miserable failure ! Had authors' heads been stuffed with mud instead of brains, the matter might have been made an agricultural question, and the dirty acres would have been as carefully dammed and dyked by law as the slimy soil in the fens of Lincolnshire. Every grubby particle would have been as vigilantly protected from removal and appropriation, as the drift of the road is preserved from piracy ; and each ear of corn it served to support or manure would have been assigned to its proper owner to the end of time. But for want of this more than dramatic interest, the piece failed. There was no Jack Sheppardism in it ; the bill did not draw ; there was never a full house ; and in spite of the exertions of the member for Reading and writing, the one act was damned by some three hisses, as many groans, and the stamping of that big *stick* to it, Mr. Warburton. Mr. Wakley, the coroner, too, helped to burke the subject he had to sit upon ; and the finding of the jury—that the authors should be shorn by the publishers for the benefit of the public—no doubt astounded numberless persons who had heretofore held that the many should always be sacrificed to the few. The Sketch of Mr. Lowndes is historical, and tends to prove that the laws intended to preserve copyright in its integrity have only laid it open to all sorts Tegg-riety.* To use a marine figure, the legislators of old finding a vessel in danger from *pirates*, sent on board for its protection a party of *wreckers*. The absurdity of such a course is self-evident, and yet we find parties as indifferent on the subject as if authorship had not done as much for the national glory as any ship in the British navy ! In the meantime, it is somewhat humiliating to observe from Mr. Lowndes's

* For the meaning of this new word consult Peter Parley.

statement, that even the petty continental states have gone ahead of us on this question. In some countries literary property is treated as real and perpetual, in others the author is allowed a very long lease. Of the motives for these arrangements, and their intrinsic value, there may be various opinions; but England is all the more engaged by her character, to openly and liberally adopt measures for good reasons, that are elsewhere pursued for bad ones, and establish by the independence of her authors the Freedom of her Press.

[The following Petition from my father was presented to Parliament at the time when Talfourd was agitating for a new Copyright Law, and was included in the volume of Talfourd's Speeches, mentioned in the last notice.]

PETITION OF THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

The Humble Petition of the undersigned THOMAS HOOD,
Sheweth,

That your Petitioner is the proprietor of certain copyrights which the law treats as copyhold, but which in justice and equity, should be his freeholds. He cannot conceive how "Hood's Own," without a change in the title-deeds as well as the title, can become "Everybody's Own" hereafter.

That your Petitioner may burn or publish his manuscripts at his own option, and enjoys a right in and control over his own productions which no press, now or hereafter, can justly press out of him.

That as a landed proprietor does not lose his right to his estate, in perpetuity, by throwing open his grounds for the convenience or gratification of the public, neither ought the property of an author in his works to be taken from him, unless all parks become commons.

That your Petitioner, having sundry snug little estates in view, would not object, after a term, to contribute his private share to a general scramble, provided the landed and monied interests, as well as the literary interest, were thrown into the heap ; but that, in the meantime, the fruits of his brain ought no more to be cast amongst the public than a Christian woman's apples or a Jewess's oranges.

That cheap bread is as desirable and necessary as cheap books, but it hath not yet been thought just or expedient to ordain that, after a certain number of crops, all corn-fields shall become public property.

That whereas in other cases long possession is held to affirm a right to property, it is inconsistent and unjust that a mere lapse of twenty-eight, or any other term of, years, should deprive an author at once of principal and interest in his own Literary Fund. To be robbed by Time is a sorry encouragement to write for Futurity.

That a work, which endures for many years, must be of a sterling character, and ought to become national property ; but at the expense of the public, or at any expense save that of the author, or his descendants. It must be an ungrateful generation that, in its love of cheap copies, can lose all regard for "the dear originals."

That whereas your Petitioner has sold sundry of his copyrights to certain publishers for a sum of money, he does not see how the public, which is only a larger firm, can justly acquire even a share in copyright except by similar means, namely, by purchase or assignment.

That the public, having constituted itself by law the executor and legatee of the author, ought, in justice, and according to practice in other cases, to take to his debts, as well as his literary assets.

That when your Petitioner shall be dead and buried, he

might with as much propriety and decency have his body snatched, as his Literary Remains.

That by the present law, the wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best of authors is tardily rewarded, precisely as a vicious, seditious, or blasphemous writer is summarily punished—namely, by the forfeiture of his copyright.

That in case of infringement on his copyright your Petitioner cannot conscientiously, or comfortably, apply for redress to the law, whilst it sanctions universal piracy hereafter.

That your Petitioner hath two children, who look up to him, not only as the author of the “Comic Annual,” but as the author of their being. That the effect of the law, as regards an author, is virtually to disinherit his next of kin, and cut him off with a book instead of a shilling.

That your Petitioner is very willing to write for posterity on the lowest terms, and would not object to the long credit, but that when his heir shall apply for payment to posterity, he will be referred back to antiquity.

That as a man’s hairs belong to his head, so his head should belong to his heirs, whereas, on the contrary, your Petitioner hath ascertained, by a uice calculation, that one of his principal copyrights will expire on the same day that his only son should come of age.

The very law of nature protests against an unnatural law which compels an author to write for everybody’s posterity except his own.

Finally, whereas it has been urged, “if an author writes for posterity, let him look to posterity for his reward,” your Petitioner adopts that very argument, and on its very principle prays for the adoption of the Bill introduced by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, seeing that by the present arrangement posterity is bound to pay everybody or anybody but the true creditor.

1841.

[IN this year, on the death of Hook, my father was appointed Editor of the "New Monthly." The following "Tête-à-Tête with the Editor" is his first appearance in his new character. "Miss Kilmansegg" came to her untimely end in this year—but beyond a "Review of Madame Lafarge," and a "Tale of Terror," there is nothing left of his writings at this time available for the present edition, the rest being included in the Second Series of "Hood's Own."]

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE WITH THE EDITOR.

GENTLE READER,

As you are in some degree interested in the result of the following interview, it is here set down, by the help of a strong memory, exactly as it occurred.

It must first be understood, that a certain letter, dated no matter when, and from a party it is unnecessary to name, had duly come to hand—and after perusal and indorsement, had been deposited in a magnificent richly-inlaid Buhl cabinet, of the age of Louis—but no, no, no,—a plain mahogany desk, well scratched and indented by time and travel.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed from the receipt of the missive, when my study-door was suddenly flung open, and without any ceremony whatever, in bounced a female stranger, and seated herself in what, amongst lawyers, would be denominated the client's chair. She had an enormous blue bag along with her, which she deposited at her feet.

After settling herself in her seat, she took a survey of the apartment from the door to the window, from the floor to the ceiling, and then, with as abrupt a voice and manner as you can conceive, broke out as follows :

"If I were you, I would have a bust of Shakspeare over the book-case instead of that Milton. Yes—and a good warm Brussels carpet instead of this poor thin grey drugget—and an Arnott's stove."

Judge how I stared !—But she was mad of course : a consideration which struck me as "dead as a great reckoning in a little room."

"You know me, of course ?"

"Really, Madam—I have not that honour."

"Phoo, phoo,—you have. Why you've seen me in all my favourite characters."

"Characters," methought ; "she is not a bit like Miss Kelly. She is old enough for Mademoiselle Mars—but it cannot be her : she is too purely English."

"Here ! look—" said the lady, and dipping into her huge blue bag, she reappeared *à la* Matthews, with quite a new head on her shoulders. "There, do you know that ?"

"Yes, certainly. But not as a theatrical portrait : it is the very face of Doctor ——."

"Right," said the stranger, with a brisk nod. "And now this ?" bringing a fresh head and face out of the blue bag.

"To be sure—it is Sergeant ——."

"Right again. And who am I now ?"

The third head belonged to a past generation ; but the likeness to the most authentic portrait was not to be mistaken. "The very picture of Dr. Johnson !"

"Yes, those are my three principal characters—medical—legal—and moral. But I play in a number of different parts

besides, and especially one with which you must be familiar in private performances, and pieces of domestic interest."

And again her head went into the blue bag, and came forth totally transfigured.

"Why that's my wife!"

"Exactly," said the she-Proteus, again bagging my partner's head and reappearing with her own countenance.

"Now, look here"—and she made such a series of faces, long and short, dismal and cheerful, as Munden, Liston, and Grimaldi could scarcely have clubbed amongst them.

"Well—now do you know me?"

"No—really, Madam!"

"Then you ought, for I've been a friend to you ever since you were born."

"You, Madam!"

"Yes, for I recommended your nurse—and I was the cause of your being vaccinated instead of inoculated—and of your going to Alfred House instead of Eton; and of your visit to Scotland, and your residence in Germany; and that you wore flannel next your skin, and shoes with cork soles, and have left off fermented liquors. In short, it is through me that you are what you are. My name is Ad——"

"Vice," said I, recollecting her features in a moment. But if she had been called Gorgon, her presence could not more have embarrassed me. Such a variety of associations, pleasant and unpleasant, rushed upon me at the name, as made it impossible for me to adopt any certain course of behaviour.

My first impulse, to be candid, was to turn my visitor out of the room by the shoulders—the next to embrace her like a near and dear relation. For oh! what desperate scrapes, messes, puckers, dilemmas, disasters, losses, crosses, bothers, lullabies and troubles—what law-suits, and jaw-suits,—hang

her!—had she brought on me! But then—bless her!—what comforts, and cures, and profit, and fleecy hosiery, and happiness, had she not wheedled me into! Never was there such a complicated account current, since the one which the Irishman declared had “a balance on both sides.”

In the meantime, Advice took another survey of my little study, as if looking for a peg on which to hang a recommendation; and then turning sharply round upon me, bolted out—

“So you’re the Editor of the New Monthly?”

“Y-e-s,” said I with a shudder, as, if instead of words, she had favoured me, like some of the old Stone Nereids, with a spout of cold water.

Swift as lightning, her propensity to scribble and print had flashed across me, and the idea of Advice becoming a contributor was positively awful. My face probably betrayed my feelings, for she immediately added—

“But don’t think I’m going to write for you; my time is too much taken up with the New Administration—in fact, at this very moment I ought to be with the Premier. But having persuaded you, I may say, into your present post—that’s a very nasty cough you have got, let me advise you to take a little—”

“Nothing—nothing—pray go on.”

“Well then, having procured you the command of this ship, I couldn’t think of letting you put to sea without a little of my old pilotage.”

“I am very much obliged indeed, my dear Madam—but—but as the month of September has a joint docked off its tail, and I have entered on my new duties at rather a short notice, if you would have the kindness to condense your bark into quinine—”

“Humph!” grunted the old lady, a little offended. “But

no matter. Before the month's out, or the next number, you'll be sending an express after me. Well then, I suppose you intend the magazine to be Tory?"

"Why, that party is *in*."

"No matter," said Advice: "take my counsel and belong to neither. They have plenty of organs already, church organs and street organs included. No, no. Think of the ships on the sea, and the ships in the river. It's dangerous sailing to go along always leaning too much on one side, till at last a political storm comes, and then over you go, and show, maybe, how foul and cankered you are at bottom. But perhaps," continued Advice, "you consider that authorship is at best a very precarious profession, and think that by lending your pen to the viper—vipertu—eh! I shall speak presently!—the vituperation of a party, you may some day obtain a pension for your services to polite literature?"

"The labourer, my dear Madam, is worthy of his hire."

"Ah, you little know the true nature of political gratitude. There was poor ——! he wouldn't listen to *me*, but plunged at once into the strife—lost his temper—his health, and almost his reason—in fact, grew so warped, mind and body, that he could only lie on one side; and after twenty years of hard service, was disappointed with the usual appointment."

"And pray what was that?"

"English consul at Coventry. A post in which, as you may suppose, there is no honour to atone for the want of salary. So you see what a prospect lies before you. Besides you have not made Politics, or Political Economy your study. I'll wager a copy of my Advice to Mothers that you never looked into Mill, MacCulloch, Malthus, or Machiavelli."

"No, nor Plato, Waddington, nor Adam Smith!"

"Are you acquainted with the Political Justice?"

"No—I never even saw him to my knowledge."

"Him! why it's a book, and not a *hymn*-book either." And the old lady chuckled at her own pun till she coughed, and then coughed till she choked. Happily, after a smart slap or two on the back, she recovered—(how could the world have wagged on without Advice?)—and was able to resume the conversation.

"So you have never read Godwin?"

"To tell the truth," said I, "it has seemed to me a better plan to study politics in the daily Journals, and the Debates in Parliament, than in the Essays of Modern Theorists, or the Speculations of Ancient Philosophers."

"Very good," said Advice; "I will catechise you then on your own ground. To begin with the great question of questions—what do you think of the Corn Laws?"

"That they do not, and never will or can, prevent the flight of wheat-ears into this country."

"Fiddle-faddle! Pray be serious. Have you any notion of the nature of a sliding scale?"

"Certainly, I saw one abroad: a soaped maypole with a great loaf stuck at the top."

"Nonsense. I ask your opinion of the principle of Free Trade."

"Why, that it cannot be applied to the trade in *Slaves*."

"Have you studied the Eastern Question?"

"Yes—on the weathercock, ever since my age."

"And how would you act with regard to the Timber Duties?"

"I would consult practical men—for example, the Greenwich Pensioners who have wooden legs."

"And as to the Brazilian Sugar?"

"I thought it was dissolved with the last Parliament."

"Humph! And pray have you speculated at all on the late change in the Cabinet?"

"Yes—with my hairdresser."

"Well?"

"Why, we decided that if the Wigs were going out, the Naturals must be coming in."

"Upon my word," exclaimed Advice, "you are in a very enviable state of political ignorance and neutrality. I almost think that you could write on the 'Culture of the Orange' without a fling at Sir Robert Peel,—or on 'Deerstalking' without a shot at Mr. Roebuck! Well, so much the better. Gentle Readers should have Gentle Writers. But, between ourselves, Party Politics are becoming like the acid in German Cookery, which you taste in fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables: and what is worse, our penmen do not always acidulate with the best white wine vinegar, but sometimes with the stale 'small beer as sour as varges.'"

"And besides its unpalatableness," said I, "the wholesale abuse of public men must be obviously uncharitable and unjust. For supposing we add to those who mean well, the immense number of those who mean nothing at all, your really ill-meaning men must form a very minute minority."

"At least let us hope so," said Advice. "Well, keep to that tone, and you will do—especially if you will agree to a little arrangement which I have to propose."

"What is that?"

"Why, that you will consult *me* on every article, before it goes to the compositor. I shall not mind the trouble: I'm used to it. You can send me the papers by a printer's—but no, have a Page; everybody has a Page, and less appropriately than a magazine. I think I can recommend a boy to you—and if you like him, you shall have my ideas about the livery. And in the meantime,"—here Advice looked as

before, all round my study,—“if I were you, I would hang some other picture over the fireplace, instead of that portrait of Mr. Lamb. I'll think of a good substitute. By the bye, whose spectacles do you wear?—I would advise you to buy Solomon's.—And how are you off for a lamp? You must take care of your eyes. The course I usually recommend is—but bless me! I shall be too late for the Privy Council!” And jumping up and clutching her blue bag, Advice made an exit as unceremonious as her entrance. By running to the window, I saw her step into a chariot very much like that of Doctor ———, but with *two* footmen behind it, for Advice likes to be well followed, and away it rattled at a pace which nothing but a patient going equally fast can excuse.

She has never called on me since, but as much of her counsel appeared, on reflection, to be sound and wholesome, it is my intention, Gentle Reader, to follow it as far as I please, and as well as I can.

THOMAS HOOD.

REVIEW.

THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME LAFARGE.

WE confess to having been singularly interested in that most recent of “*Causes Célèbres*,” the trial of Madame Lafarge for the murder of her husband. As a Romance of real life, it strongly exemplified the adage that Truth is stranger than Fiction; for certainly no living dramatist could have invented such a plot, or such characters, and such scenes, as occurred in its progress. No extravagant German tale ever presented a wilder mixture of the revolting, the horrible, and the ludicrous. It resembled one of our own terrific melodramas of

strong tragic interest, but withal providing for the Comic, by a part adapted to Buckstone or Keeley. First, there was the grave charge of a young wife beginning almost in the honeymoon to poison her husband by instalments. Then followed a solemn and protracted investigation which only established two great doubts :—First, as to who poisoned the defunct ; and secondly, whether he had ever been poisoned at all ! The poison itself was invested with a mysterious interest—first appearing by pounds, then dwindling into pinches, and then to minute stains, like fly-spots on a metallic plate. Not to forget the pantomimical transformation of a packet of arsenic into a packet of carbonate of soda, with the farcical consultation between the two rustic servants, whether for the family safety they had not better throw the poison into the family well. The very rats of Glandier were no common ones, for they were proof against ratsbane, and after all their runnings, and squeakings, and gnawing linen, and even eating the buttons of a riding-habit, became involved in the same doubt as the poison, and were denied any actual existence ! The trial itself was, in the theatrical sense, a complete spectacle. For instance, could the Freyschutz present a more horrid picture than that of the chemists with their circle of furnaces boiling up the disinterred viscera and members of the deceased, whilst the abominable perfumes pervaded the adjoining Hall of Justice, and even reeked in the nostrils of her who had been flesh of that flesh ? And then, to crown all, the portentous appearance in court of a mother demanding pecuniary damages for the loss of her murdered son ! In short, the accusers and the accused, the judges, the counsel, the witnesses, doctors, and chemists, contrived amongst them to get up an extravaganza which, if it had been performed on our side of the Channel, would have “frightened the Island from her propriety !”

Since her condemnation and imprisonment, Madame Lafarge has been occupied in writing her memoirs, a translation of which is announced for publication in this country. It is not our intention to go regularly through her narrative; but merely to select a few pictures of French life, as sketched by a native artist, and therefore true, we may presume, to the national character. At least we may conclude, as a certain lady did of her attempts in a foreign language, that they are so very unlike English that they must be French. Suppose us then, in Madame Lafarge's Gallery of Tableaux Vivants, and pointing to No. 1, which may be described as "THE LITTLE ROMANCE."

"M. de Fontanille had quitted Gascony, to lead, at Paris, the joyous life of a bachelor. Loving all the pretty things of this world, he kept his adoration for pretty little feet, so he busied himself in making a collection of all the darling slippers which had merited his enthusiasm, and he wore always over his heart the gay satin shoe of his most recent love. Business called him to Strashourg. There he encountered, in a drawing-room, set up on the gilt sphynx of an enormous gothic andiron, a living foot,—smart, charming—of admirable purity of form, and not longer or thicker than a biscuit à la cuillère. Astonished and ravished at the same time, M. de Fontanille procured an introduction to the mother of the damsel with that delicious little foot. He saw it every day, and became impassioned with it, till discovering that a provincial shoemaker called in to make a new shrine for his idol, was waiting below for orders, he took fright lest the craftsman should bruise, wound, or, most dreadful of all, dishonour it by giving it a corn! His disquietude was fearful, insupportable—and in order to save that little chef-d'œuvre of which he wished to become lord and master, while making it his god, he offered up to it his name, his heart, and his hand! He was accepted: and after his marriage, M. de Fontanille went nearly every year to Paris in order to have made, under his own inspection, new shoes for his wife."

No. 2 is a rather homely representation of "HERCULES WITH THE DISTAFF:"

"Having entered, I know not why, my new aunt's chamber, I found her reading the newspaper, whilst her husband was putting her hair in a swarm of papers.

“‘Follow my example,’ she said to me seriously, ‘there is no greater convenience than making one’s husband a lady’s-maid. M. Pontier dresses hair divinely, laces me astonishingly well, and no one knows better than he does to give grace to a bow, to make one’s waist expressive, or arrange the folds of a shawl.’

“At that instant the model husband wished to place upon her neck a collerette which was a little rumpled. Madame Pontier, observing the false pleats in it, said bitterly to M. Pontier, that since the morning, he might have found plenty of time to have touched it with the irons, and that, moreover, it was not the first time she had perceived his indifference. That the death of her father had left her in the depths of misery, for nothing remained that she could love, and that loved her, except a dog.”

No. 3 is a full length of “MADAME DE MONTBRESON.”

“The first time that I was at Corry she was shut up in a little quilted boudoir, in which the cushions prevented her from hearing the village bell tolling for the dead. At the end of an hour she made her appearance with a smelling-bottle at her nose, and a perfume-box containing chloride in her hand, to inform herself, before entering, if I was in good health ; if I had long had the measles ; and, lastly, if any epidemic sickness prevailed at Villers-Hellon. Satisfied with the answers which were given her, she crossed the threshold of the door ; approached me, sprinkled me slightly with vinegar on all sides, and kissed me on the forehead. Having been told that I was a musician, she made me sit down to the piano, and desired me to play a galop, then rushing to her son forced him to dance with her.

“‘Mother,’ said Jules, breathless, and endeavouring to stop her, ‘you will kill me.’

“‘Encore, encore !’ she replied, dragging him on, ‘it is excellent for the health.’

“‘But, mother, I shall fall through fatigue ; you put me out of breath.’

“‘Come on ! it is necessary for my digestion !’ And as Jules still stood panting and half dead, she threw herself on a sofa, and said to my grandfather—

“‘Collard, I am most unfortunate ! You see how unnatural are my children : they refuse to dance a galop to repair the health of their mother. Ah, I have good reason to complain.’”

No. 4 is an illustration of the adage, “*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit !*”—the hero being the M. CLAVE of the trial, and the heroine its MADAME LOTAND.

“Marie recounted to me in a whisper, that, one day at the beginning of winter, having gone on foot with her maid to make some purchases, she

had been obliged to enter an omnibus to seek shelter from the rain. A glove of the most orthodox yellow tint having been tendered to facilitate her ascent, she raised her eyes, charged with thanks, to that amiable glove, when she saw that it belonged to a young man of unexceptional form and person, who had the manners of a gentleman and the air of a nobleman.

"The Rue St. Honoré is very long, and it was necessary to traverse it throughout in order to regain the Rue d'Angoulême, during which time both parties examined each other, and enabled each other to divine that the result was perfectly satisfactory. Marie, in negligently playing with her handkerchief permitted her pretty name, embroidered there at length, and surmounted with a countess's coronet, proud and coquettish, to be seen. The stranger, on receiving some villanous large sous in change from a new and brilliant piece of silver, disdainfully desired the conductor to release him from that disagreeable burthen, and to scatter them among some beggars. At last, when Marie desired to descend, he descended first, again offered her his hand, then, having respectfully saluted her, remained immovable in the midst of the rain and the mud, to protect her with his eyes, until the moment when the great door of her hotel was closed between her and him."

No. 5 may be labelled "THE OLD COUPLE."

"Another of my excursions conducted me to an aunt of M. Lafarge, whose talents, understanding, and writings they had often mentioned to me with pride. In person she was little, invariably shadowed by a huge green and yellow hat as poetical as an *omelette aux fines herbes*. My aunt received me with two learned kisses the most beautiful of all phrases, and said, gravely, to a sub-lieutenant of infantry of sixty, whom she held by the hand—

"'Dearest, bow to this amiable niece, who comes into our deserts like the dove of the ark, bearing a branch of myrtle instead of a branch of olive. Panzani, my love, embrace your niece—she allows it—and then go and gather her a rose. He does not understand a word of French—he is Corsican,' she said to me in a whisper, 'but if he speaks badly he knows well how to love. Our marriage was quite a romance. He was dying with love for me, and my bewildered heart sacrificed on the altar of Hymen a life that I had determined on consecrating to the chaste sisters of Apollo.'"

No. 6 is an "INTERIOR."

"Madame Panzani's castle was situated in a lovely position—the mountains of the Saillant, the meadows watered by the Vezère, the vineyards and rich corn-fields stretched out beneath the little terrace. The interior of the house displays an artistic disorder and originality. Books encum-

bered the tables and chairs : some dried on their learned leaves simples, champignons, and pears ; fruits of every kind were confectioning in glass bottles ; and the inkstand also fulfilled the function of a salt-cellar. Under a portrait of Napoleon hung M. Panzani's martial shako, which in its discreet lining concealed the false hair, curl papers, and pearl powder of the female author ; while the sabre, which was formerly used in combat with the Bedouin, served as a support for superb bunches of grapes and bunches of Morella cherries. During the evening I passed at La Côte we had a dreadful storm. Madame Panzani, in affright, assembled her labourers around her, set them all praying on their knees, and commanded her little servant to sing, with all the strength of her lungs, the psalms of *La Pénitence* ; while she busied herself in counting her rosary, sometimes stopping to conceal her fears in the bosom of her old and unconcerned beloved one. When the thunder raged most heavily, the châtelaine would call to her little saboted groom—

“ ‘Baptiston, my darling ! sing thy *Complainte d’Alger*.’

“And then, turning towards her spouse, she murmured to him,

“ ‘Then you were all in your glory, my duck ; you forgot love.’

“If a flash called her back to her terrors, she would cry—

“ ‘Quick, Baptiston ; sing your psalm again.’

“And Baptiston shouted saintly with the tempest ; the labourers prayed ; and the rosary passed rapidly through her fingers.”

In all these pictures the design, composition, handling, colouring, and peculiar effect of the French school are, we think, clearly to be recognised ; and the numerous sketches of Madame Lafarge by her own hand are equally characteristic. She was born on her father's birth-day, who would rather have been presented, she tells us, “with a masculine bouquet,” a disappointment she dutifully did her best to alleviate. Thus she learned from his artillerymen to fire off their guns, from Mr. Elmore of English horse-dealing celebrity to ride, gallop, and leap a ditch, and better than all, took lessons in fencing of her military parent. No wonder she preferred Voltaire's Charles the Twelfth to Madame de Genlis ; that Paul and Virginia wearied her to death ; and that being thus accustomed to gun, sword, and saddle, she desired “A little war and great victories, and thought that Louis Philippe was scarcely young enough for young France.” Her feminine

accomplishments appear to have been confined to music, dancing, and romantic flirtation, by virtue of which she contrived to become that incongruous character—a sentimental Hoyden. — Accordingly in one sketch you see her on her steed *Arabska*, galloping, in fancy, beside her idol *Di Vernon*, who, on her “white mare,” hunted over the heaths of Scotland ; and in the next picture playing confidante to the high-flown passion of *Mons. Clavé*, or penning for *Madlle. Nicolar* that exquisitely French assignation—“For health, a promenade in the *Champs Elysées* at two o’clock ; for salvation, a prayer at *St. Philippe*.”

The remaining sketches present a series of pictures illustrative of a French *Mariage de Convenance*, as significant as those by which *Hogarth* has satirised an English *Marriage à la Mode*. From the first of the set, in which the romantic singing, waltzing, fencing, gun-firing, galloping *Marie Capelle* accepts off-hand an ugly *Limousin* ironmaster for her husband, we pass by a strange but appropriate succession of scenes to the final catastrophe. Seriously, what could be anticipated from so unnatural and violent a beginning, but some calamitous conclusion ? How could a young French woman of her education, who sang romances and had danced at the *Tuileries*, be expected to put up with an old *Rats’ Castle*, which required such extensive alterations as she was compelled to suggest to her husband ?

“I advised him to turn the saloon itself into a bed-chamber, with closets for the bath and the toilette ; to turn the horrid entry-hall into a vaulted gallery lighted by agreeable and elegant ogive windows, and to pave it with white flag stones. The desert, without doors or windows, which they called a kitchen, had sufficiently beautiful proportions to metamorphose admirably into a Gothic saloon, to be ornamented with sculptured cornices, massive portals, and sombre hangings. To the right, several little rooms would unite themselves into one nice dining-room : to the left one would have a study, in which might be found, to while away the solitary hours, pens, books, and a piano. My mother-in-

law listened with an air of stupefaction to these revolutionary plans, and seemed to apprehend that I might be a little mad. Madame Buffière, who wished to approve them, asked if the young Parisian dames were all so learned in house-architecture. As for Madame Pontier, she caressed her dog with a bitter smile, and appeared to me to grow every moment more odious."

How could a female Societarian, who compared herself to Robinson Crusoe whilst giving orders to six bricklayers, besides slaters, locksmiths, masons, and eight pioneers, be ever reconciled to the solitude of the great desert which comprehends all France except its capital? From her very first step in matrimony, Madame Lafarge was in a false position, and the moral poison discoverable throughout the narrative was sufficient—without one grain of arsenic—to account for all the domestic convulsions that followed:

A TALE OF TERROR.*

THE following story I had from the lips of a well-known Aëronaut, and nearly in the same words.

It was on one of my ascents from Vauxhall, and a gentleman of the name of Mavor had engaged himself as a companion in my aerial excursion. But when the time came his nerves failed him, and I looked vainly around for the person who was to occupy the vacant seat in the car. Having waited for him till the last possible moment, and the crowd in the gardens becoming impatient, I prepared to ascend

* This paper was really written under circumstances often spoken of as happening to authors. The printer's devil was really waiting for copy down-stairs while it was done,—an unexpected gap appearing in the Magazine. My father received frequent letters requesting him to finish the sketch, and put his readers out of suspense.

alone ; and the last cord that attached me to the earth was about to be cast off, when suddenly a strange gentleman pushed forward, and volunteered to go up with me into the clouds. He pressed the request with so much earnestness, that having satisfied myself by a few questions of his respectability, and received his promise to submit in every point to my directions, I consented to receive him in lieu of the absentee ; whereupon he stepped with evident eagerness and alacrity into the machine. In another minute we were rising above the trees ; and in justice to my companion I must say, that in all my experience, no person at a first ascent had ever shown such perfect coolness and self-possession. The sudden rise of the machine, the novelty of the situation, the real and exaggerated dangers of the voyage, and the cheering of the spectators, are apt to cause some trepidation, or at any rate excitement in the boldest individuals ; whereas the stranger was as composed and comfortable as if he had been sitting quite at home in his own library chair. A bird could not have seemed more at ease, or more in its element, and yet he solemnly assured me, upon his honour, that he had never been up before in his life. Instead of exhibiting any alarm at our great height from the earth, he evinced the liveliest pleasure whenever I emptied one of my bags of sand, and even once or twice urged me to part with more of the ballast. In the meantime, the wind which was very light, carried us gently along in a north-east direction, and the day being particularly bright and clear, we enjoyed a delightful birdseye view of the great metropolis, and the surrounding country. My companion listened with great interest, while I pointed out to him the various objects over which we passed, till I happened casually to observe that the balloon must be directly over Hoxton. My fellow-traveller then for the first time betrayed some

uneasiness, and anxiously inquired whether I thought he could be recognised by any one at our then distance from the earth. It was, I told him, quite impossible. Nevertheless he continued very uneasy, frequently repeating "I hope they don't see me," and entreating me earnestly to discharge more ballast. It then flashed upon me for the first time that his offer to ascend with me had been a whim of the moment, and that he feared the being seen at that perilous elevation by any member of his own family. I therefore asked him if he resided at Hoxton, to which he replied in the affirmative; urging again, and with great vehemence, the emptying of the remaining sand-bags.

This, however, was out of the question, considering the altitude of the balloon, the course of the wind, and the proximity of the sea-coast. But my comrade was deaf to these reasons—he insisted on going higher; and on my refusal to discharge more ballast, deliberately pulled off and threw his hat, coat, and waistcoat overboard.

"Hurrah, that lightened her!" he shouted; "but it's not enough yet," and he began unloosening his cravat.

"Nonsense," said I, "my good fellow, nobody can recognise you at this distance, even with a telescope."

"Don't be too sure of that," he retorted rather simply; "they have sharp eyes at Miles's."

"At where?"

"At Miles's Madhouse!"

Gracious Heaven!—the truth flashed upon me in an instant. I was sitting in the frail car of a balloon, at least a mile above the earth, with a Lunatic. The horrors of the situation, for a minute, seemed to deprive me of my own senses. A sudden freak of a distempered fancy—a transient fury—the slightest struggle, might send us both, at a moment's notice, into eternity! In the meantime, the

Maniac, still repeating his insane cry of "Higher, higher, higher," divested himself, successively, of every remaining article of clothing, throwing each portion, as soon as taken off, to the winds. The inutility of remonstrance, or rather the probability of its producing a fatal irritation, kept me silent during these operations : but judge of my terror, when having thrown his stockings overboard, I heard him say, "We are not yet high enough by ten thousand miles—one of us must throw out the other."

To describe my feelings at this speech is impossible. Not only the awfulness of my position, but its novelty, conspired to bewilder me—for certainly no flight of imagination—no, not the wildest nightmare dream had ever placed me in so desperate and forlorn a situation. It was horrible!—horrible! Words, pleadings, remonstrances were useless, and resistance would be certain destruction. I had better have been unarmed, in an American wilderness, at the mercy of a savage Indian! And now, without daring to stir a hand in opposition, I saw the Lunatic deliberately heave first one, and then the other bag of ballast from the car, the balloon of course rising with proportionate rapidity. Up, up, up it soared—to an altitude I had never even dared to contemplate—the earth was lost to my eyes, and nothing but the huge clouds rolled beneath us! The world was gone I felt for ever! The Maniac, however, was still dissatisfied with our ascent, and again began to mutter.

"Have you a wife and children?" he asked abruptly.

Prompted by a natural instinct, and with a pardonable deviation from truth, I replied that I was married, and had fourteen young ones who depended on me for their bread.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Maniac, with a sparkling of his eyes that chilled my very marrow. "I have three hundred wives and five thousand children; and if the balloon

had not been so heavy by carrying double, I should have been home to them by this time."

"And where do they live?" I asked, anxious to gain time by any question that first occurred to me.

"In the moon," replied the Maniac; "and when I have lightened the car I shall be there in no time."

I heard no more, for suddenly approaching me, and throwing his arms around my body ——

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[Of course here and there in the Magazine would occur a smaller hiatus than the one just mentioned, which had to be filled up with little odds and ends such as the following.]

CAT LATIN.



"WHY don't you carry your young ones in a bag as I do?" inquired a marsupial animal of one of the feline species.

"*Non possumus omnes*," replied the cat, "we're not all 'possums."

NOTE ON HOMER.



It may have happened with Homer, as with Milton—or to a piece of brown Holland—that he was not always a Blind. The circumstantial truth of his descriptions would indicate rather that he must at some period have enjoyed the use of his eyes. Mr. Wales, the astronomer, on Cooke's second voyage remarked that the "Iliad" contained scarcely an action or circumstance relating to a spear, but he had recognised amongst the natives of the Tanna Islands:—as their meditating the aim when about to throw, and their shaking the weapons in their hands as they walked along; the whirling of the spears as they flew, and their quivering motion when they fell and stuck in the ground. Such characteristics are hardly to be obtained by hearsay, or even—to use a Scotch phrase—by spiering.

[The following letter appeared in the "New Sporting Magazine."]

AN AUTOGRAPH.

TO D. A. A., ESQ., EDINBURGH.



I AM much flattered by your request, and quite willing to accede to it; but, unluckily, you have omitted to inform me of the sort of thing you want.

Autographs are of many kinds. Some persons chalk them on walls; others inscribe what may be called auto-lithographs, in sundry colours, on the flag stones. Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees; as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern-

benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement.

The autographs of the Charity Boys are written on large sheets of paper, illuminated with engravings, and are technically called "pieces." The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs amongst her visitors, which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German Phenomenon, held the implement with his toes.

The Man in the Iron Mask scratched an autograph with his fork on a silver plate and threw it out of the window. Baron Trenck smudged one with a charred stick ; and Silvio Pellico, with his fore-finger dipped in a mixture of soot-and-water.

Lord Chesterfield wrote autographs on windows with a diamond pencil. So did Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth.

Draco, when Themis requested a few *sentences* for her album, dipped his stylus in human blood. Faust used the same fluid in the autograph he bartered with Mephistopheles.

The Hebrews write their Shpargotua backwards ; and some of the Orientals used to clothe them in hieroglyphics. An ancient Egyptian, if asked for his autograph, would probably have sent to the collector a picture of what Mrs. Malaprop calls "An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile."

Aster, the Archer, volunteered an autograph and sent it bang into Phillip's right eye.

Some individuals are so chary of their handwriting as to bestow, when requested, only a mark or cross ; others more liberally adorn a specimen of their penmanship with such extraneous flourishes as a corkscrew, a serpent, or a circum-bendibus, not to mention such caligraphic fancies as eagles, ships and swans.

Then again, there are what may be called Mosaic Autographs—*i.e.* inlaid with cockle-shells, blue and white pebbles, and the like, in a little gravel walk. Our grandmothers worked their autographs in canvass samplers; and I have seen one wrought out with pins' heads on a huge white pincushion—as thus:

WELCOME SWEAT BABBY.

MARY JONES.

When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was, namely, “a couple of lines or so, with his name to it,” he replied that he would leave it to her in his Will, seeing as how it was “done with gunpowder on his left arm.”

There have even been autographs written by proxy. For example, Dr. Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield; but to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope.

According to Lord Byron, the Greek girls compound autographs as apothecaries make up prescriptions,—with such materials as flowers, herbs, ashes, pebbles and bits of coal. Lord Byron himself, if asked for a specimen of his hand, would probably have sent a plaster cast of it.

King George the Fourth and the Duke of York, when their autographs were requested for a Keepsake,—royally favoured the applicant with some of their old Latin-English exercises.

With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my forefinger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a very badly scribbled autograph made by children with

a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress.

Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a teahoard with the slopped milk. Also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass—a surface, by the bye, quite irresistible to any one who *can* write, and does not bite his nails.

A friend of mine possesses an autograph—"REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS"—done with a red-hot poker on the back-kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up.

Another—but a young lady—possesses a book of autographs, filled just like a tailor's pattern-book—with samples of stuff and fustian.

The foregoing, sir, are but a few of the varieties ; and the questions that have occurred to me in consequence of your only naming the genus, and not the species, have been innumerable. Would the gentleman like it short or long ? for Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume. Would he prefer it in red ink or black,—or suppose he had it in Sympathetic, so that he could draw me out when he pleased ? Would he choose it on white paper, or tinted, or embossed, or on common brown paper, like Maroncelli's ? Would he like it without my name to it—as somebody favoured me lately with his autograph in an anonymous letter ? Would he rather it were like Guy Faux's to Lord Mounteagle (not Spring Rice), in a feigned hand ? Would he relish it in the aristocratical style, *i.e.* partially or totally illegible ? Would he like it—in case he shouldn't like it—on a slate ?

With such a maze to wander in, if I should not take the

exact course you wish, you must blame the short and insufficient clue you have afforded me. In the meantime, as you have not forwarded to me a tree or a table,—a paving stone or a brick wall,—a looking-glass or a window,—a tea-board or a silver plate,—a bill-stamp or a back-kitchen door,—I presume, to conclude, that you want only a common pen-ink-and-paper autograph ; and in the absence of any particular direction for its transmission,—for instance, by a carrier-pigeon—or in a fire-balloon—or set adrift in a bottle—or per wagon—or favoured by Mr. Waghorn—or by telegraph, I think the best way will be to send it to you in *print*.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

THOMAS HOOD

1842.

[AT the commencement of this year, my father's contributions to the "New Monthly" were published in a collected form as the "Comic for 1842"—a revival of the old "Annual," typified on the cover by a phoenix, and spoken of in the following preface.]

THE COMIC FOR 1842.



PREFACE.

IT is with unusual gratification that the present Volume is offered to the Public: indeed with a pleasure more like that of a young budding Author, who finds himself for the first time sprouting into leaves, than the sober enjoyment of a veteran Writer whose immortality has at least outlived two Monarchs and twice as many Ministries.

The truth is, that I seemed to have said "Amen" to the "Amenities of Literature"—to have deposited my last work on the library-shelf. For a dozen successive years, some annual volume had given token of my literary existence. I had appeared with my prose and verse as regularly as the Parish-Beadle—once a-year, as certainly as the parochial plum-pudding—at the end of every twelve months, like the *Stationers' Almanack*. My show was perennial, like that of the Lord Mayor. But, alas! Anno Domini 1840 was unmarked by any such publication! A tie seemed snapped—a spell appeared to be broken—my engine had gone off the

rail! Indeed, so unusual a silence gave rise to the most sinister surmises. It was rumoured in Northamptonshire that I was in a public prison—in Brussels, that I was in a private madhouse—and in Cornhill, that I was annihilated. It was whispered in one quarter that I had quitted literature in disgust, and turned fishmonger—in another that I had enlisted, like Coleridge, in the Dragoons—in a third, that I had choked myself, like Otway, with a penny roll—in a fourth, that I had poisoned myself, like Chatterton; or plunged into the Thames, like Budgell. I had gone, like Ambrogetti, into La Trappe—or to unsettle myself in New Zealand. But the majority of the reporters were in favour of my demise; and a Miss Hoki, or Poki, even declared that she had seen the Angel of Death, whom she rather irreverently called “Great Jacky,” standing beside my pillow. It must be confessed that my own character and conduct tended to countenance these rumours. Naturally of domestic and retired habits, my taste more inclined me to the joys of a Country Mouse than to those of a Town Lion. There are persons who seem, like Miss Blenkinsop’s curls, to be never “out of the papers;” but it was no ambition of mine to be constantly buzzing like a chafer in the public ear. The reporters never echoed my name like that of the Boy Jones. I had never aimed at Royalty and Notoriety with the same bullet. I had neither gone up with Mr. Green, nor down with Corporal Davy Jones,—nor blown up great guns like Colonel Pasley,—nor tried my shell or my rocket at Woolwich like the Duc de Normandie,—nor made myself a Joint-Stock Company,—nor taken a single rod, pole, or perch in Egypt, much less an Acre. I had not made a row in Newman Street, Oxford Street, at Number Ninety. I had not even exhibited those signs of Life in London, which are fatal to knockers and street-lamps. In short, for any noise

or stir about town, I might as well have been buried at Holyrood. Nevertheless, the surmise was as premature as the report that killed Mr. Davidge. Instead of leaving this world, or the world of letters, I was really bargaining—by the help of Father Mathew and Bernard Kavanagh, *alias* Temperance and Abstinence,—for a Renewed Lease of Life and Literature, the first-fruits of which are collected in this little volume. And may it contribute to that Diffusion of Mirth to which it has always been my aim to lend a Hand.

[The only new matter in the New “Comic” was the following paper—founded on a letter of Lieutenant von Franck’s. The rest of the contents either have been given where they appeared in the “New Monthly,” or are to be found in “Hood’s Own,” Second Series.]

SHOOTING THE WILD STAG IN POLAND.

THE Reader, before proceeding to the text, will doubtless have taken a glance at the Woodcut prefixed to this article ;* and will, most probably, have determined that it stands for the head of a very magnificent animal. And, truly, so it does. Witness his stately antlers—a perfect “flourish of horns ;” and, like an original melody, all “out of his own head.” Count, too, his tines, which denote him a Stag, or Hart rather, of the very first class. For, strangely as it may sound, the tinier such game is the better. In that favourite story amongst the Scotch novels, the “Bride of Lammermoor,” it will be remembered, that Norman, the forester, vouches for the woodcraft and courage of the Master of Ravenswood ; who, at the age of sixteen, had rushed in, and hamstrung the wild deer at bay—“a stout old Trojan of the

* The head of a “Sechszehner” or sixteen-tined deer.

first head, with *ten-tined* branches and a brow as broad a e'er a bullock's." Such a buck was of course accounted a noble one : but here we have the bust of a still more magnificent creature ; the number of whose tines amounts—as the German designation implies—to sixteen.

What a sensation it would cause, were it rumoured that such a stag was afoot in Athol—that such a pair of antlers had been glimpsed in Glen Tilt ! How many a rifle would almost go off from mere sympathy with such a report ! The moors that would be toiled over—the mosses that would be threaded—the burns that would be paddled in—the precipices that would be scaled—the walking, stalking, running-cunning, the stumbling, tumbling, ducking, bemucking, fagging, flagging, and shanknagging, that would be undertaken and endured, only to pull a trigger at such a Specimen of the Species ! But the noble Beast is a foreigner—a Continental Hart, too big, perhaps—as Dr. Johnson said of a certain lady—for an island ; the sketch having been taken from an individual who was done to death in an outlandish manner, which it is presumed will be novel, and therefore interesting to British Sportsmen. Those especially, who have had their hearts, and their heads, bodies, and limbs to boot, in the Highlands,

“A-chasing the wild deer,
And hunting the roe,”

will be pleased, probably, to learn how such an animal was turned into venison, in a country a long way from Glengarry.

Since the chase became the business or the sport of mankind, there have been various modes of killing the wild deer, and each fashion has had its recorder. Thanks to the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase, we know that of old, in Britain, the hart was hunted with “hound and horn,” and such a following of armed retainers, that the chieftain, if he

so pleased, might indulge in "a Little War." The Robin Hood legends have commemorated the havoc made in the herd by the long and cross bow, with shaft, or bolt,—weapons and missives since superseded by the bullet and the gun. With Deer-stalking, as at present practised in the Highlands of Scotland, we have been familiarised by the pleasant volume of Mr. Scrope, who has greatly added to what Winifred Jenkins would call our "buck larning" on the subject. Even the Unting of the Art at Epping has been portrayed by Moncrieff, Cruikshank, and others, with both pen and pencil: whilst Nimrod has shown how pompously and deliberately the stag is chased in France, with relays of hounds, and chasseurs in state-liveries. In Germany, deer are generally shot at a battue; and the Old Man of the Brunnens has mentioned the "verdant batteries," or leafy loopholed ambuscades, through which the Duke of Nassau and his friends used to let fly at the game as it bounded along the broad alleys cut on purpose through the forest. There remains, probably, only another method to describe; and it is so peculiar as to require a vehicle of its own: not a deer-cart, or a car for the conveyance of Hunting Leopards, but a carriage for the sportsman himself.

The *modus operandi* will be best understood from the following extract of a letter, which is dated from Schloss Antonin, a hunting-seat belonging to Prince Radziwill, and situated near Krotochin, towards the southern extremity of Prussian Poland. The writer is an officer in the Prussian service; and who has, therefore, not quite such a command of English, as if he were in our own army. Hence it has been necessary, here and there, to alter a word, or the construction of a paragraph; for instance, by shifting a verb from the rear—its usual position in German—to the van of a sentence. Moreover a phrase has sometimes conveyed a

meaning very different from the one intended by my correspondent ; for example : “So soon as the stags perceive a man on his feet, to avoid danger, they *make away with themselves as fast as they can.*”

* * * * *

“I often think, my dear Hood, how well you would amuse yourself here, with such excellent shooting and fishing, and abundance of game of all kinds, wet or dry. Stags, fallow-deer, roebucks, wild boars, wolves, hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, woodcocks, wild geese, wild ducks, water-rails, jack and pike, carp, tench, and perch ! All these have been thinned, more or less, by our hands since I have been here at Antonin. But I cannot say wolves, as only one has been killed in the battues for wild boar.

“As to fishing, the trolling was capital—catching eight or ten long pikes every time we tried : and I had the honour of teaching some of the party to wind up the jack. There is no river here—but there are very large meers, in which we troll from boats, rowing very gently alongside of the shore, near the reeds and sedges. Do you remember the wonderful face of our Polish Captain, at Burg Kremnitz, when from the windows of the Château he saw us at our pike exercise, in the garden, myself with the rod, and you, like a grave physician, with your stop-watch in your hand, to give the patient his lawful time before death—so that the Captain mistook the operation for some scientific experiment in Hydrostatics ? But here trolling is no novelty ; for we angle in the English style and with English tackle ; and the fish know what *gut* is better than they do even in *Darmstadt*. But the ramrod has been still more in request than the trolling-rod ; which reminds me to give a sporting aim at a question which has not hitherto been hit by Sir John Herschel, or your British

Association—namely, why there should be so many falling meteors in the November month? It seems to me, ‘as sure as a gun,’ as you say, that there must then be so many shooting stars, because it is in the shooting season—but the astronomers must find out at what sorts of game. To return to earth,—there has been plenty of sylvan war here to satisfy even a Captain of Rifles—who prefers to shoot at living targets, and would like most to hit a bull’s eye when he is running wild, as at Chillingham Park.* The Stag-shooting here is very amusing, and conducted in a manner most likely unknown in England. It is called *Pirschen*, a word that cannot be translated, but you shall have a description of the thing.

“Of all animals the Wild Stag is perhaps the most shy and suspicious of man. You would think, from the vigilant care he takes of himself, that he was aware how delicious his flesh is to eat at a venison-feast; and that his skin makes such good and durable breeches. As his eyes, ears, and nose, are all particularly sharp, and he seems to have an innate bad opinion of the human race, it is extremely difficult to approach within shot of him, especially if you are on foot. You may walk for days together without being able to get a crack at him; but fortunately, like the stag in Æsop’s Fable, he has a blind side, or a weak one, which allows you to circumvent him. Perhaps it is through curiosity, or perhaps from a more aristocratical feeling; but certain it is, that whilst he shuns a pedestrian, as carefully as some human beings avoid a poor relation, his Deership puts up with, and even seems pleased by, one’s approach in a carriage.

* At the meeting of the British Association in 1838, a letter was read, from the noble proprietor of Chillingham, on the subject of the wild cattle. It seems to have escaped the memory of Lord Tankerville, as well as of Sir Walter Scott, in their remarks on the subject, that such a breed of cattle is described as indigenous in the account of the Island of Tinian in “Anson’s Voyages.”

Sitting in a vehicle, you are almost always sure of getting within range of him, whilst he stands, quite *stagnant*, steadfastly gazing and admiring, or maybe, criticising, your equipage.

“Accordingly, the German sportsmen make use of little carriages called *Pirsch-Wagen*, built on purpose to go *pirschen*, as it is termed, for *schliessen* would not be the proper technical phrase. The vehicle is a sort of bench or sofa upon wheels, built very low, in order to enable you to step out easily without its stopping : but here is a sketch of one, as well as I am able to draw it, without the horses. It looks, you see, something like an Irish jaunting-car, freely done into German.

“In this carriage you set out early in the morning, or towards the evening ; as at those times the deer and the roebucks—which are shot in the same way—then leave the thickets, and come out to graze in the meadows and the open places in the woods. Thus, driving slowly through all those parts of the forest where the game may be expected to be found, it generally happens that before long you meet with a herd, consisting of several hinds and calves, accompanied by one or two stags. Taking a direction which will bring you within shot of them, the carriage drives slowly on, but in a circle, and with as little appearance as possible on your own part of being conscious of the presence of the herd. Indeed, the more you talk, and the louder, the better it is ; as if the animals were actually aware of the proverb about ‘little doers.’ Nay, with proper precautions, you may even talk *at* them without their taking either offence or alarm. On the other hand, the more slyly and stealthily you go to work, the more timid and suspicious are the deer—let them but catch a glimpse of you alone, silent, and on foot, and away they go like frightened lightning, and are out of sight before they are quite visible.

“Well, on you drive, chattering like jays, but not looking

much at your prey, except as the young ladies do at their victims—namely, through the corners of your eyes,—unless you happen to have the gift of *clair-voyance*, and can watch them through the back of your head. At last you arrive at a distance of one hundred, or one hundred and fifty yards from the mark, when you step out of the Pirsch-Wagen, and, if possible, behind a tree, whilst it is passed by the vehicle ; for the machine must not stop on any account, or the herd would instantly take flight at a furious pace. The deer, intently gazing at the passing carriage, allows you just time enough to take aim with your rifle, and fire—of course only at the Stag. Hinds and calves are very rarely shot : such an act being deemed a most unsportsmanlike proceeding—a crime in the code of woodcraft, about on a par with shooting your own dam and her young ones. Indeed, I have heard a thorough-bred Austrian chasseur declare—*apropos* to killing a doe—that he would ‘rather commit suicide *twice over*.’ But to return to the stag—which, except you are rhinoceros-skinned, and quite banter-proof, you had better take care to hit. Between ourselves, I once missed a fine *Zwölfer*, and what was worse, at only eighty paces—and have been glad in my immortal soul ever since that Zamiel was not at my elbow at that moment, to tempt me with an infernal bargain of infallible bullets. The instant the stag feels the ball, he generally bounds three or four feet from the ground, and then flies off into a thicket : it very seldom happens that he falls immediately ; for even when shot through the heart—or *auf das Blatt getroffen*, literally through the *leaf*,—for the Germans have a sporting language quite peculiar—even then he will go several hundred yards before he drops. From the colour of the blood, the leap he makes, and the pace at which he goes off—indications called by sportsmen *das zeichen*, the mark or sign—it is known whether he is shot through

that vital organ, or in any other part of the body. In the first case, he is followed instanter, and is generally found within some hundred yards from the spot where he was struck. On the contrary, if not mortally hit, he is suffered to depart in quiet, being then what is termed *krank*; for, if pursued directly, he would go very far, and probably out of your bounds, into a strange forest, so that you would only have shot so much venison for the benefit of some person or persons unknown. Whereas, if you leave him unmolested, he repairs to some neighbouring thicket, where he lies down, to lament his *deer*-bought experience of the deceitfulness of appearances, and in particular, of gossiping Pirsch-Wagoners. Before leaving the place, however, you must mark the spot by breaking off the branch of a tree; or, if you prefer it, you may hang one of your companions or yourself upon the bough. Only, in the last case, you cannot come so early the next morning as you ought to do, with a couple of blood-hounds, to look for your prize. These being laid on the scent, soon find and unharbour the stag, which, weakened by loss of blood, is speedily brought to bay, and then is easily killed by a second or third ball, whilst he is trying, as the Americans say, to poke his fun into the dogs. Of course, unless you are cool and steady, and a good shot, you will not venture on this nice work, especially with a double-barrel, lest you should maim or murder *both* of the hounds. At such a crisis, a simple miss is not the worst of mishaps.

“About a fortnight ago, one fine evening, I went out in a Pirsch-Wagen with Prince Boguslaw Radziwill, but only scored one roebuck towards the game. The Prince, however, in the course of three hours, shot two beautiful Stags—one of them a *Sechszehner*—that is to say, with antlers which have sixteen branches, eight on each side. Enclosed, I send you a slight portrait of the Deer Original. The other was a *Zwölfer*, with

twelve branches or 'tines,' according to your own nomenclature. The *Sechszehner* weighed four hundred and sixty-three German pounds, equal to about four hundred and ninety of English avoirdupois. Mind, these are not fallow-deer, or such as are kept in parks, but the true wild deer, coming and going between Silesia and Russian Poland. How I wish that one might book you a place in the Pirsch-Wagen!—although it is not a sport entirely without danger; as, at times the Stags, and particularly the old ones, become very furious when they are brought to bay. They are cunning in fence, and with their long *augen-sprossen*, or eye-branches—those nearest the brow, and which project forwards—they run through the dogs that attack them, and pin them to the ground. And if they could get at the dogs' master, they would undoubtedly serve him in the same manner; and you need not to be told that hart's-horn, thus administered, is anything but a reviver.

"The Pirsch-Wagen is also used in shooting what is now a *rara avis* in England—the Bustard! which, like the Stag, is too shy a cock, or too proud, to let you get near it without some sort of stalking-horse, or an apology for a carriage. A wagon, laden with hay or straw, is, as the doctors say, a very good vehicle. Some sportsmen fancy-dress in a smock-frock, and affect an agricultural interest in following a plough, which the Bustards will allow to come sufficiently near to them; aware, perhaps, that the working classes are not likely to have game certificates. A harrow will serve your purpose, if you can persuade the driver to edge or zig-zag towards the birds—and thereby hangs a tale, and literally a harrowing one—but the scene of it was near Berlin, where the Bustards are plentiful. By way of getting better screened on the opposite side, I was attempting to cross between the harrow and the horses, when, just at that particular moment, while

I was still within the traces, the horses thought proper to take fright, and away we all went, full speed, with iron heels before me, and iron teeth behind,—

‘Amazement in the van, and Terror in the rear!’

“To aggravate the dilemma, the harrow, from striking against my legs, tilted over, with the spikes uppermost, so that one minute I had to consider myself kicked, and the next to expect such a heckling as the Scottish poet commended, with all the fervour of the tooth-agony, to the ‘doups’ of the younger Burns. Had I stumbled, it would have gone hard, and sharp too, with one of the sincerest, as well as stoutest, of your friends. Luckily, however, the field had a farther end to it, where the horses pulled up, just when, from want of wind and exhaustion, I could not, for my dear life, have galloped over another rod, pole, or perch. Accordingly, except my trousers, which were torn into ‘shorts,’ I escaped without much damage,—only a few scratches, and the fluster and fatigue to be expected after such a burst, with a full game-bag and a gun to carry, over ploughed land. It was some comfort, after all, to succeed the same day in knocking down a Bustard; a huge cock, as big as three turkeys rolled into one, and with moustaches quite long enough for a Prussian dragoon.

“Yesterday we had a *battue* in the neighbourhood of the pheasant park for an animal not yet mentioned—the Fox,—which commits enormous depredations amongst the birds. I seem to see nothing except the whites of the eyes of your Country Squires, and their five-fingered telegraphs making signs of admiration at the shooting of any Reynards at all; but, begging the excuse of Mr. Lane Fox, and Mr. Fox Maule, it must be remembered that we are not within a long day’s ride of a pack of fox-hounds. So we killed five, and wounded

two more foxes, which Mr. Nimrod will agree was quite enough for one brush.

“The Wild Boar-hunting affords excellent sport, being very exciting, and sometimes perilous; for, unless you take care, the boar will, perhaps, save you the trouble and the sin of doing ‘what Cato did and Addison approved,’ with your own hands. If a description of the Boar-hunting will amuse you, it shall come in my next; but, in the interval I must send off my present letter to Krotchin, or else, by my bad jockeying, it will be on the wrong side of the post.”

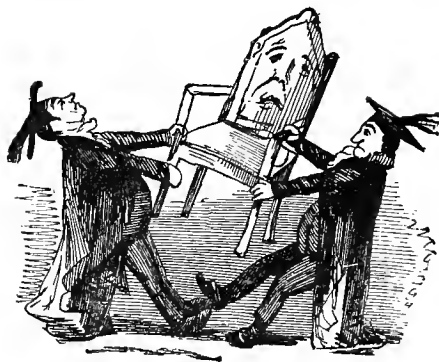
* * * * *

So far my Prussian correspondent: but whilst writing out the above extract, it has occurred to me that, in a sporting article, it might not be amiss to give a slight sketch, by an Englishman, of a Shooting Meeting in Bohemia, in illustration of the princely style in which a *battue* is conducted in Germany.

“Early in the morning the whole party set off from the Castle in about fifteen or twenty carriages for the place of meeting. On arriving at the rendezvous, we had a magnificent *déjeuner*, during which the chasseurs of the Prince, in green uniforms, played beautiful pieces of music on their hunting-horns,—the instruments, by the way, being of English manufacture. After breakfast we broke up again, and the shooting commenced, which was conducted in the following manner:—About five hundred drivers encompassed an immense tract of ground, all at an equal distance from each other, and between the drivers the sportsmen were stationed; each gentleman having, like Robinson Crusoe, a couple of guns,—some had three or four,—and along with him two Jägers, one to load as fast as he could, and the other to carry the ammunition. At a given signal, drivers, sportsmen,

chasseurs—in short, the whole body, began to move forward towards the centre, which was indicated by a lofty flag, the circle, of course, becoming narrower at every step. The hares, thus enclosed within a living ring-fence, began to scamper about in all directions; and whilst attempting to break through the circle, were shot by the sportsmen. Very few escaped; not above a dozen, maybe, out of six or seven hundred. In this manner we amused ourselves till dusk, and then the party returned again to the Castle, an outrider preceding each carriage, with a huge lighted torch, so that at a distance we must have appeared like a procession. Your first reflection on the above will be, ‘What a number of Hares, and how many Friends!’ Indeed, I remember your surprise at the abundance of that kind of game, as well as of partridges, in some parts of Germany; *à propos* to which, be it known to you, that I shot, for my own share, two hundred and four hares during my trip to Töplitz. In the last six days of my stay there were killed on the estate of Prince Clary, eighteen hundred and seventy-six hares, fifteen red-deer, eighteen wild boars, seventy-six partridges, and twenty-one pheasants. As to partridges, not less than three thousand six hundred were shot at Töplitz during September and October. And now as statistics are in fashion, here is an official return of the game killed in six days on the estate of his Highness Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz, at Bylin in Bohemia:—

	Roebucks.	Hares.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Black Cock.
Nov. 14, at Liebhausen . . .	0	1241	0	29	0
„ 15, Ditto	0	529	0	39	0
„ 16, at Lucknow . . .	23	9	0	0	1
„ 17, at Hochpetsch . .	0	982	0	44	0
„ 18, at Krobschich . .	2	573	0	10	0
„ 19, at Kosten . . .	9	435	6	13	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Total . . .	34	3769	6	135	1
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THE UNIVERSITY FEUD.*

“A plague o’ both the houses !”—MERCUTIO.

THE Contest for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford ought hardly to be passed over in silence. Indeed it was our original intention to have gone into the subject, whilst it might have been treated as a cause pertaining solely to the Belles Lettres, and equally unconnected with the great bells that ring in Protestant steeples, or the little bells that tinkle before Papistical altars. There was a classical seat to be filled ; and it would never have occurred to us to examine into the opinions of either candidate on abstruse questions of divinity, any more than at the new-bottoming of an old chair, we should have inquired whether the rushes were to be supplied by the Lincolnshire Fens, or the Pontine Marshes. That any but poetical qualifications were to be considered would never have entered into our mind—we should as soon have dreamt of the Judge at a Cattle Show awarding the

* This appeared about Christmas—a date which will be found to explain some of its allusions.

Premium, not to the fattest and best fed beast, but to an ox of a favourite colour. No—in our simplicity we should have summoned the rival Poets before us, in black and white, and made them give alternate specimens of their ability in the tuneful art, like Daphnis and Strephon in the Pastoral—

“Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing :”

and to the best of our humble judgment we should have awarded the Prize Chair, squabs, castors and all, to the melodious victor. As to demanding of either of the competitors what he thought of the Viaticum, or Extreme Unction, it would have seemed to us a far less pertinent question than to ask the would-be Chairman of a Temperance Society whether he preferred gin or rum. We should have considered the candidates, in fact, as Architects professing to “build the lofty rhyme,” without supposing its possible connexion with the building of churches or chapels. In that character only should we have reviewed the parties before us ; and their several merits would have been discussed in an appropriate manner. Thus we might perhaps have pointed out that Mr. Garbett possessed the finer ear, but Mr. Williams the keener eye for the picturesque ;—that the fellow of Brazen Nose had the greater command of language, but the Trinity man displayed a better assortment of images : and we might have particularized by quotations where the first reminded us of a Glover or a Butler, and the last of a Prior or a Pope.—We might also have deemed it our duty to examine into the acquaintance of the parties with the works of the Fathers, not of Theology but of Poetry ; and it might have happened for us to inquire how certain probationary verses stood upon their feet—but certainly not the when, where, or wherefore, the author went down upon his knees. We should as soon have thought

of examining a professed Cook in circumnavigation, or a theatrical Star in astronomy ; or of proposing to an Irish chairman, of sedentary habits, to fill the disputed seat.

The truth is, that unlike a certain class of persons who would go to the pole for polemics, and seek an altercation at the altar, we have neither a turn nor a taste for religious disputation, and therefore never expected nor wished to find a theological controversy in a question of prosyversy. We never conceived the suspicion that the Père la Chaise of Poetry might become a Confessor as well as a Professor, and initiate his classes in the mysteries of Rome, any more than we should have feared his converting them to the Polytheism of the heathen Ovid, or that very blind Pagan old Homer. On the contrary, our first inkling of a division at Oxford concerning the Muses suggested to us simply that it must be the old literary quarrel of the Classicists and the Romanticists, or a dispute perhaps on the claims of Blank Verses to get prizes. At any rate we should never have committed such an anachronism as to associate Poetry, which is older by some ages than Christianity, with either Protestantism or Popery. It would have been like jumbling up Noah of Ark with Joan of Arc, as man and wife !

Our first intentions, however, have been frustrated ; for even while preparing for the task, as if by one of those magical transformations peculiar to the season, the Chair has turned into a Pulpit, and the rival collegians are transfigured—pantomime fashion—into Martin Luther and the Pope of Rome ! Such a metamorphosis places the performance beyond our critical pale ; but we will venture in a few sentences to deprecate religious dissension, and to forewarn such as call themselves friends of the church against the probable interference of those hot-headed and warm-tempered individuals who seem, as the Irish gentleman said, to have been vac-

minated from mad bulls. Such persons, may doubtless, mean well ; but the best-intentioned people have sometimes far more zeal than discretion, even as the medalsome Mathewite, who thinks that he must drink water *usque ad nauseam* in lieu of *usque ad baugh* ; or like that overhumane lady, who feels so strongly against Capital Punishments and the gallows, that she would like to “hang Jack Ketch with her own hands.” Let the breach then be stopped in time. The fate of a house divided against itself has been foretold ; and surely there cannot be a more dangerous and destructive practice than where a crack presents itself to insert a wedge. It is by a parallel process that many a magnificent Sea-Palace has been broken up at Deptford—timber after timber, plank after plank, till nothing was left entire, perhaps, but the Figure-Head, staring, as only a figure-head can stare, at the conversion of a noble Ship, by continual split, split, splitting, into firewood, chips, and matches.

Seriously, then, we cannot discuss the University Feud in these pages : but our rules do not preclude us from giving some account of a Little Go that seems to have been modelled on the great one, and which aptly serves to exemplify the evil influence of bad example in high places.

A ROW AT THE OXFORD ARMS.

“Glorious Apollo, from on high behold us.”—*Old Song.*

As latterly I chanced to pass
 A Public House, from which, alas !
 The Arms of Oxford dangle !
 My ear was startled by a din,
 That made me tremble in my skin,
 A dreadful hubbub from within,
 Of voices in a wrangle—

Voices loud, and voices high,
 With now and then a party-cry,
 Such as used in times gone by
 To scare the British border ;
 When foes from North and South of Tweed—
 Neighbours—and of Christian creed—
 Met in hate to fight and bleed,
 Upsetting Social Order.

Surprised, I turn'd me to the crowd,
 Attracted by that tumult loud,
 And ask'd a gazer, beetle-brow'd,
 The cause of such disquiet.
 When lo ! the solemn-looking man,
 First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,
 And then, with fluent tongue, began
 His version of the riot :

A row !—why yes,—a pretty row, you might hear from this
 to Garmany,
 And what is worse, it's all got up among the Sons of Har-
 mony,
 The more's the shame for them as used to be in time and
 tune,
 And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in June !
 Ah ! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here
 along,
 When Swiveller was President a-knocking down a song ;
 But Dick's resign'd the post, you see, and all them shouts
 and hollers
 Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned scholars,
 Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers !

Lord knows their names, I'm sure I don't, no more than any
yokel,

But I never heard of either as connected with the vocal ;
Nay, some do say, although of course the public rumour
varies,

They've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen canaries
Though that might pass if they were dabs at t'other sort of
thing,

For a man may make a song, you know, although he cannot
sing ;

But lork ! it's many folk's belief they're only good at prosing,
For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their composing ;
And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,
If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,
And then about all sorts of streets, by every little monkey,
It's chanted like the "Dog's Meat Man," or "If I had a
Donkey."

Whereas, as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge neither,
No ballad—worth a ha'penny—has ever come from either,
And him as writ "Jim Crow," he says, and got such lots of
dollars,

Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Howsomever that's the meaning of the squabble that arouses,
This neighbourhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads of
Houses,

Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is reason
In Christian peace and charity according to the season.

But from Number Thirty-Nine—since this electioneering
job,

Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there's an everlasting mob ;
Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,
But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a summut in his eye ;

And a pretty noise there is !—what with canvassers and
spouters,
For in course each side is furnish'd with its backers and its
touters ;
And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is carried,
You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married ;
Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,
If you're dying for a surgeon, you must fetch him from the
“ Arms ; ”
While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of their
scholars,
To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that, sir, is the racket ; and the more the sin and shame
Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the same ;
Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup,—
But they'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up,
With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden full of bears,
While they've damaged many articles and broken lots of
squares,
And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust and
smother,
By throwing *Morning Herald*s, *Times*, and *Standards* at each
other ;
Not to name the ugly language Gemmen oughtn't to repeat,
And the names they call each other—for I've heard 'em in
the street—
Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and Vipers, and what
not,
For Pasley and his divers ain't so blowing-up a lot.
And then such awful swearing !—for there's one of them
that cusses
Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition 'busses ;

For he cusses every member that's agin him at the pell,
 As I wouldn't cuss a denkey, tho' it hasn't got a soul ;
 And he cusses all their families, Jack, Harry, Bob or Jim,
 To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree with him.
 Whereby, altho' as yet they have not took to use their fives,
 Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with their knives,
 I'm bound there'll be some milling yet, and shakings by the
 collars,
 Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers !

To be sure it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,
 Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his call—
 And as if there wasn't Whigs enough and Tories to fall out,
 Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about,—
 Why, a Cornfield is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,
 For to furnish them in plenty who are fend of picking
 crows—

Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish stews,
 To agitate society and loosen all its screws ;
 And which all may be agreeable and proper to their
 spheres,—

But it's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.
 And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,
 And I've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college
 coach,

And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,
 And he says that Oxford's famouser for sausages than songs,
 And seldom turns a poet out like Hudson that can chant,
 As well as make such ditties as the Free and Easies want,
 Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to mind—
 But it's not the classic system for to propagate the kind,
 Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them Scholars
 May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious Apollers !

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a voice,
It's the best among the vocalists I'd honour with the choice ;
Or a Poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the bunch ;
Or at any rate the surest hand at mixing of the punch ;
Cause why, the members meet for that and other tuneful
frolics—

And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz and Collec's.
But you see them there Itinerants that preach so long and
loud,

And always takes advantage like the prigs of any crowd,
Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as they can
compass,

Have turn'd a tavern shindy to a seriouser rumpus,
And him as knows most hymns—altho' I can't see how it
follers—

They want to be the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers !

Well, that's the row—and who can guess the upshot after
all?

Whether Harmony will ever make the "Arms" her House
of call,

Or whether this here mobbing—as some longish heads
foretel it,

Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must quell it.

Howsomever, for the present, there's no sign of any peace,

For the hubbub keeps a growing, and defies the New Police;—

But if *I* was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of Man,

Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my plan,

Why, I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkle of a needle,

For I'd have another candidate—and that's the Parish
Beadle,

Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by proxy,
And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy ;

Whereby—if folks was wise—instead of either of them
Scholars,
And straining their own lungs along of contradictory hollers,
They'll lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as
follers,
Namely—Bumble for the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!



THE TOWER OF LAHNECK.

A ROMANCE.

AMONGST the many castled crags on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most picturesque is the ruin of Lahneck, perched on a conical rock, close to that beautiful little river the Lahn. The Castle itself is a venerable fragment, with one lofty tower rising far above the rest of the building—a characteristic feature of the feudal stronghold—being in fact the Observatory of the Robber-Baron, whence he watched, not the motions of the heavenly bodies, but the movements of such earthly ones as might afford him a booty, or threaten him with an assault. And truly, Lahneck is said to have been the residence of an order of Teutonic Knights exactly matching in number the famous band of Thieves in the Arabian Tale.

However, when the sun sets in a broad blaze behind the heights of Capellen, and the fine ruin of Stolzenfels on the opposite banks of the Rhine, its last rays always linger on the lofty tower of Lahneck. Many a time, while standing rod in hand on one or other of the brown rocks which, narrowing the channel of the river, form a small rapid, very favourable to the fishermen—many a time have I watched

the warm light burning beaconlike on the very summit of that solitary tower, whilst all the river lay beneath in deepest shadow, save the golden circles that marked where a fish rose to the surface, or the bright coruscations made by the screaming swallow as it sportively dipped its wing in the dusky water, like a gay friend breaking in on the cloudy reveries of a moody mind. And as these natural lights faded away, the artificial ones of the village of Lahnstein began to twinkle—the glowing windows of Duquet's hospitable pavilion, especially, throwing across the stream a series of dancing reflections that shone the brighter for the sombre shadows of a massy cluster of acacias in the tavern-garden. Then the myriads of chafers, taking to wing, filled the air with droning—whilst the lovely fire-flies with their fairy lamps began to flit across my homeward path, or hovered from osier to osier, along the calm waterside. But a truce to these personal reminiscences.

It was on a fine afternoon, towards the close of May, 1830, that two ladies began slowly to climb the winding path which leads through a wild shrubbery to the ruined Castle of Lahneck. They were unaccompanied by any person of the other sex; but such rambles are less perilous for unprotected females in that country than in our own—and they had enjoyed several similar excursions without accident or offence. At any rate, to judge from their leisurely steps, and the cheerful tone of their voices, they apprehended no more danger than might accrue to a gauze or a ribbon from an overhanging branch or a stray bramble. The steepness of the ascent forced them occasionally to halt to take breath, but they stopped quite as frequently to gather the wild flowers, and especially the sweet valley lilies—there so abundant—to look up at the time-stained Ruin from a new point, or to comment on the beauties of the scenery.

The elder of the ladies spoke in English, to which her companion replied in the same language, but with a foreign accent, and occasional idioms, that belonged to another tongue. In fact, she was a native of Germany, whereas the other was one of those many thousands of British travellers whom the long peace, the steamboat, and the poetry of Byron had tempted to visit the "blue and arrowy" river. Both were young, handsome, and accomplished; but the Fraulein Von B. was unmarried; whilst Mrs. — was a wife and a mother, and with her husband and her two children had occupied for some weeks a temporary home within the walls of Coblenz. It was in this city that a friendship had been formed between the German Girl and the fair Islander—the gentle pair who were now treading so freely and fearlessly under the walls of a castle where womanly beauty might formerly have ventured as safely as the doe near the den of the lion. But those days are happily gone by—the dominion of Brute Force is over—and the Wild Baron who doomed his victims to the treacherous abyss, has dropped into an *Oublette* as dark and as deep as his own.

At last the two ladies gained the summit of the mountain, and for some minutes stood still and silent, as if entranced by the beauty of the scene before them. There are elevations at which the mind loses breath as well as the body—and pants too thickly with thought upon thought to find ready utterance. This was especially the case with the Englishwoman, whose cheek flushed, while her eyes glistened with tears; for the soul is touched by beauty as well as melted by kindness, and here Nature was lavish of both—at once charming, cheering, and refreshing her with a magnificent prospect, the brightest of sunshine, and the balmiest air. Her companion, in the meantime, was almost as

taciturn, merely uttering the names of the places—Ober-Lahustein—Capellen—Stolzenfels—Nieder-Lahnstein—St. John's Church—to which she successively pointed with her little white finger. Following its direction, the other lady slowly turned round till her eyes rested on the Castle itself, but she was too near to see the ruin to advantage, and her neck ached as she strained it to look up at the lofty tower which rose almost from her feet. Still she continued to gaze upward, till her indefinite thoughts grew into a wish that she could ascend to the top, and thence, as if suspended in air, enjoy an uninterrupted view of the whole horizon. It was with delight, therefore, that on turning an angle of the wall she discovered a low open arch which admitted her to the interior, where, after a little groping, she perceived a flight of stone steps, winding, as far as the eye could trace, up the massy walls.

The staircase, however, looked very dark, or rather dismal, after the bright sunshine she had just quitted, but the whim of the moment, the spirit of adventure and curiosity, induced her to proceed, although her companion, who was more phlegmatic, started several difficulties and doubts as to the practicability of the ascent. There were, however, no obstacles to surmount beyond the gloom, some trifling heaps of rubbish, and the fatigue of mounting so many gigantic steps. But this weariness was richly repaid, whenever through an occasional loophole she caught a sample of the bright blue sky, which, like samples in general, appeared of a far more intense and beautiful colour than any she had ever seen in the whole piece. No, never had heaven seemed so heavenly, or earth so lovely, or water so clear and pure, as through those narrow apertures—never had she seen any views so charming as those exquisite snatches of landscape, framed by the massive masonry into little cabinet pictures, of

a few inches square—so small, indeed that the two friends, pressed cheek to cheek, could only behold them with one eye apiece! The Englishwoman knew at least a dozen of such tableaux, to be seen through particular loopholes in certain angles of the walls of Coblenz—but these “pictures of the Lahneck gallery,” as she termed them, transcended them all! Nevertheless it cost her a sigh to reflect how many forlorn captives, languishing perhaps within those very walls, had been confined to such glimpses of the world without—nay, whose every prospect on this side the grave had been framed in stone. But such thoughts soon pass away from the minds of the young, the healthy, and the happy, and the next moment the fair moralist was challenging the echoes to join with her in a favourite air. Now and then, indeed, the song abruptly stopped, or the voice quavered on a wrong note, as a fragment of mortar rattled down to the basement, or a disturbed bat rustled from its lurking-place, or the air breathed through a crevice with a sound so like the human sigh, as to revive her melancholy fancies. But these were transient terrors, and only gave rise to peals of light-hearted merriment, that were mocked by laughing voices from each angle of the walls.

At last the toilsome ascent was safely accomplished, and the two friends stood together on the top of the tower, drawing a long, delicious breath of the fresh free air. For a time they were both dazzled to blindness by the sudden change from gloom to sunshine, as well as dizzy from the unaccustomed height; but these effects soon wore off, and the whole splendid panorama,—variegated with mountains, valleys, rocks, castles, chapels, spires, towns, villages, vineyards, corn-fields, forests, and rivers, was revealed to the delighted sense. As the Englishwoman had anticipated, her eye could now travel unimpeded round the entire horizon, which it did

again and again and again, while her lips kept repeating all the superlatives of admiration.

"It is mine Faderland," murmured the German girl with a natural tone of triumph in the beauty of her native country. "Speak—did I not well to persuade you to here, by little bits, and little bits, instead of a stop at Horcheim?"

"You did indeed, my dear Amanda. Such a noble prospect would well repay a much longer walk."

"Look!—see—dere is Rhense—and de Marxberg"—but the finger was pointed in vain, for the eyes it would have guided continued to look in the opposite direction across the Lahn.

"Is it possible, from here," inquired the Englishwoman, "to see Coblenz?"

Instead of answering this question, the German girl looked up archly in the speaker's face, and then smiling and nodding her head, said sily, "Ah, you do think of a somebody at home!"

"I was thinking of him indeed," replied the other, "and regretting that he is not at this moment by my side to enjoy ——"

She stopped short—for at that instant a tremendous peal, as of the nearest thunder, shook the tower to its very foundation. The German shrieked, and the ever ready "Ach Gott!" burst from her quivering lips; but the Englishwoman neither stirred nor spoke, though her cheek turned of the hue of death. Some minds are much more apprehensive than others, and hers was unusually quick in its conclusions,—the thought passed from cause to consequence with the rapidity of the voltaic spark. Ere the sound had done rumbling, she knew the nature of the calamity as distinctly as if an evil spirit had whispered it in her ear. Nevertheless, an irresistible impulse, that dreadful attraction which draws

us in spite of ourselves to look on what is horrible and approach to the very verge of danger, impelled her to seek the very sight she most feared to encounter. Her mind indeed recoiled, but her limbs, as by a volition superior to her own, dragged her to the brink of the abyss she had prophetically painted, where the reality presented itself with a startling resemblance to the ideal picture.

Yes, *there* yawned that dark chasm, unfathomable by the human eye, a great gulf fixed—perhaps eternally fixed—between herself and the earth, with all it contained of most dear and precious to the heart of a wife and a mother, Three—only the three uppermost steps of the gigantic staircase still remained in their place, and even these, as she gazed at them, suddenly plunged into the dreary void ; and after an interval which indicated the frightful depth they had to plumb, reached the bottom with a crash that was followed by a roll of hollow echoes from the subterranean vaults !

As the sound ceased, the Englishwoman turned away, with a gasp and a visible shudder, from the horrid chasm. It was with the utmost difficulty that she had mastered a mechanical inclination to throw herself after the falling mass—an impulse very commonly induced by the unexpected descent of a large body from our own level. But what had she gained ? Perhaps but a more lingering and horrible fate—a little more time to break her heart in—so many more wretched hours to lament for her lost treasures—her cheerful home—her married felicity—her maternal joys, and to look with unavailing yearnings towards Coblenz. But that sunny landscape had become intolerable ; and she hastily closed her eyes and covered her face with her hands. Alas ! she only beheld the more vividly the household images, and dear familiar faces that distractingly associated the happiness of the past with the misery of the present—for out of the very sweetness of

her life came intenser bitterness, and from its brightest phases an extremest darkness, even as the smiling valley beneath her had changed into that of the Shadow of Death ! The Destroyer had indeed assumed almost a visible presence. and like a poor trembling bird, conscious of the stooping falcon, the devoted victim sank down and cowered on the hard, cold, rugged roof of the fatal Tower !

The German girl, in the meanwhile, had thrown herself on her knees, and with her neck at full stretch over the low parapet, looked eagerly from east to west for succour—but from the mill up the stream to the ferry down below, and along the road on either side of the river, she could not descry a living object. Yes—no—yes—there was one on the mountain itself, moving among the brushwood, and even approaching the castle ; closer he came—and closer yet, to the very base of the Tower. But his search, whatever it was, tended earthwards, for he never looked up.

“Here !—come !—gleich !—quick !” and the agitated speaker hurriedly beckoned to her companion in misfortune —“we must make a cry both togeder, and so loud as we can,” and setting the example she raised her voice to its utmost pitch ; but the air was so rarified that the sound seemed feeble even to herself.

At any rate it did not reach the figure below—nor would a far louder alarm, for that figure was little Kranz, the deaf and dumb boy of Lahnstein, who was gathering bunches of the valley-lillies for sale to the company at the inn. Accordingly, after a desultory ramble round the ruins, he descended to the road, and slowly proceeded along the waterside towards the ferry, where he disappeared.

“Lieber Gott !” exclaimed the poor girl ; “it is too far to make one hear !”

So saying she sprang to her feet, and with her white hand-

kerchief kept waving signals of distress, till from sheer exhaustion her arms refused their office. But not one of those pleasure-parties so frequent on fine summer days in that favourite valley had visited the spot. There was a Kirch-Weih at Neundorf, down the Rhine, and the holiday-makers had all proceeded with their characteristic uniformity in that direction.

"Dere is nobody at all," said the German, dropping her arms and head in utter despondence, "not one to see us!"

"And if there were," added a hollow voice, "what human help could avail us at this dreadful height!"

The truth of this reflection was awfully apparent; but who when life is at stake can resign hope, or its last tearful contingency, though frail as a spider's thread encumbered with dewdrops?

The German, in spite of her misgivings, resumed her watch; till after a long, weary, dreary hour, a solitary figure issued from a hut a little lower down on the opposite side of the Lahn, and stepping into a boat propelled it to the middle of the stream. It was one of the poor fishermen who rented the water, and rowing directly to the rapid, he made a cast or two with his net, immediately within the reflection of the Castle. But he was too distant to hear the cry that appealed to him, and too much absorbed in the success or failure of his peculiar lottery to look aloft. Like the deaf and dumb boy, he passed on, but in the opposite direction, and gradually disappeared.

"It will never be seen!" ejaculated the German girl, again dropping her arm—a doubtful prophecy, however, for immediately afterwards the Rhenish steamboat crossed the mouth of the lesser river, and probably more than one telescope was pointed to the romantic ruin of Lahneck. But the distance was great, and even had it been less, the waving of

a white handkerchief would have been taken for a merry or a friendly salute.

In the meantime the steamboat passed out of sight behind the high ground ; but the long streamer of smoke was still visible, like a day-meteor, swiftly flying along, and in a direction that made the Englishwoman stretch out her arms after the fleeting vapour as if it had been a thing sensible to human supplication.

"It is gone also!" exclaimed her partner in misery. "And in a short while my liebe mutter will see it come to Coblenz!"

The Englishwoman groaned.

"It is *my* blame," continued the other, in an agony of self-reproach ; "it was my blame to come so wide—not one can tell where. Nobody shall seek at Lahneck—dey will think we are dropped into de Rhine. Yes—we must die both ! We must die of famishment—and de cornfields, and de vines is all round one !"

And thus hour passed after hour, still watching promises that budded and blossomed and withered—and still flowered again and again without fruition—till the shades of evening began to fall, and the prospect became in every sense darker and darker.

Barge after barge had floated down the river, but the steersman had been intent on keeping his craft in the middle of the current in the most difficult part of his navigation—the miller had passed along the road at the base of the mountain, but his thoughts were fixed on the home within his view—the female peasant drove her cows from the pasture—the truant children returned to the village, and the fisherman drifting down the stream, again landed, and after hanging his nets up to dry between the trees on the opposite meadows re-entered his hut. But none saw the signal, none

heard the cry, or if they did it was supposed to be the shrill squeak of the bat. There was even company at the inn, for the windows of Duquet's pavilion began to sparkle, but the enjoyments of the party had stopped short of the romantic and the picturesque—they were quaffing Rhein wein, and eating thick sour cream, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured with cinnamon.

"It is hard, mine friend," sobbed the German, "not one thinks but for themselves."

"It is unjust," might have retorted the wife and mother, "for *I* think of my husband and children, and *they* think of me."

Why else did her sobs so disturb the tranquil air, or wherefore did she paint her beloved Edward and her two fair-haired boys with their faces so distorted by grief? The present and the future—for time is nothing in such visions—were almost simultaneously before her, and the happy home of one moment was transfigured at the next instant into the house of mourning. The contrast was agonizing but unspeakable—one of those stupendous woes which stupify the soul, as when the body is not pierced with a single wound, but mortally crushed. She was not merely stricken but stunned.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the German girl, after a vain experiment on the passiveness of her companion, "why do you not speak someting—what shall we do?"

"Nothing," answered a shuddering whisper, "except—die!"

A long pause ensued, during which the German girl more than once approached and looked down the pitch black orifice which had opened to the fallen stairs. Perhaps it looked less gloomy than by daylight in the full blaze of the sun,—perhaps she had read and adopted a melancholy,

morbid tone of feeling too common to German works, when they treat of a voluntary death, or perhaps the Diabolical Prompter was himself at hand with the desperate suggestion, fatal alike to body and to soul,—but the wretched creature drew nearer and nearer to the dangerous verge.

Her purpose, however, was checked. Although the air was perfectly still, she heard a sudden rustle amongst the ivy on that side of the Tower, which, even while it made her start, had whispered a new hope in her ear. Was it possible that her signals had been observed—that her cries had been heard? And again the sound was audible, followed by a loud harsh cry, and a large Owl, like a bird of ill omen, as it is, fluttered slowly over the heads of the devoted pair, and again it shrieked and flapped round them, as if to involve them in a magical circle, and then with a third and shriller screech sailed away like an Evil Spirit, in the direction of the Black Forest.

Nor was that boding fowl without its sinister influence on human destiny. The disappointment it caused to the victim was mortal. It was the drop that overbrimmed her cup.

“No,” she muttered, “dere is no more hopes. For myself I will not starve up here—I know my best friend, and will cast my troubles on the bosom of my mother earth.”

Absorbed in her own grief the Englishwoman did not at first comprehend the import of these words; but all at once their meaning dawned on her with a dreadful significance. It was, however, too late. Her eye caught a glimpse of the skirt of a garment, her ear detected a momentary flutter—and she was alone on that terrible Tower!

* * * * *

And did she too perish? Alas! ask the peasants and the fishermen, who daily worked for their bread in that valley or

on its river ; ask the ferrymen, who hourly passed to and fro, and the bargeman, who made the stream his thoroughfare, and they will tell you, one and all, that they heard nothing and saw nothing, for labour looks downward and forward, and round about, but not upward. Nay, ask the angler himself, who withdrew his fly from the circling eddies of the rapids to look at the last beams of sunshine glowing on the lofty Ruin—and he answers that he never saw living creature on its summit, except once, when the Crow and the Raven were hovering about the building, and a screaming Eagle, although it had no nest there, was perched on the Tower of Lahneck.

NOTE.—This story—(which some hardy critic affirmed was “an old Legend of the Rhine, to be found in any Guide-book,”)—was suggested by the recital of two ladies,* who attempted to ascend to the top of the Tower of Lahneck, but were deterred by the shaking of the stone stairs. They both consider, to this day, that they narrowly escaped a fate akin to the catastrophe of poor Amy Robsart ; and have visible shudderings when they hear, or read, of old Rhenish castles and *oubliettes*.

* My mother and a Miss B., mentioned in the “Memorials.”

1842.

[*Continued.*]

[This volume commences with further contributions to the "New Monthly" for this year ; including in verse, "Spring"—"The Turtles"—"The Elm Tree"—"More Hullah-baloo," and "The Season"—and in prose, "Diabolical Suggestions"—"Boz in America"—"Shakespeare," and "Student Life in Germany."]

SPRING.

A NEW VERSION.



"*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air."—*Hamlet.*

"COME, *gentle* Spring ! *ethereal mildness* come !"

Oh ! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum ?
There's no such season.

The Spring ! I shrink and shudder at her name !
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter !
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing, &
And be her tuneeful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Pour'd down their shoulders !

Let others eulogise her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza,
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at !

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year !
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings !

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration ;
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh ! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's ?

I limp in agony,—I wheeze and cough ;
And quake with Ague, that Great Agitator ;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
 A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—
 Spring mild and gentle!—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack
 To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
 In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
 The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
 And that is blighted!

THE TURTLES.

A FABLE.



“The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle.”—BYRON.

ONE day, it was before a civic dinner,
 Two London Aldermen, no matter which,
 Cordwainer, Girdler, Patten-maker, Skinner—
 But both were florid, corpulent, and rich,
 And both right fond of festive demolition,
 Set forth upon a secret expedition.
 Yet not, as might be fancied from the token,
 To Pudding Lane, Pie Corner, or the Street
 Of Bread, or Grub, or anything to eat,
 Or drink, as Milk, or Vintry, or Portsoken,
 But eastward to that more aquatic quarter,
 Where folks take water,
 Or bound on voyages, secure a berth
 For Antwerp or Ostend, Dundee or Perth,
 Calais, Boulogne, or any Port on earth!

Jostled and jostling, through the mud,
Peculiar to the Town of Lud,
Down narrow streets and crooked lanes they dived,
Past many a gusty avenue, through which
Came yellow fog, and smell of pitch,
From barge, and boat, and dusky wharf derived ;
With darker fumes, brought eddying by the draught,
From loco-smoko-motive craft ;
Mingling with scents of butter, cheese, and gammons,
Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,
Hides, tallow, Russia-matting, hemp and flax,
Salt-cod, red herrings, sprats, and kipper'd salmon,
Nuts, oranges, and lemons,
Each pungent spice, and aromatic gum,
Gas, pepper, soaplees, brandy, gin, and rum ;
Alamode-beef and greens—the London soil—
Glue, coal, tobacco, turpentine, and oil,
Bark, assafoetida, squills, vitriol, hops,
In short, all whiffs, and sniffs, and puffs, and snuffs,
From metals, minerals, and dyewood stuffs,
Fruits, victual, drink, solidities, or slops—
In flasks, casks, bales, trucks, waggons, taverns, shops,
Boats, lighters, cellars, wharfs, and warehouse-tops,
That, as we walk upon the river's ridge,
Assault the nose—below the bridge.

A walk, however, as tradition tells,
That once a poor blind Tobit used to choose,
Because, incapable of other views,
He met with "such a sight of smells."

But on, and on, and on,
In spite of all unsavoury shocks,

Progress the stout Sir Peter and Sir John,
Steadily steering ship-like for the docks—
And now they reach a place the Muse, unwilling,
Recalls for female slang and vulgar doing,
 The famous Gate of Billing
 That does not lead to cooing—
And now they pass that House that is so ugly
A Customer to people looking “smuggley”—
And now along that fatal Hill they pass
Where centuries ago an Oxford bled,
And proved—too late to save his life, alas !—
 That *he* was “off his head.”

At last before a lofty brick-built pile
Sir Peter stopp'd, and with mysterious smile
Tingled a bell that served to bring
The wire-drawn genius of the ring,
A species of commercial Samuel Weller—
To whom Sir Peter—tipping him a wink,
 And something else to drink—
 “Show us the cellar.”

Obsequious bow'd the man, and led the way
Down sundry flights of stairs, where windows small,
Dappled with mud, let in a dingy ray—
A dirty tax, if they were tax'd at all.

At length they came into a cellar damp,
With venerable cobwebs fringed around,
 A cellar of that stamp
Which often harbours vintages renown'd,
The feudal Hock, or Burgundy the courtly,

With sherry, brown or golden,
Or port, so olden,
Bereft of body 'tis no longer portly—
But old or otherwise—to be veracious—
That cobwebb'd cellar, damp, and dim, and spacious,
Held nothing crusty—but crustaceous.

Prone, on the chilly floor,
Five splendid Turtles—such a five !
Natives of some West Indian shore,
Were flapping all alive,
Late landed from the Jolly Planter's yawl—
A sight whereon the dignitaries fix'd
Their eager eyes, with ecstasy unmix'd,
Like fathers that behold their infants crawl,
Enjoying every little kick and sprawl.
Nay—far from fatherly the thoughts they bred.
Poor loggerheads from far Ascension ferried !
The Aldermen too plainly wish'd them dead
And Aldermanbury'd !

“There !” cried Sir Peter, with an air
Triumphant as an ancient victor's,
And pointing to the creatures rich and rare,
“There's picters !”

“Talk of Olympic Games! They're not worth mention;
The real prize for wrestling is when Jack,
In Providence or Ascension,
Can throw a lively turtle on its back !”

“Aye !” cried Sir John, and with a score of nods,
Thoughtful of classical symposium,

“ There’s food for Gods !
There’s nectar ! there’s ambrosium !
There’s food for Roman Emperors to eat—
 Oh, there had been a treat
(Those ancient names will sometimes hobble us)
 For Helio-gobble-us !”

“ There were a feast for Alexander’s Feast !
The real sort—none of your mock or spurious !”
And then he mention’d Aldermen deceased,
 And “ Epicurius,”
And how Tertullian had enjoy’d such foison ;
And speculated on that *verdigrease*
 That isn’t poison.

“ Talk of your Spring, and verdure, and all that
 Give *me* green fat !
As for your Poets with their groves of myrtles
 And billing turtles,
Give me, for poetry, them Turtles there,
 A-billing in a bill of fare !”

“ Of all the things I ever swallow—
Good, well-dressed turtle beats them hollow—
 It almost makes me wish, I vow,
 To have *two* stomachs, like a cow !”
And lo ! as with the cud, an inward thrill
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb’d his frill,
His mouth was oozing and he work’d his jaw—
“ I almost think that I could eat one raw !”

And thus, as “ inward love breeds outward talk,”
The portly pair continued to discourse ;

And then—as Gray describes of life's divorce,—
With “longing lingering look” prepared to walk,—
Having thro’ one delighted sense, at least,
Enjoy’d a sort of Barmecidal feast,
And with prophetic gestures, strange to see,
Forestall’d the civic Banquet yet to be,
Its callipash and callipee !

A pleasant prospect—but alack !
Scarcely each Alderman had turn’d his back,
When seizing on the moment so propitious,
And having learn’d that they were so delicious
To bite and sup,
From praises so high flown and injudicious,—
And nothing could be more pernicious !
The turtles fell to work, and ate each other up !

MORAL.

Never, from folly or urbanity,
Praise people thus profusely to their faces,
Till quite in love with their own graces,
They’re eaten up by vanity !

THE ELM TREE.*

A DREAM IN THE WOODS.



“And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees.”—*As You Like It*.

'TWAS in a shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound—
And from a Tree
There came to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seem'd to sigh,
Amid the boughs to moan ;
It mutter'd in the stem, and then
The roots took up the tone ;
As if beneath the dewy grass
The dead began to groan.

No breeze there was to stir the leaves ;
No bolts that tempests launch,
To rend the trunk or rugged bark ;
No gale to bend the branch ;
No quake of earth to heave the roots,
That stood so stiff and staunch.

No bird was preening up aloft,
To rustle with its wing ;
No squirrel, in its sport or fear,

* * * This was suggested by a visit to Ham House, on the banks of the Thames.
VOL. VIII.

From bough to bough to spring ;
The solid bole
Had ne'er a hole
To hidé a living thing !

No scooping hollow cell to lodge
A furtive beast or fowl,
The martin, bat,
Or forest cat
That nightly loves to prowl,
Nor ivy nook so apt to shroud
The moping, snoring owl.

But still the sound was in my ear,
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes uunderground—
'Twas in a shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

O hath the Dryad still a tongue
In this ungenial clime ?
Have Sylvan Spirits still a voice
As in the classic prime—
To make the forest voluble,
As in the olden time ?

The olden time is dead and gone ;
Its years have fill'd their sum—
And e'en in Greece—her native Greece—
The Sylvan Nymph is dumb—
From ash, and beech, and aged oak,
No classic whispers come.

From Poplar, Pine, and drooping Birch,
And fragrant Linden Trees ;
No living sound
E'er hovers round,
Unless the vagrant breeze,
The music of the merry bird,
Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees forsake the Elm
That bears no bloom aloft—
The Finch was in the hawthorn-bush,
The Blackbird in the croft ;
And among the firs the brooding Dove,
That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound,
And sad it was to boot,
From ev'ry overhanging bough,
And each minuter shoot ;
From rugged trunk and mossy rind,
And from the twisted root.

From these,—a melancholy moan ;
From those,—a dreary sigh ;
As if the boughs were wintry bare,
And wild winds sweeping by—
Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud
Was stedfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air
Could either sense observe—
The zephyr had not breath enough

The thistle-down to swerve,
Or force the filmy gossamers
To take another curve.

In still and silent slumber hush'd
All Nature seem'd to be :
From heaven above, or earth beneath,
No whisper came to me—
Except the solemn sound and sad
From that MYSTERIOUS TREE !

A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,
As is that dreamy roar
When distant billows boil and bound
Along a shingly shore—
But the ocean brim was far aloof,
A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,
No tumult of the beach,
However they may foam and fret,
The bounded sense could reach—
Methought the trees in mystic tongue
Were talking each to each !—

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales
Of greenwood love or guilt,
Of whisper'd vows
Beneath their boughs ;
Or blood obscurely spilt ;
Or of that near-hand Mansion House
A Royal Tudor built.

Perchance, of booty won or shared
 Beneath the starry cope—
Or where the suicidal wretch
 Hung up the fatal rope ;
Or Beauty kept an evil tryste,
 Insnares by Love and Hope.

Of graves, perchance, untimely scoop'd
 At midnight dark and dank—
And what is underneath the sod
 Whereon the grass is rank—
 Of old intrigues,
 And privy leagues,
Tradition leaves in blank.

Of traitor lips that mutter'd plots—
 Of Kin who fought and fell—
God knows the undiscover'd schemes,
 The arts and acts of Hell,
Perform'd long generations since,
 If trees had tongues to tell !

With wary eyes, and ears alert,
 As one who walks afraid,
I wander'd down the dappled path
 Of mingled light and shade—
How sweetly gleam'd that arch of blue
 Beyond the green arcade !

How cheerly shone the glimpse of Heav'n
 Beyond that verdant aisle !
All overarch'd with lofty elms,
 That quench'd the light, the while,

As dim and chill
As serves to fill
Some old Cathedral pile !

And many a gnarlèd trunk was there,
That ages long had stood,
Till Time had wrought them into shapes
Like Pan's fantastic brood ;
Or still more foul and hideous forms
That Pagans carve in wood !

A crouching Satyr lurking here—
And there a Goblin grim—
As staring full of demon life
As Gothic sculptor's whim—
A marvel it had scarcely been
To hear a voice from him !

Some whisper from that horrid mouth
Of strange, unearthly tone ;
Or wild infernal laugh, to chill
One's marrow in the bone.
But no—it grins like rigid Death,
And silent as a stone !

As silent as its fellows be,
For all is mute with them—
The branch that climbs the leafy roof—
The rough and mossy stem—
The crooked root,
And tender shoot,
Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic Tree alone there is,
Of sad and solemn sound—
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground—
In all that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound.

PART II.

THE Scene is changed ! No green Arcade,
No Trees all ranged a-row—
But scatter'd like a beaten host,
Dispersing to and fro ;
With here and there a sylvan corse,
That fell before the foe.

The Foe that down in yonder dell
Pursues his daily toil ;
As witness many a prostrate trunk,
Bereft of leafy spoil,
Hard by its wooden stump, whereon
The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works—his ringing blows
Have banish'd bird and beast ;
The Hind and Fawn have canter'd off
A hundred yards at least ;
And on the maple's lofty top,
The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labour overlooks,
Or when he takes his rest ;
Except the timid thrush that peeps
Above her secret nest,
Forbid by love to leave the young
Beneath her speckled breast.

The Woodman's heart is in his work,
His axe is sharp and good :
With sturdy arm and steady aim
He smites the gaping wood ;
From distant rocks
His lusty knocks
Re-echo many a rood.

His axe is keen, his arm is strong ;
The muscles serve him well ;
His years have reach'd an extra span,
The number none can tell ;
But still his lifelong task has been
The Timber Tree to fell.

Through Summer's parching sultriness,
And Winter's freezing cold,
From sapling youth
To virile growth,
And Age's rigid mould,
His energetic axe hath rung
Within that Forest old.

Aloft, upon his poising steel
The vivid sunbeams glance—
About his head and round his feet

The forest shadows dance ;
And bounding from his russet coat
The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,
With wrinkles furrow'd deep,
And tann'd by scorching suns as brown
As corn, that's ripe to reap ;
But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chin,
Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame ;
His legs are long and stark ;
His arms like limbs of knotted yew ;
His hands like rugged bark ;
So he felleth still
With right good will,
As if to build an Ark !

Oh ! well within *His* fatal path
The fearful Tree might quake
Through every fibre, twig, and leaf,
With aspen tremor shake ;
Through trunk and root,
And branch and shoot,
A low complaining make !

Oh ! well to *Him* the Tree might breathe
A sad and solemn sound,
A sigh that murmur'd overhead,
And groans from underground ;
As in that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound !

But calm and mute the Maple stands,
The Plane, the Ash, the Fir,
The Elm, the Beech, the drooping Birch,
Without the least demur ;
And e'en the Aspen's hoary leaf
Makes no unusual stir.

The Pines—those old gigantic Pines,
That writhe—recalling soon
The famous Human Group that writhes
With Snakes in wild festoon—
In ramous wrestlings interlaced
A Forest Læocoon—

Like Titans of primeval girth
By tortures overcome,
Their brown enormous limbs they twine
Bedew'd with tears of gum—
Fierce agonies that ought to yell,
But, like the marble, dumb.

Nay, yonder blasted Elm that stands
So like a man of sin,
Who, frantic, flings his arms abroad
To feel the Worm within—
For all that gesture, so intense,
It makes no sort of din !

An universal silence reigns
In rugged bark or peel,
Except that very trunk which rings
Beneath the biting steel—
Meanwhile the Woodman plies his axe
With unrelenting zeal !

No rustic song is on his tongue,
No whistle on his lips ;
But with a quiet thoughtfulness
His trusty tool he grips,
And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out
The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint
He spreads the fatal gash ;
Till, lo ! the remnant fibres rend,
With harsh and sudden crash,
And on the dull resounding turf
The jarring branches lash !

Oh ! now the Forest Trees may sigh,
The Ash, the Poplar tall,
The Elm, the Beech, the drooping Birch,
The Aspens—one and all,
With solemn groan
And hollow moan
Lament a comrade's fall !

A goodly Elm, of noble girth,
That, thrice the human span—
While on their variegated course
The constant Seasons ran—
Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt,
Had stood erect as Man.

But now, like mortal Man himself,
Struck down by hand of God,
Or heathen Idol tumbled prone

Beneath th' Eternal's nod,
In all its giant bulk and length
It lies along the sod!—

Ay, now the Forest Trees may grieve
And make a common moan
Around that patriarchal trunk
So newly overthrown ;
And with a murmur recognise
A doom to be their own !

The Echo sleeps : the idle axe,
A disregarded tool,
Lies crushing with its passive weight
The toad's reputed stool—
The Woodman wipes his dewy brow
Within the shadows cool.

No Zephyr stirs : the ear may catch
The smallest insect-hum ;
But on the disappointed sense
No mystic whispers come ;
No tone of sylvan sympathy,
The Forest Trees are dumb.

No leafy noise, nor inward voice,
No sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground ;
As in that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound !

PART III.

THE deed is done : the Tree is low
That stood so long and firm ;
The Woodman and his axe are gone,
His toil has found its term ;
And where he wrought the speckled Thrush
Securely hunts the worm.

The Cony from the sandy bank
Has run a rapid race,
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,
To seek the open space ;
And on its haunches sits erect
To clean its furry face.

The dappled Fawn is close at hand,
The Hind is browsing near,—
And on the Larch's lowest bough
The Ousel whistles clear ;
But checks the note
Within its throat,
As choked with sudden fear !

With sudden fear her wormy quest
The Thrush abruptly quits—
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern
The startled Cony flits ;
And on the Larch's lowest bough
No more the Ousel sits.

With sudden fear
The dappled Deer
Effect a swift escape ;
But well might bolder creatures start,
And fly, or stand agape,
With rising hair, and curdled blood,
To see so grim a Shape !

The very sky turns pale above ;
The earth grows dark beneath ;
The human Terror thrills with cold
And draws a shorter breath—
An universal panic owns
The dread approach of DEATH !

With silent pace, as shadows come,
And dark as shadows be,
The grisly Phantom takes his stand
Beside the fallen Tree,
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,
And laughs with horrid glee—

A dreary laugh and desolate,
Where mirth is void and null,
As hollow as its echo sounds
Within the hollow skull—
“Whoever laid this tree along,
His hatchet was not dull !

“The human arm and human tool
Have done their duty well !
But after sound of ringing axe

Must sound the ringing knell ;
When Elm or Oak
Have felt the stroke,
My turn it is to fell !

“ No passive unregarded tree,
A senseless thing of wood,
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends
To swell the vernal bud—
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks
That throb with living blood !

“ No forest Monarch yearly clad
In mantle green or brown ;
That unrecorded lives, and falls
By hand of rustic clown—
But Kings who don the purple robe,
And wear the jewell'd crown.

“ Ah ! little recks the Royal mind,
Within his Banquet Hall,
While tapers shine and Music breathes
And Beauty leads the Ball,—
He little recks the oaken plank
Shall be his palace wall !

“ Ah, little dreams the haughty Peer,
The while his Falcon flies—
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf
The antler'd quarry dies—
That in his own ancestral Park
The narrow dwelling lies !

“ But haughty Peer and mighty King
One doom shall overwhelm !
The oaken cell
Shall lodge him well
Whose sceptre ruled a realm—
While he, who never knew a home,
Shall find it in the Elm !

“ The tatter’d, lean, dejected wretch,
Who begs from door to door,
And dies within the cressy ditch,
Or on the barren moor,
The friendly Elm shall lodge and clothe
That houseless man and poor !

“ Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,
That lies so long and prone,
With many a fallen acorn-cup,
And mast, and firry cone—
This rugged trunk shall hold its share
Of mortal flesh and bone !

“ A Miser hoarding heaps of gold,
But pale with ague-fears—
A Wife lamenting love’s decay,
With secret cruel tears,
Distilling bitter, bitter drops
From sweets of former years—

“ A Man within whose gloomy mind
Offence had deeply sunk,
Who out of fierce Revenge’s cup

Hath madly, darkly drunk—
Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep
Within this very trunk !

“ This massy trunk that lies along,
And many more must fall—
For the very knave
Who digs the grave,
The man who spreads the pall,
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The Elm shall have them all !

“ The tall abounding Elm that grows
In hedgerows up and down ;
In field and forest, copse and park,
And in the peopled town,
With colonies of noisy rooks
That nestle on its crown.

“ And well th’ abounding Elm may grow
In field and hedge so rife,
In forest, copse, and wooded park,
And ’mid the city’s strife,
For, every hour that passes by
Shall end a human life ! ”

The Phantom ends : the shade is gone ;
The sky is clear and bright ;
On turf, and moss, and fallen Tree,
There glows a ruddy light ;
And bounding through the golden fern
The Rabbit comes to bite.

THE ELM TREE.

The Thrush's mate beside her sits
And pipes a merry lay ;
The Dove is in the evergreens ;
And on the Larch's spray
The Fly-bird flutters up and down,
To catch its tiny prey.

The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn
Are coming up the glade ;
Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing
Is glad, and not afraid—
But on my sadden'd spirit still
The Shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,
As though by certain mark
I knew the fore-appointed Tree,
Within whose rugged bark
This warm and living frame shall find
Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic Tree which breathed to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground ;
Within that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

MORE HULLAH-BALOO.



“ Loud as from numbers without number.”—MILTON.

“ You may do it extempore, for it’s nothing but roaring.”
QUINCE.

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,
Which ev’ry other century surpasses,
Is one,—just now the rage,—
Call’d “Singing for all Classes”—
That is, for all the British millions,
And billions,
And quadrillions,
Not to name *Quintilians*,
That now, alas ! have no more ear than asses,
To learn to warble like the birds in June,
In time and tune,
Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses

In fact, a sort of plan,
Including gentleman as well as yokei,
Public or private man,
To call out a Militia,—only Vocal
Instead of Local,
And not designed for military follies,
But keeping still within the civil border
To form with mouths in open order,
And sing in volleys.

Whether this grand harmonic scheme
Will ever get beyond a dream,

And tend to British happiness and glory,
 Maybe no, and maybe yes,
 Is more than I pretend to guess—
 However, here's my story.

In one of those small, quiet streets,
 Where Business retreats,
 To shun the daily bustle and the noise
 The shoppy Strand enjoys,
 But Law, Joint-Companies, and Life Assurance
 Find past endurance—
 In one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,
 The other day, a ragged wight
 Began to sing with all his might,
"I have a silent sorrow here !"

The place was lonely ; not a creature stirr'd
 Except some little dingy bird ;
 Or vagrant cur that sniff'd along,
 Indifferent to the Son of Song ;
 No truant errand-boy, or Doctor's lad,
 No idle filch or lounging cad,
 No Pots encumber'd with diurnal beer,
 No printer's devil with an author's proof,
 Or housemaid on an errand far aloof,
 Linger'd the tatter'd Melodist to hear—
 Who yet, confound him ! bawl'd as loud
 As if he had to charm a London crowd,
 Singing beside the public way,
 Accompanied—instead of violin,
 Flute, or piano, chiming in—
 By rumbling cab, and omnibus, and dray,

A van with iron bars to play *staccato*,
 Or engine *obligato*—
 In short, without one instrument vehicular
 (Not ev'n a truck, to be particular),
 There stood the rogue and roar'd,
 Unasked and unencored,
 Enough to split the organs call'd auricular !

Heard in that quiet place,
 Devoted to a still and studious race,
 The noise was quite appalling !
 To seek a fitting simile and spin it,
 Appropriate to his calling,
 His voice had all Lablache's *body* in it ;
 But oh ! the scientific tone it lack'd,
 And was, in fact,
 Only a forty-boatswain-power of bawling !

'Twas said, indeed, for want of vocal *nous*,
 The stage had banish'd him when he attempted it,
 For tho' his voice completely fill'd the house,
 It also emptied it.
 However, there he stood
 Vociferous—a ragged don !
 And with his iron pipes laid on
 A row to all the neighbourhood.

In vain were sashes closed
 And doors against the persevering Stentor,
 Though brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed,
 Th' intruding voice would enter,
 Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,
 Den, office, parlour, study, and sanctorum ;

Where clients and attorneys, rogues, and fools,
 Ladies, and masters who attended schools,
 Clerks, agents, all provided with their tools,
 Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,
 With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em—
 How it did bore 'em !

 Louder, and louder still,
 The fellow sang with horrible goodwill,
 Curses both loud and deep his sole gratuities,
 From scribes bewilder'd making many a flaw
 In deeds of law
 They had to draw ;
 With dreadful incongruities
 In posting ledgers, making up accounts
 To large amounts,
 Or casting up annuities—
 Stunn'd by that voice, so loud and hoarse,
 Against whose overwhelming force
 No in-voice stood a chance, of course !

The Actuary pshaw'd and pish'd,
 And knit his calculating brows, and wish'd
 The singer "a bad life"—a mental murther !
 The Clerk, resentful of a blot and blunder,
 Wish'd the musician further.
 Poles distant—and no wonder !
 For Law and Harmony tend far asunder—
 The lady could not keep her temper calm,
 Because the sinner did not sing a psalm—
 The Fiddler in the very same position
 As Hogarth's chafed musician
 (Such prints require but cursory reminders)

Came and made faces at the wretch beneath,
 And wishing for his foe between his teeth,
 (Like all impatient elves
 That spite themselves)
 Ground his own grinders.

But still with unrelenting note,
 Though not a copper came of it, in verity,
 The horrid fellow with the ragged coat,
 And iron throat,
 Heedless of present honour and prosperity,
 Sang like a Poet singing for posterity,
 In penniless reliance—
 And, sure, the most immortal Man of Rhyme
 Never set Time
 More thoroughly at defiance :

From room to room, from floor to floor,
 From Number One to Twenty-four
 The Nuisance bellow'd, till all patience lost,
 Down came Miss Frost,
 Expostulating at her open door—
 “Peace, monster, peace !
 Where is the New Police !
 I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,
 Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't !
 You really send my serious thoughts astray,
 Do—there's a dear good man—do go away.”
 Says he, “I won't !”

The spinster pull'd her door to with a slam,
 That sounded like a wooden d—n,

For so some moral people, strictly loth
 To swear in words, however up,
 Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
 Or through a doorpost vent a banging oath—
 In fact, this sort of physical transgression
 Is really no more difficult to trace
 Than in a given face
A very bad expression.

However, in she went,
 Leaving the subject of her discontent
 To Mr. Jones's Clerk at Number Ten ;
 Who, throwing up the sash,
 With accents rash,
 Thus hail'd the most vociferous of men :
 "Come, come, I say old feller, stop your chant !
 I cannot write a sentence—no one can't !
 So just pack up your trumps,
 And stir your stumps—"
 Says he, "I shan't !"

Down went the sash
 As if devoted to "eternal smash"
 (Another illustration
 Of acted imprecation),
 While close at hand, uncomfortably near,
 The independent voice, so loud and strong,
 And clanging like a gong,
 Roar'd out again the everlasting song,
 "I have a silent sorrow here !"

The thing was hard to stand !
 The Music-master could not stand it—

But rushing forth with fiddle-stick in hand,
 As savage as a bandit,
 Made up directly to the tatter'd man,
 And thus in broken sentences began—
 But playing first a prelude of grimaces,
 Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,
 So that to guess his subject from his faces,
 He meant to give a lecture upon apes—

“ Com—com—I say !
 You go away !
 Into two parts my head you split—
 My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,
 When I do play—
 You have no bis'ness in a place so still !
 Can you not come another day ? ”
 Says he— “ I will.”

“ No—no—you scream and bawl !
 You must not come at all !
 You have no rights, by rights, to beg—
 You have not one off leg—
 You ought to work—you have not some complaint—
 You are not cripple in your back or bones—
 Your voice is strong enough to break some stones ”—
 Says he—“ It aint ! ”

“ I say you ought to labour !
 You are in a young case,
 You have not sixty years upon your face,
 To come and beg your neighbour,
 And discompose his music with a noise
 More worse than twenty boys—

Look what a street it is for quiet !
 No cart to make a riot,
 No coach, no horses, no postilion,
 If you will sing, I say, it is not just
 To sing so loud."—Says he, "I MUST !
 I'm SINGING FOR THE MILLION !"

THE SEASON.

SUMMER's gone and over !
 Fogs are falling down ;
 And with russet tinges
 Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
 By the gusty thieves,
 And the Book of Nature
 Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
 Swallows, as they flit,
 Give, like yearly tenants,
 Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
 Weep by turns, and laugh—
 Night and Day together
 Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
Cold, and most perverse—
But the month that follows,
Sure will pinch us worse !

DIABOLICAL SUGGESTIONS.

“I cannot but advise all considering men whose lives are attended with such extraordinary incidents as mine, or even though not so extraordinary, not to slight such secret intimations of Providence, let them come from what invisible intelligence they will. That, I shall not discuss : but certainly they are a proof of the converse of spirits, and a secret communication between those embodied and those unembodied, and such a proof as can never be withstood.

“That such hints and notices are given us, I believe few that have made any observations of things can deny : that they are certain discoveries of an invisible world, and a converse of spirits, we cannot doubt ; and if the tendency of them be to warn us of danger, why should we not suppose they are from some friendly agent (whether supreme, or inferior, and subordinate, is not the question), and that they are given for our good ?”—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

“And the Devil is still ready at hand with his evil suggestions, to tempt our depraved will to some ill-disposed action.

“He begins first with the phantasie, and moves that so strongly, that no reason is able to resist.”—BURTON.

It has been a favourite notion with enthusiasts and visionaries of various denominations, and in all ages, that we have an intimate intercourse with the invisible world : that we are guided in wholesome or prejudicial courses, and urged to virtuous or sinful actions, by the promptings of good and evil spirits. Defoe, from whom I have taken my mottoes, evidently inclined to this belief : his earnest repetition of the argument shows that he personally entertained the sentiments on the subject which he has attributed to his hero.

It is true that the quotations have reference only to benevolent ministrings ; but the author does not therefore repudiate an infernal agency. On the contrary, Crusoe readily ascribes to the Devil the mysterious foot-print on the sand, howbeit the impression is of a man's naked sole, instead of the old traditional hoof. In fact, to judge from the writings and preachings of certain sectarians, the satanical interference in human affairs is much more direct and constant than the providential : the Devil in *propria persona* (for his likeness is as well known as if it had been calotyped by Collen—or daguerreotyped by Beard), having an audible voice and a visible finger in the most humble of their domestic concerns. Moreover, this theory of an infernal intercourse is especially maintained by the weak and the wicked, to whom it affords a convenient plea in mitigation, if not an absolute transfer of their guilt, just as a little boy lays his fault on a bigger and older instigator. Thus when such a sinner breaks some divine commandment, or violates some human law—if he marries one woman too few, or two women too many—if he mistakes his neighbour's horse for his own ass—or swears to the wrong fact in an affidavit—or sticks his knife in a forbidden sheath—or absently sets fire to his house instead of light to his fire—whatever error the misguided creature may commit, the blame attaches not to him, but to a certain personage, who has appropriately been represented like a sort of black Scape Goat, with horns and a tail. In a word—the poor sinner has been the victim of “a Diabolical Suggestion.”

This popular belief received some thirty years ago a striking confirmation in the dreadful murder of an elderly couple, who were killed in bed by their footman. There was no robbery committed, and the motive of the assassin was enveloped in the deepest mystery. The ordinary temptations

to such crimes were all absent—there was no injury to revenge, no hatred to gratify, no cupidity to indulge, no delinquency to conceal. According to his own account, and in which the criminal persisted at the gibbet, the deed originated in a sudden and unaccountable inspiration. He had been asleep, and on waking the thought came into his head—he could not tell how—to go and kill his master and mistress. In vain he strove to banish the diabolical suggestion—the horrible idea still haunted him with increasing importunity, till the struggle becoming intolerable and the impulse irresistible—the murder was consummated !

And was there really in this case any positive Satanical prompting—an actual whisper from the Prince of Darkness ? It is impossible for mortal man to reply in the negative : but one may at least show that no such cause was necessary to the effect—that a direct infernal instigation was not indispensable to the bloody consequence. It is quite possible that the first fearful hint was the offspring of a dream—either a sleeping or waking one—for the opening of the outward organ does not simultaneously close that other eye, which gazes inwardly at another theatre, with its own stage, its own scenery, its own actors, and its own dramas. From the fragments of some visionary tragedy, just abruptly terminated, it was quite possible for the imagination to compound a new plot, incoherently mixed up with the dawning actualities of the house and its inmates. And hence the catastrophe. The mere entrance and entertainment of an unlawful speculation in an ignorant, vicious, and ill-governed mind seems to involve the final working out of the scheme. The more atrocious the proposal, the more vividly it presents itself,—the more horrible its features, the more frequently they recur ; as a bad dream is oftener remembered than a good one. The man becomes in reality the slave of his own

depraved imagination—its persecutions wear out what remains of his better nature, and submitting at last to its goadings, he performs the abominable task. Thus the Killing in Thought begets the Killing in Act ; for which reason, perhaps, the first Murderer was branded, not in the hand, but on the forehead.

“The wise only,” says Coleridge, “possess ideas : the greater part of mankind are possessed by them”—*i.e.*, as a person is said to be *possessed* by an evil spirit or demon : a saying so true that we have only to look round us to discover hundreds of men and women, gentle and simple, in this state of mental thralldom ; and in consequence, daily committing acts so mischievous to themselves or to others, as to seem the plausible results of Diabolical Suggestions. In this category one may perhaps include such malefactors as Oxford and Francis, for whose traitorous attempts there has hitherto appeared no adequate motive. It is not necessary, however, to suppose any treasonable conspiracy—a political purpose, a popular disloyalty, or a private enmity. The original sin needs not be of so deep a dye. The empty vapourings of a conceited, shallow-witted potboy, the melodramatic plottings of the son of a stage carpenter, would suffice, on the principle laid down, to induce the criminal result. The frequent repetitions of notorious offences—and in the case of Francis, the servility of the copy—the use of the same kind of weapon and the choice of the identical spot—are favourable to this hypothesis. An atrocious idea, wantonly entertained in the first instance, is pampered and indulged, till like a spoilt child it tyrannises over its parent ; and vociferously overwhelming the still small voice of conscience and reason—perhaps stiller and smaller than usual, in the individual—compels him to submit to the growing imperiousness of its dictates. The mind—the sober,

honest, and industrious servant of the wise and good—is the lord and master of the weak and wicked. And this is especially true of the Inagination—lovely and beneficent as the delicate Ariel under the command of a gifted Prospero—but headstrong, brutish, and devilish as Caliban turned out—according to a later history—when the wand that held him in subjection was broken !

A delinquency from this cause—though immeasurably distant in turpitude from the offences just mentioned—was committed, no matter when, nor where, nor by whom ; but he was a medical student in our metropolis. Amongst his other destructive or dangerous instruments he possessed a rifle ; and along with it a diploma which entitled him to practice on certain days, with other members of a shooting society at a club-target. At these meetings, the student was a constant attendant and competitor—never dreaming, however, of hitting anything but bull’s-eyes—till one unlucky day it suddenly came into his head—he could not tell by what orifice—to wonder if he could kill a deer. From that hour the notion haunted him like a ghost—in his bed, at his meals, at his prayers even, or during a walk—which, in fancy, was only a Deer-stalking.

It occurred to him, whilst he listened to his patients—he knew that he could bring down a sick man, but could he kill a fat buck ? He could operate fatally, as he was aware, on the human body—but could he do the same by a stag ? The tormenting problem interfered with his professional studies—and at the Hospital, while the lecturer was explaining the functions of auricle and ventricle, the disciple was taking aim along an imaginary gun-barrel at an ideal Hart.

At length—the *cacœthes*, as he called it, became so unbearable, that obeying what Lord E—— and his keeper would certainly have considered a Diabolical Suggestion, the

rifleman posted down to C—— Park, and unceremoniously put a ball at 120 paces into the cranium of a monarch of the forest. The creature, as usual in such cases, sprang wildly aloft, and then fell dead, and the mental craving expired along with it. From that moment, the student declared he would not have given a light farthing to kill another deer, even though he had held his rifle in his hand, and the Earl's permission in his pocket.

It appears, then, that an unpruned imagination, backed by an inveterate memory, may produce evil consequences in the physical world, without any supernatural instigations. But by way of illustration let me adduce two more instances, the first being of a ludicrous character—the second more serious in its tone and tragical in its termination.

Amongst my intimates of ten years ago, there was one named Horace ——, a young man of a speculative turn of mind, and as often happens with such a character, of rather eccentric habits. When I first knew him he was professedly studying for the Bar : but his reading had little to do with the dusty tomes of the law. What he did read might be gathered from his conversation, from which it appeared that his favourite authors were those who put forward the greatest number of ingenious paradoxes, or the most fantastical theories. There was, in fact, a Shandean twist in his mind that inclined him to all kinds of whimsical speculations, and that favourite pastime with such philosophers, the flying of metaphysical kites.

He lived—a bachelor—in a small house in * * * street, with a limited establishment of domestics, amongst whom he possessed, I verily believe, the plainest maid-servant in all England. Ugliness was out of the question ; that has its expression and its interest, which may become even painful or fearful ; whereas, the longer you looked at Sally's coun-

tenance, the more ordinary it appeared. Lavater himself would have been puzzled to find in it any physiognomical character. It was as plain as a hard dumpling, and as insipid as gruel without sugar or salt. There was not a single line or marking in the whole visage to redeem it from the vacancy of a blank commonplace-book, it was universally flat and barren of meaning, as plain as Salisbury Plain—without a Stonehenge. Her figure was made to match. Her body would have done for a quadruped as well as for a biped, for it had no waist in the middle, and was furnished with limbs so unshapely, that her arms would have served for legs, and her legs for arms. Her feet were peculiar, and the pattern they would have stamped on a soft sand would have deserved a patent for originality. As to the other extremities, I am not naturalist enough to know whether there be amongst animals any physical gradation of hands into paws; but if there be, her hands were of that intermediate order, with five fingers apiece which seemed to have degenerated, or rather to have been aggravated into thumbs, and moreover each member was enveloped in a skin red as beet, and of a texture to have rasped away the stoniest towelling. In short, she seemed to have been created expressly for a maid of all-work to some utilitarian—not for show, but use—not very sightly, but very serviceable—like the ancient turnspits.

To her master she was invaluable: being not only sober, honest, and industrious, but frugal, steady, and above all, accustomed to his odd ways and whims, which she had learned to suit during a five years' service.

Judge, then, of my astonishment, when on dining, *tête-à-tête*, with my friend Horace, the "old familiar face," whose plainness had invariably been attendant on the plain dinner, was deficient! Such a domestic phenomenon it was

impossible to observe without comment ; and when the cloth had been removed I ascertained that Sally had been parted with : but for some mysterious reason which her master did not seem inclined to communicate.

“ Had she robbed him ? ”

“ No.”

“ Or been saucy ? ”

“ No.”

“ Or taken to drinking ? ”

“ No.”

“ Become idle or dirty ? ”

“ No.”

There was another contingency, though it seemed idle to mention it. “ Was she married ? ”

“ Married ! my dear fellow, did you ever look at her face ? Why it was as plain as the plain Staffordshire ware—the dirty yellow sort without a sprig of pattern ! ”

And his eyes became fixed, as if he really saw that homely face before him, while he went on talking, or rather thinking aloud.

“ Marry *her* ? No, no—Nature has forbidden the banns. No man, with eyes in his head would have dreamt of it—so thoroughly homely ! And then that coarse, clumsy, red, rough, huckaback hand ! ”

“ Yes—it was coarse, red, and clumsy enough. I have often noticed it as she waited at table.”

“ You have ? ” said he, rather eagerly. “ And did you ever think of kissing it ? ”

“ No—most certainly.”

“ *I have,*” said he ; “ and what is more, have been within an ace of doing it. Though it must have been —— ”

And he again relapsed into his abstraction, and looked as if he saw that “ red right hand ” before him.

“—Though it must have been like kissing a grater.”

I looked steadily at the speaker; but he was perfectly serious; indeed he was little given to jokes practical or verbal.

He was quite in earnest, therefore, about the salute, though what it had to do with poor Sally's dismissal was beyond conjecture. However, by dint of pressing, I extracted the truth. He had discharged her for no fault on her side—it was all owing to a propensity of his own—which he bitterly anathematised, “His confounded habit of speculating and theorising, even on matters of moonshine.”

“Poor Sally!” said he, “you know how homely she was. I need not describe her face—you must have looked and wondered at it often and often—for there could not be such another in Nature. For my own part, she attracted me as much, or more than any of your professed beauties. And why not? she was as much a paragon in her own way as Marie Antoinette, or the Duchess of Devonshire. Well, from looking at her, I must needs begin speculating, like a dreaming fool as I am, if she could ever have found an admirer—whether, with all the diversity of human tastes, her form and features could ever have met with liking. Could a face of such vapid homeliness inspire a partiality? Was it possible, that it could find favour in the eyes even of the most coarse, vulgar, and unrefined of her own species—a Yorkshire ostler or a Paddington bargeman? Was it within probability that she had ever heard the slightest expression of admiration—the remotest approach to a personal compliment—even from the potboy? Never—never! And then her figure—that strange clumsy shape,—‘if shape it could be called that shape had none’—equally devoid of lines of beauty and lines of deformity, a mere bundle of human flesh, could it ever have attracted a ticket-porter or a warehouseman, accustomed

to unsymmetrical bags, bales, baggage, and packages of goods in bulk—could her model and proportions have interested even a lighterman, or ballast-heaver, used to the contemplation of the rudest craft, the most ungainly hulks, expressly built for the coarsest drudgery? Never! And as to an offer, as it is called, the mere idea of suing for that red, stumpy, rough hand—but confound her hand! I'll tell you what, my dear fellow, I am convinced that some of our thoughts are neither more nor less than Diabolical Suggestions!"

"It is a rather general opinion."

"I am certain, at least, that only some demon of malice or mischief could have put into my head to inquire, '*What if I were suddenly to seize and imprint a kiss on that red, scrubby hand?*' She who probably had never received a salute since her childhood—not even from a tipsy hawbuck in fair-time—to receive such a love-token from a gentleman? She, who from her teens, had never been addressed with love-nonsense, even by the baker or his journeyman, to receive a tacit declaration of the passion from her own master! The flutter there would be of new-born Vanity—the tumult of awakened Hope! In short, I went on in my own dreamy way, speculating on the revolution in poor Sally's mind, the sudden change that might be wrought in all her old sentiments and feelings by such an extraordinary occurrence. And with any other man the foolish whim would have passed away, harmless, with the hour that gave rise to it; but it is my misfortune to be cursed with a memory which daguerreotypes every image, and stereotypes every hypothesis, however crude, vague, or idle, that it has once entertained. From that day forward the unlucky girl was associated with that confounded speculation, and the idea of that ridiculous manual experiment came up as regularly as my dinner. There she was before me, with her plain unloveable face—

and if she placed a dish, or changed my plate—there was the red, scrubby hand—suppose I were to kiss it ? ”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

“ Yes, you may laugh ; but you do not know the misery of such a besetting fancy. To be teased for hours by a haunting tune, or a nonsense verse, is bad enough ; but to be bored by your own thoughts for days, weeks, and months, is intolerable. In fact, by the constant recurrence of the kissing notion, the mere sight of the coarse red hand begot a mechanical impulse that had to be resisted like a temptation. I have felt my lips, as it were, making themselves up for the act—and the wonder is, that I have never done it involuntarily ; as, to a certainty, I must some day have done it deliberately, to get rid of the torment of the suggestion. There was no alternative, therefore, but to banish the object ; and accordingly under the pretence of reducing my establishment, poor Sally, with an excellent character for moral beauty, has been transferred to my sister in the country.”

“ Yes, and as a provision against any such temptations in future, you have wisely engaged a new maid, as lovely and loveable as Perdita, and as ‘ neat-handed ’ as Phillis.”

Shortly after this conversation, I went to the Continent, where I remained for some years ; and on my return, one of my first visits was to my friend Horace. He was at home, and as usual of a morning, in his little study, whence, after a short conversation, he proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room in the first floor. Accordingly, still chattering, he led the way to the foot of the staircase, which I was about to ascend, when suddenly, in the very midst of a sentence, he hastily rushed past me and ran, or rather flew, up the carpeted steps, three stairs at a time. Eccentric as he had always been, his character had hardly prepared me for this flight, and I hesitated to follow, till his voice came down from

the top landing-place, earnestly begging me to excuse his rudeness, and promising an explanation.

This, however, I had already forestalled, and so confidently, that on entering the drawing-room, I seemed to see the figure of an alarmed female, in a morning wrapper and curl-papers, escaping by an opposite door. But there was neither opposite door nor disconcerted lady of the house : the only living figure in the room was Horace himself, looking rather flustered and foolish after his recent performance. As soon as he saw me he renewed his apologies, but in spite of the query in my face, the explanation was not forthcoming : he was evidently vexed and mortified, and when I directly applied for the promised elucidation, it was postponed till after our lunch, in the hope, perhaps, that the matter would escape my memory. But I was not to be so defrauded : the remembrance of former odd freaks, and the wild and whimsical theories in which they had originated, determined me to pluck out the heart of his mystery,—to obtain the solution of his acted riddle. I began, therefore, by congratulating him on his agility, of which he had furnished me with such a singular illustration ; but this hint not taking effect, I fairly reminded him, that with all thanks for his hospitable refreshments, he had excited another appetite, which he was bound in honour to pacify ; that the cravings of my curiosity remained to be appeased, and to forestal any wilful misapprehension of my meaning, I hummed a few bars of the popular melody—“*Sich a gettin’ up Stairs !*”

“Ah—it may be a joke to *you*,” said Horace, looking very serious and frog-like ; “but it is death to me ! My health, as you know, is none of the strongest, and these violent exercises are not adapted to improve it !”

“Then why indulge in them ? There can be no necessity for a gentleman’s running up his own staircase as you did—

unless, like the Poor Gentleman in the comedy, he mistakes his friend for a bailiff."

"No!—My dear fellow, you are quite mistaken—but that is your happiness. You have not my cursed speculative imagination—nor my tenacious, inveterate memory—and you will never die a martyr, as I shall, to a Diabolical Suggestion."

"A what?"

"A prompting from the Devil."

"Why—I hope not. I am no Methodist, to have the Old Gentleman at my ear and my elbow. But I beg pardon—you have perhaps joined the sect—or may be the Swedenborgians, who believe in an intercourse with good and evil spirits."

"Neither. It is not necessary to be a follower of the Count or of Whitfield, to be subject to such infernal influence. You remember the study I had engaged in just before you went abroad?"

"Yes—of the German language. And you were learning it with your accustomed gluttony, as if you wanted to get from the tip to the root of the tongue in a single week."

"Ah, I had better have taken to the Chinese! My mastery of the Teutonic language was the source of my misfortune. You are familiar, of course, with the German Romances?"

"Only in the translations."

"You know, then, the prominent part which is played by the Devil in their most popular stories. More prominent even than in *Paradise Lost*, where Satan figures, not in the ascendant, but as the rebellious antagonist of a still mightier Power, and the divine scheme of Human Redemption moves parallel with the diabolical plot for Human Perdition. In the German Romances, on the contrary, the Fiend possesses

the earth, and reigns as absolutely as any Lord Paramount of the feudal ages. Nay, his sway extends beyond this world to the world to come, and he has power over life and death, not only the temporary, but the eternal. The legitimate Governor of the Universe has been deposed, and there is a frightful interregnum—Anarchy succeeds to Order—and the blind random decrees of Chance supersede the ordinances of a sciential Providence. Immortal souls are lost by the turn of a die or a card, or saved by some practical subterfuge or verbal evasion. Fraud and Violence alone are triumphant. Justice is blind and Mercy is deaf—the innocent bosom receives the bullet that was moulded with unholy rites ; and the maiden, whose studies never extended beyond her prayer book, is involved in the fate of the ambitious student who bartered his salvation for interdicted knowledge. In short, you seem to recognise that dreary fiction of the atheist—a World without a God. Such is the German Diablerie !”

“You are too severe.”

“Not at all. Look even at the Faust. Youth and Innocence, personified in poor Margaret, have no chance. She has no fair field, and assuredly no favour. The fight is too unequal. She has to contend single-handed against Man and Mephistophiles, the witchcraft of human love and the sorcery of Satanic hatred. The Prince of Hell in person acts supernaturally against her—but Heaven is passive, and works no miracle in her behalf. There is no help on earth—no pity in the skies—the guardian spirits and ministers of grace supposed to hover round, and to succour oppressed innocence, keep far aloof—the weak is abandoned to the strong—and the too tender and trusting nature is burdened, through a sheer diabolical juggle, with the unnatural murder of a Mother. The trial is beyond Humanity. The

seductions of Faust are backed by the artifices of the subtle Spirit that overcame Eve ; and Margaret falls as she needs must under such fearful odds—and seemingly unwatched by that providential eye which marks the fall of a sparrow. There is indeed the final chorus from Heaven, that ‘She is saved!’ but was any mind ever satisfied—were *you* ever satisfied with that tardy exhibition of the Divine Justice—just as Poetical Justice is propitiated at the end of some wretched melo-dramatic novel, wherein at the twelfth hour the long-persecuted heroine is unexpectedly promoted to a state of happiness ever after ? ”

“ Well—there is some show of truth and reason in your criticism—but, *revenir à nos moutons*—what has either Faust or the Fräyschutz to do with your scampering up stairs ? ”

“ Everything. After learning German, my first use of the acquisition was to go through all their Romances, and consequently a regular course of Diablerie—from the Arch Demon who inhabited Pandemonium, to the Imp that lived in a bottle—from the scholar who bartered his soul, to the fellow who sold his own shadow. The consequence I might have foreseen. My head became stuffed with men in black and black dogs—with unholy compacts, and games of chance. I dreamt of Walpurgis Revels and the Wolf’s Glen—Zamiel glared on me with his fiery eyes by night ; and the smooth voice of Mephistopheles kept whispering in my ear by day. Wherever my thoughts wandered, there was the foul Fiend straddling across their path, like Bunyan’s Apollyon—ready to play with me for my immortal soul at cards or dice—to strike infernal bargains, and to execute unholy contracts to be signed with blood and sealed with sulphur. In a word, I was completely be-Devilled.”

“ But the stairs—the running up stairs ? ”

"The result of my too intimate acquaintance with so much folly and profanity—a kind of bet. S'death! I'm ashamed to mention it!—a sort of wager that came into my head one day—a diabolical suggestion of course—that the Fiend might have me body and soul, in default of my reaching the top of the stairs before counting a certain number!"

"What! a wager with the Devil!"

"Yes—the infernal suggestion—for it *was* an infernal suggestion—was whispered to me at the stair-foot; and as if my salvation had really depended on the issue, I was up the whole flight in an instant. The next moment sufficed to convince me of the absurdity, not to say sinfulness, of the act; but what defence is our deliberate reason against such sudden impulses? Before reflection could come into play, the thing was done and over. Nor was that the end. You remember my irresistible prompting to kiss the red, rugged hand of poor Sally?"

"Perfectly."

"Well there was the same mental process. You know how much our ideas are the slaves of association—and especially they are so in a tenacious mind like mine, in which the most trivial fancies obtain a permanent record. To find myself near any stairs was enough therefore to revive the diabolical hint—the mere sight of a banister set me off—in fact, before the month was out I had raced again, again, and again, not only up my own flight, but up those of half my friends and acquaintances."

It was impossible to help laughing at this description. The picture of a gentleman scampering up people's stairs, with the agility of a lamplighter, was, as I said in my apology, so very comical.

"Humph! Not if you knock down your own servant

with the tray, or frighten an old rich aunt into hysterics—both of which I have performed within the last week.”

“But you might perhaps break yourself—”

“Never! it’s impossible! As I said before, the mere sight of the banisters is enough. Besides, from practice, the thing has become a habit, and the mental prompting is backed by a bodily impulse. No;” and he shook his head very gravely, “I shall never leave it off—except by death. And with my state of health, to run full speed up a long flight,—there are six-and-twenty stairs, and two sharp turns—under penalty of eternal perdition, before one could count a score—”

“Why, surely you do not believe in the validity of such a wager!”

“Heaven alone knows,” replied Horace, very solemnly who, if he had not been made positively superstitious by his German reading, and his familiarity with the supernatural, had at least learned to regard the abstract evil principle as a real and active personage. “I have tried over and over again to argue myself into your opinion. But all my reasoning and casuistry are of no avail against a sort of vague misgiving; and, as the forfeit is too awful to be risked on a doubt, I always take care, as far as in me lies, to secure the stake, by winning the wager—that is to say, by getting to the top before I can count twenty.”

“You might secure it by slow counting.”

“As if that would retard *his*! No, my dear fellow, there is no cheating *him*! To tell the truth, I shudder at times to think what may happen to me—a fall—a sprain—the encounter of other people on the stairs—a loose rod—the cat or dog—which, by the bye, shall be sent away——”

I looked again, full in Horace’s face; but he was as grave as a Judge, and evidently in sad, sober earnest: as indeed

appeared the next minute, when he went off into one of his fits of abstraction, but continued to talk to himself. From what he muttered it was plain that he was in the predicament of the people described by Coleridge as "possessed" by their own ideas. Some of his expressions even impressed me with a doubt of his perfect sanity—whether he was not under the influence of a kind of monomania. However, I tried to laugh and reason him out of his "wager," but the attempt was futile, and I took my leave.

"God bless you, my dear fellow!" and the tears filled his eyes as he energetically squeezed my hand, "it is the last time you will see me—mark my words. However it may affect me *hereafter*, that Diabolical Suggestion has done for me *here*—and will hurry me to my grave!

Poor Horace! His prediction was too true. On calling upon him a month afterwards, I found that he had let and removed from his old residence: but one of his servants had remained with the new tenants, and was able to give me some particulars of her ex-master. His health had suddenly broken—his complaint declaring itself to be a decided organic affection of the heart, and he had suffered from violent palpitations and spasms in the chest. The doctors had ordered change of air and scene—and about a fortnight before he had gone into the country, somewhere in Sussex, where he was living in a cottage, that, as she significantly added, was "all on one floor." But alas! she was incorrect in her statement. He was *living* nowhere; for that very morning he had gone to call on the clergyman of the parish, and after a flight—which made the footman believe that he had admitted a madman, dropped dead on the last top step of the drawing-room stairs!

REVIEW.



BOZ IN AMERICA.

SINCE the voyages of Columbus in seach of the New World, and of Raleigh in quest of El Dorado, no visit to America has excited so much interest and conjecture as that of the author of "Oliver Twist." The enterprise was understood to be a sort of Literary Expedition, for profit as well as pleasure : and many and strange were the speculations of the reading public as to the nature and value of the treasures which would be brought home by Dickens on his return. Some persons expected a philosophical comparison of Washington's Republic with that of Plato ; others anticipated a Report on the Banking System and Commercial Statistics of the United States ; and some few, perhaps, looked for a Pamphlet on International Copyright. The general notion, however, was that the Transatlantic acquisitions of Boz would transpire in the shape of a Tale of American Life and manners—and moreover that it would appear by monthly instalments in green covers, and illustrated by some artist with the name of Phiz, or Whiz, or Quiz.

So strong indeed was this impression, that certain blue-stockinged prophetesses even predicted a new Avatar of the celebrated Mr. Pickwick in slippers and loose trousers, a nankeen jacket, and a straw hat, as large as an umbrella. Sam Weller was to re-appear as his help, instead of a footman, still full of droll sayings, but in a slang more akin to that of his namesake, the Clock-maker : while Weller, senior, was to revive on the box of a Boston long stage,—only calling himself Jonathan, instead of Tony, and spelling

it with a G. A Virginian widow Bardell was a matter of course—and some visionaries even foresaw a slave-owning Mr. Snodgrass, a coon-hunting Mr. Winkle, a wide-awake Joe, and a forest-clearing Bob Sawyer.*

The fallacy of these guesses and calculations was first proved by the announcement of "American Notes for General Circulation," a title that at once dissipated every dream of a Clock-case, or a Club, and cut off all chance of a tale. Encouraged by the technical terms which seemingly had some reference to their own speculation, the money-mongers still held on faintly by their former opinions:—but the Romanticists were in despair, and reluctantly abandoned all hopes of a Pennsylvanian Nicholas Nickleby affectionately *darning his mother*—a New Yorkshire Mr. Squeers *flogging creation*—a *black* Smike—a brown Kate, and a Bostonian Newman Noggs, alternately swallowing a *cock-tail* and a *cobbler*.†

Still there remained enough in the announcement of American Notes, by C. Dickens, to strop the public curiosity to a keen edge. Numerous had been the writers on the land of the stars and stripes—a host of travelled ladies and gentlemen, liberals and illiberals, utilitarians and inutilitarians—human bowls of every bias had trundled over the United States without hitting, or in the opinion of the natives, even coming near the jack. The Royalists, missing the accustomed honours of Kings and Queens, saw nothing but a republican pack of knaves; the High Churchman, finding no established church, declared that there was no religion—the aristocrat swore that all was low and vulgar,

* With the wishes of these admirers of Bcz we can in some degree sympathise: for what could be a greater treat in the reading way than the perplexities of a *squatting* Mr. Pickwick, or a *settling* Mrs. Nickleby?

† Not a horse and shoe-maker, but two sorts of American drink.

because there were no servants in drab turned up with blue, or in green turned down with crimson—the radical was shocked by the caucus, the enthralment of public opinion, and the timidity of the preachers—the metaphysical philosopher was disgusted with the preponderance of the real over the ideal—the adventurer took fright at Lynch law, and the saintly abolitionist saw nothing but black angels and white devils. An impartial account of America and the Americans was still to seek, and accordingly the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic looked forward with anxiety and eagerness for the opinions of a writer who had proved by a series of wholesome fictions that his heart was in the right place, that his head was not in the wrong one, and that his hand was a good hand at description. One thing at least was certain, that nothing would be set down in malice ; for, compared with modern authors in general, Boz is remarkably free from sectarian or anti-social prejudices, and as to politics he seems to have taken the long pledge against party spirit. And doubtless one of the causes of his vast popularity has been the social and genial tone of his works,—showing that he feels and acts on the true principle of the "*homo sum*"—a sum too generally worked as one in long Division instead of Addition.

In the meantime the book, after long budding in advertisement, has burst into a full leaf, and however disconcerting to those persons who had looked for something quite different, will bring no disappointment to such as can be luxuriously content with good sense, good feeling, good fun, and good writing. In the very first half-dozen of pages the reader will find an example of that cheerful practical philosophy which makes the best of the worst—that happy healthy spirit which instead of morbidly resenting the deception of a too flattering artist, who had lithographed the ship's accom-

modations, joined with him in converting a floating cupboard into a *state-room*, and a cabin "like a hearse with windows in it," into a handsome *saloon*. But we must skip the voyage, though pleasantly and graphically described, and at once land Boz in Boston, where, suffering from that true *ground* swell which annoys the newly landed he goes rolling along the pitching passages of the Tremont hotel "with an involuntary imitation of the gait of Mr. T. P. Cooke in a new nautical melodrama."

Now, Boston is the modern Athens of America. Its inhabitants, many of them educated in the neighbouring university of Cambridge, are decidedly of a literary turn, and of course were not indifferent to the arrival of so distinguished an author in their city. Modesty, however, prevents him from recording in print the popular effervescence—the only fact which transpires is, that the first day being Sunday he was offered pews and sittings in churches and chapels, "enough for a score or two of grown up families." These courtesies, one and all, the traveller is obliged to decline for want of a change of dress,—a fortunate circumstance so far, that whilst the curious but serious Bostonians were congregated elsewhere, he was enabled, accompanied by only a score or so of little boys and girls of no particular persuasion, to take a survey and a clever sketch (p. 59) of the city. On Monday the case was evidently altered; for, after a visit to the State-House (p. 61), he was compelled to take refuge from the mob, in a place where he could not be made a sight or a show of—the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. Here he saw the interesting Laura Bridgman, a poor little girl, blind, deaf, dumb, destitute of the sense of smell, and almost of that of taste, yet, thanks to a judicious and humane education, not altogether dark within, nor hapless without. The following

picture is deeply touching ; a mist comes over the clear eye in reading it.

“Like other inmates of the house she had a green ribbon bound over her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes.”

But the mob has dispersed ; at least the bulk of it, for not counting the children, there remain but fourteen autograph-hunters, six phrenologists, four portrait-painters, seven booksellers, five editors, and nineteen ladies with handsomely bound books in their hands or under their arms, on the steps and about the door of the Blind Asylum. And there they may be still, for somehow Boz has given them the slip, and in the turning of the leaf is at *South* Boston, in the state hospital for the insane—not however as a patient,—for he was once deranged by proxy in some other person’s intellects,—but witnessing and admiring the rational and humane mode of treatment which, as at our own Hanwell Asylum, has replaced the brutal, brainless practice of the good old times when insanity was treated as a criminal offence,—the tortures abolished for felons were retained for lunatics, and their poor over-heated brains had as much chance of cooling as under the Plombières of the Inquisition. Let the reader who has a mother turn to page 176 for a peep at a whimsical old lady, in the Hartford establishment, and then let him think that some fifty years ago the poor dear old soul would have been fettered, perhaps scourged, for only fancying herself an antediluvian ! But to lighten a sad subject, let us smile at a characteristic interview between Boz and an Ophelia, in the same house,

“As we were passing through a gallery on our way out, a well dressed lady, of quiet and composed manners, came up, and proffering a slip of paper and a pen, begged that I would oblige her with an autograph. I

complied, and we parted. I hope *she* is not mad (quoth the visitor) for I think I remember having had a few interviews like that with ladies out of doors."

Huzza! whoo-oo! A mob has gathered again, and before he has gone a page, Boz is obliged to get into the Boston House of Industry, thence into the adjoining Orphan Institution, and from that, but not mortally crushed, into the Hospital, all highly creditable establishments, except in one iron feature, "the eternal, accursed, suffocating, red-hot demon of a stove, whose breath would blight the purest air under heaven:" and so it does—parching the lungs with baked air. We have had some experience of the nuisance in Germany; and never saw it lighted without wishing for a washerwoman, exorbitant in her charges, to blow it up. But we must push on, or the observed of all observers will be divided from us by a square mile of the Lowell Factory Mill-icents "all dressed out with parasols and silk stockings," not white or flesh-colour, but blue, for these young women are decidedly literary, and besides subscribing to the circulating libraries, actually get up a periodical of their own!

"The large class of readers, startled by these facts, will exclaim with one voice, 'How very preposterous!' On my deferentially inquiring why, they will answer, 'These things are above their station.' In reply to that observation I would beg leave to ask what that station is."

What?—why, according to some of our moral stationers, the proper station for such people is the station-house, to which actors, singers, and dancers have so often been consigned in this country for acting, singing, and dancing upon too moderate terms. But better times seem to dawn—the licensing Justices begin to outvote the Injustices, and perhaps some day we shall have Playing and Dancing as well as Singing for the Million. Why not? Why should not the cheerful, amusing treatment which has proved so beneficial

to the poor mad people, be equally advantageous to the poor sane ones ?

But to return to the Lowell lasses.—Pshaw ! cries a literary fine gentleman, carelessly penning a sonnet, like Sir Roger de Coverley's ancestor, with his glove on, "they are only a set of *scribbling millers*." No such thing. In the opinion of a very competent judge they write as well as most of our gifted creatures and talented pens, and their "Offering" may compare advantageously with a great many of the English Annuals. An opinion not hastily formed, be it noted, but after the reading of "400 solid pages from the beginning to the end." No wonder the gratified Authoresses escorted the Critic—as of course they did, to the Worcester railway, which on the 5th of February, 1842, was beset of course by an unusual crowd, behaving, of course, as another mob did afterwards at Baltimore, but which Boz evidently mistook for only an every-day ebullition of natural curiosity.

"Being rather early, those men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, and were curious in foreigners, came (according to custom) round the carriage in which I sat, let down all the windows ; thrust in their heads and shoulders ; hooked themselves on conveniently by their elbows ; and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks when it's viewed from behind, as on these occasions. Some gentlemen were only satisfied by exercising their sense of touch ; and the boys (who are surprisingly precocious in America) were seldom satisfied, even by that, but would return to the charge over and over again. Many a budding President has walked into my room with his cap on his head and his hands in his pockets, and stared at me for two whole hours : occasionally refreshing himself with a tweak at his nose, or a draught from the water-jug, or by walking to the windows and inviting other boys in the street below, to come up and do likewise : crying, 'Hers he is !—Come on !—Bring all your brothers !' with other hospitable entreaties of that nature."

Here is another speculator on the Phenomenon, who

evidently could not make up his mind whether the hairy covering of Boz was that of a real, or of a metaphorical Lion, p. 56.

“Finding that nothing would satisfy him, I evaded his questions after the first score or two, and in particular pleaded ignorance respecting the fur whereof my coat was made. I am unable to say whether this was the reason, but that coat fascinated him ever afterwards ; he usually kept close behind me when I walked, and moved as I moved, that he might look at it the better ; and he frequently dived into narrow places after me, at the risk of his life, that he might have the satisfaction of passing his hand up the back and rubbing it the wrong way.”

From Worcester, still travelling like a Highland chieftain with his tail on, or a fugitive with a tribe of Indians on his trail, the illustrious stranger railed on to Springfield ; but there his voluntary followers were *fixed*. The Connecticut river being luckily unfrozen, Boz embarked, designedly, as it appears, in a steam-boat of about “half-a-pony power,” and altogether so diminutive, that the few passengers the craft would carry “all kept in the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over.” But some buzz about Boz had certainly got before him, for at a small town on the way, the tiny steamer, or rather one of its passengers, was saluted by a gun considerably bigger than the funnel ! (p. 174.) At Hartford, however, thanks to the Deaf and Dumb School, the common Gaol, the State Prison, and the Lunatic Asylum, the Dickens enjoyed four quiet days, and then embarked for New York in the New York,—

“Infinitely less like a steam-boat than a huge floating bath. I could hardly persuade myself indeed, but that the bathing establishment off Westminster Bridge, which I had left a baby, had suddenly grown to an enormous size ; run away from home ; and set up in foreign parts for a steamer.”

* At New York, in the Broadway, an ordinary man may find elbow-room ; but Boz is no ordinary man, and accordingly for

a little seclusion is glad to pay a visit to the famous Prison called the Tombs. But the mob, the male part at least, again separates, and the gaol visitor ventures forth, as it appears, a little prematurely.

“Once more in Broadway ! Here are the same ladies in bright colours, walking to and fro, in pairs and singly ; yonder *the very same light blue parasol which passed and repassed the hotel window twenty times while we were sitting there.*”

Heavens ! what a prospect for a modest and a married man. Popularity is no doubt pleasant, and Boz is extremely popular ; but popularity in America is no joke. It is not down in the book, but we happen to know, that between 8 and 10 A. M., it was as much as Dickens could do, with Mrs. Dickens’s assistance, to write the required autographs. It was more than he could do, between ten and twelve, to even look at the hospitable albums that were willing to take the stranger in. And now, not to forget the blue ladies in the Broadway, and the sulphur-coloured parasol, if he should happen to be recognised by yonder group of admirers and well-wishers, he will have, before one could spell temperance, to swallow sangaree, ginsling, a mint julep, a cocktail, a sherry cobbler, and a timber doodle ! In such a case the only resource is in flight, and like a hunted lion, rushing into a difficult and dangerous jungle, Boz plunges at once into the most inaccessible back-slums of New York.

“This is the place : these narrow ways, diverging to the right and left, and reeking everywhere with dirt and filth. Such lives as are led here, bear the same fruits here as elsewhere. The coarse and bloated faces at the doors, have counterparts at home, and all the wide world over. Debauchery has made the very houses prematurely old. See how the rotten beams are tumbling down, and how the patched and broken windows seem to scowl dimly, like eyes that have been hurt in drunken frays. Many of these pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright in lieu of going on all fours ? and why they talk instead of grunting ?”

But what are "these pigs?" Why, the very swine whence, under the New Tariff, we are to derive American pork and bacon; and accordingly Boz considerably furnishes his countrymen with a sketch of the breed.

"They are the city scavengers, these pigs. Ugly brutes they are; having for the most part, scanty, brown backs, like the lids of old horse-hair trunks, spotted with unwholesome black blotches. They have long gaunt legs, too, and such peaked snouts, that if one of them could be persuaded to sit for his portrait, nobody would recognise it for a pig's likeness."

No—for they have no choppers. We know the animals well, or at least their German cousins and Belgian brothers-in-law; and moreover, have tasted the bacon, which only wants fat to be streaky. But here is a livelier sample of a pig, who seems to have had a notion of Lynch Law.

"As we were riding along this morning, I observed a little incident between two youthful pigs, which were so very human as to be inexpressibly comical and grotesque at the time, though I dare say in telling, it is tame enough.

"One young gentleman (a very delicate porker with several straws sticking about his nose, betokening recent investigations in a dunghill) was walking deliberately on, profoundly thinking, when suddenly his brother, who was lying in a miry hole unseen by him, rose up immediately before his startled eyes, ghostly with damp mud. Never was a pig's whole mass of blood so turned. He started back at least three feet, gazed for a moment, and then shot off as hard as ever he could go: his excessively little tail vibrating with speed and terror like a distracted pendulum. But before he had gone very far, he began to reason with himself as to the nature of this frightful appearance: and as he reasoned, he relaxed his speed by gradual degrees, until at last he stopped, and faced about. There was his brother with the mud upon him glazing in the sun, yet staring out of the very same hole, perfectly amazed at his proceedings. He was no sooner assured of this, and he assured himself so carefully, that one may almost say he shaded his eyes with his hand to see the better, than he came back at a round trot, pounced upon him, and summarily took off a piece of his tail, as a caution to him to be careful what he was about for the future, and never to play tricks with his family any more."

But, as usual, Boz was not allowed exclusively to please

the pigs ; and being hunted all along shore, he was obliged, like a deer *fort couru*, to take to the water, and was carried to the Long Island Jail, by a boat belonging to the establishment, and rowed by a crew of prisoners "dressed in a striped uniform of black and drab, in which they looked like faded tigers." Not a bad retinue, by the way, for a black and white Lion. In the Gaol, the Madhouse, and the Refuge for the Destitute, he again found a temporary repose, but even these retreats becoming at last uncomfortably crowded, he set off by railway for Philadelphia, with a longing eye, of course, to its *Solitary* Prison. But that he did not enjoy much unpopularity on this journey, we may guess, when the travelling in the same carriage with Boz was too much for even Foxite taciturnity, and a Friend made such a desperate effort, as follows, to become an Acquaintance :

"A mild and modest young Quaker, who opened the discourse by informing me, in a grave whisper, that his grandfather was the inventor of cold-drawn castor-oil. I mention the circumstance here, thinking it probable that this is the first occasion on which the valuable medicine in question was ever used as a conversational apéritif."

The genuine drab colour of this anecdote is as true in tone as the tints of Claude, and gives a renewed faith in the artist. The following picture seems equally faithful, though reminding us of some of the Author's fancy pieces. Look at it, gentle reader, and then cry with us, "God forgive the inventor of the system of burying criminals alive in stone coffins !"

"The first man I saw was seated at his loom at work. He had been there six years, and was to remain, I think, three more. He had been convicted as a receiver of stolen goods, but denied his guilt, and said he had been hardly dealt by. It was his second offence.

"He stopped his work when we went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to everything that was said to him, but always with a strange kind of pause first, and in a low thoughtful voice. He wore a paper hat of his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and commended. He had very ingeniously manufactured a sort of Dutch clock

from some disregarded odds and ends ; and his *vinegar-bottle* served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in this contrivance, he looked up at it with a good deal of pride, and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he hoped the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it ' would play music ere long.'

"He smiled as I looked at these contrivances to while away the time ; but when I looked from them to him, I saw that his lip trembled, and could have counted the beating of his heart. I forgot how it came about, but some allusion was made to his having a wife. He shook his head at the word, turned aside, and covered his face with his hands.

" 'But you are resigned now !' said one of the gentlemen, after a short pause, during which he had resumed his former manner.

" 'Oh yes, oh yes ! I am resigned to it.'

" 'And are a better man, you think ?'

" 'Well, I hope so : I'm sure I may be.'

" 'And time goes pretty quickly ?'

" 'Time is very long, gentlemen, between these four walls !'

"He gazed about him—Heaven only knows how wearily ! as he said these words ; and in the act of doing so, fell into a strange stare, as if he had forgotten something. A moment afterwards he sighed heavily, put on his spectacles, and resumed his work."

* * * * *

"On the haggard face of every man among these prisoners the same expression sat. I know not what to liken it to. It had something of that strained attention which we see upon the faces of the blind and deaf, mingled with a kind of horror, as though they had all been secretly terrified. In every little chamber that I entered, and at every grate through which I looked, I seemed to see the same appalling countenance. It lives in my memory with the fascination of a remarkable picture. Parade before my eyes a hundred men, with one of them newly released from this solitary suffering, and I would point him out."

* * * * *

"That it makes the senses dull, and by degrees impairs the bodily faculties, I am quite sure. I remarked to those who were with me in this very establishment at Philadelphia, that the criminals who had been there long were deaf."

Of course they were ; and all more or less advanced towards a state (to adapt a new word) of idiosyncrasy. Again we say, Heaven forgive the inventors of such a course of slow mental torture ! who could reduce a fellow-creature to become such a clock-maker ! The truth is, no Solitary System

is consonant with humanity or Christianity. Whenever there shall be persons too good for this world, they may have a right to thus excommunicate those who are too bad for it—but, as Porson said, not till then !

Nevertheless to a gentleman mobbed, elbowed, jammed, stared at, and shouted after, a few hours in such a quiet hermitage would be a relief: nay, Boz tells us that it was once found endurable for a much longer term, by a voluntary prisoner, who, unable to resist the bottle, applied, as a favour, for a solitary cell. The Board refused, and recommended total abstinence and the long pledge, but the toper, to make sure of temperance, entreated to be put in the *stone jug*.

“He came again, and again, and again, and was so very earnest and importunate, that at last they took counsel together, and said, ‘He will certainly qualify himself for admission, if we reject him any more. Let us shunt him up. He will soon be glad to go away, and then we shall get rid of him.’ So they made him sign a statement, which would prevent his ever sustaining an action for false imprisonment, to the effect that his incarceration was voluntary, and of his own seeking; they requested him to take notice that the officer in attendance had orders to release him at any hour of the day or night, when he might knock upon his door for that purpose; but desired him to understand that, once going out, he would not be admitted any more. These conditions agreed upon, and he still remaining in the same mind, he was conducted to the prison, and shut up in one of the cells.

“In this cell, the man who had not the firmness to leave a glass of liquor standing untasted on a table before him—in this cell, in solitary confinement, and working every day at his trade of shoe-making, this man remained nearly two years. His health beginning to fail at the expiration of that time, the surgeon recommended that he should work occasionally in the garden; and as he liked the notion very much, he went about this new occupation with great cheerfulness.

“He was digging here one summer-day very industriously, when the wicket in the outer gate chanced to be left open: showing, beyond, the well-remembered dusty road and sun-burnt fields. The way was as free to him as to any man living, but he no sooner raised his head and caught sight of it, all shining in the sun, than, with the involuntary instinct of a prisoner, he cast away his spade, scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him, and never once looked back.”

At Washington Boz had an interview with the American President, and, as might be expected, the great drawing-room, and the other chambers on the ground-floor, were "crowded to excess." No wonder that as soon as released from the throng, our traveller turned his thoughts towards the wilds and forests of the Far West; with a vague hankering after the vast solitude and quiet of a Prairie! But such delights are to be reached by a course no smoother than that of true love,—as witness the coaching on a Virginian road, with an American Mr. Weller.

"He is a negro—very black indeed. He is dressed in a coarse pepper-and-salt suit excessively patched and darned (particularly at the knees), grey stockings, enormous unblacked high-low shoes, and very short trousers. He has two odd gloves: one of particoloured worsted, and one of leather. He has a very short whip, broken in the middle, and bandaged up with string. And yet he wears a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black hat: faintly shadowing forth a kind of insane imitation of an English coachman! But somebody in authority cries 'Go ahead!' as I am making these observations. The mail takes the lead, in a four-horse wagon, and all the coaches follow in procession headed by No. 1.

"By the way, whenever an Englishman would cry 'All right!' an American cries 'Go ahead!' which is somewhat expressive of the national character of the two countries.

"The first half mile of the road is over bridges made of loose planks laid across two parallel poles, which tilt up as the wheels roll over them, and in the river. The river has a clayey bottom, and is full of holes, so that half a horse is constantly disappearing unexpectedly, and can't be found again for some time.

"But we get past even this, and come to the road itself, which is a series of alternate swamps and gravel-pits. A tremendous place is close before us, the black driver rolls his eyes, screws his mouth up very round, and looks straight between the two leaders, as if he were saying to himself, 'We have done this before, but *now* I think we shall have a crash.' He takes a rein in each hand; jerks and pulls at both; and dances on the splash-board with both feet (keeping his seat of course), like the late lamented Ducrow on two of his fiery coursers. We come to the spot, sink down in the mire nearly to the coach-window, tilt on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stick there. The insides scream dismally; the coach stops; the horses flounder; all the other six coaches stop; and their four-and-twenty horses flounder likewise; but merely for com-

pany, and in sympathy with ours. Then the following circumstances occur.

"BLACK DRIVER (to the horses).—'Hi !'

'Nothing happens. Insides scream again.

"BLACK DRIVER (to the horses).—'Ho !'

"Horses plunge, and splash the black driver.

"GENTLEMAN INSIDE (looking out).—'Why, what on airth—'

"Gentleman receives a variety of splashes and draws his head in again, without finishing his question, or waiting for an answer.

"BLACK DRIVER (still to the horses).—'Jiddy ! Jiddy !'

"Horses pull violently, drag the coach out of the hole, and draw it up a bank, so steep, that the black driver's legs fly up into the air, and he goes back among the luggage on the roof. But he immediately recovers himself, and cries (still to the horses),

" 'Pill !'

"No effect. On the contrary, the coach begins to roll back upon No. 2, which rolls back upon No. 3, which rolls back upon No. 4, and so on until No. 7 is heard to curse and swear, nearly a quarter of a mile behind.

"BLACK DRIVER (louder than before).—'Pill !'

"Horses make another struggle to get up the bank, and again the coach rolls backward.

"BLACK DRIVER (louder than before).—'Pe-e-e-ill !'

"Horses make a desperate struggle.

"BLACK DRIVER (recovering spirits).—'Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy, pill.'

"Horses make another effort.

"BLACK DRIVER (with great vigour).—'Ally Loo ! Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy, Pill. Ally Loo !'

"Horses almost do it.

"BLACK DRIVER (with his eyes starting out of his head).—'Lee, den. Lee, dere. Hi. Jiddy, Jiddy. Pill. Ally Loo. Lee-e-e-e-e !'

"They run up the bank, and go down again on the other side at a fearful pace. It is impossible to stop them, and at the bottom there is a deep hollow, full of water. The coach rolls frightfully. The insides scream. The mud and water fly about us. The black driver dances like a madman. Suddenly we are all right, by some extraordinary means, and stop to breathe.

"A black friend of the driver is sitting on a fence. The black driver recognises him by twirling his head round and round like a harlequin, rolling his eyes, shrugging his shoulders, and grinning from ear to ear. He stops short, turns to me, and says :

" 'We shall get you through, sa, like a fiddle, and hope a please you when we get you through, sa. Old 'ooman at home, sir,' chuckling very much. 'Outside gentleman, sa, he often remember old 'ooman at home, sa,' grinning again.

" 'Ay, ay, we'll take care of the old woman. Don't be afraid.'

"The black driver grins again, but there is another hole, and beyond that another bank, close before us. So he stops short : cries (to the horses again), 'Easy—easy den—ease—steady—hi—Jiddy—pill—Ally—Loo,' but never 'Lee !' until we are reduced to the very last extremity, and are in the midst of difficulties, extrication from which appears to be all but impossible.

"And so we do the ten miles or thereabouts in two hours and a half, breaking no bones, though bruising a great many ; and in short, getting through the distance 'like a fiddle.'"

The next conveyance was by the Harrisburg Canal, on which there are two passage-boats, the Express and the Pioneer. For some reason, however, the *Pioneers* would come into the other boat, in which Boz was a passenger—an addition that drew out a certain thin-faced, spare-figured man, of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty, drabbish-coloured suit, and up to that moment as quiet as a lamb.

" 'This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with Down Easters, and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure, no how ; and no two ways about *that* ; and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am ; and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I an't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men, there. Rather. If Down Easters and men of Boston raising are like this, I'm glad of it, but I'm none of that raising or of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing—*it* does. I'm the wrong sort of a man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up a little too mountainous, this is.'

"At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way ; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the *Pioneers* as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of."

It was perfectly natural, after this "touch of the earthquake," to desire to see the Shakers, whose peculiar *delirium tremens* had been reported as unspeakably absurd : but the

elders had clearly received a hint of a chield coming, like Captain Grose, to make Notes and print them.

“Presently we came to the beginning of the village, and alighting at the door of a house where the Shaker manufactures are sold, and which is the head quarters of the elders, requested permission to see the Shaker worship.

“Pending the conveyance of this request to some person in authority, we walked into a grim room, where several grim hats were hanging on grim pegs, and the time was grimly told by a grim clock, which uttered every tick with a kind of struggle, as if it broke the grim silence reluctantly and under protest. Ranged against the wall were six or eight stiff, high-backed chairs, and they partook so strongly of the general grimness that one would much rather have sat on the floor than incurred the smallest obligation to any of them.

“Presently there stalked into this apartment a grim old Shaker, with eyes as hard, and dull, and cold, as the great round metal buttons on his coat and waistcoat : a sort of calm goblin. Being informed of our desire, he produced a newspaper wherein the body of elders, whereof he was a member, had advertised but a few days before, that, in consequence of certain unseemly interruptions which their worship had received from strangers, the chapel was closed for the space of one year.”

The chapel will now be opened : for the chield is in England, and his Notes are not only printed but published, and by this time have been abundantly circulated, read, quoted, and criticised. Many of them, that will be canvassed elsewhere, are here left untouched, for obvious reasons ; and various desirable extracts are omitted through want of space ; for example, a pretty episode of a little woman with a little baby at St. Louis, and sundry sketches of scenery, character, and manners, as superior as “chicken fixings” to “common doings.” We have nevertheless worked out our original intention. The political will discuss the author’s notions of the republican institutions ; the analytical will scrutinise his philosophy ; the critical his style, and the hypocritical his denunciations of cant. Our only aim has been, according to the heading of this article, to give the reader a glimpse of Boz in America.

REVIEW.

SHAKSPEARE. Library Edition. Edited by C. KNIGHT.

SUPPOSING the title of a recent work to have been advertised some forty years ago, and to have excited our literary curiosity, we should certainly have guessed that "the Glory and the Shame of England" had reference to Shakspeare and his Critics.

For two centuries the Great Dramatist had been placed by universal suffrage at the head of our national Literature—his name had become a household word—his phrases as familiar as proverbs—and his plays were the staple of the stage; he was emphatically the Glory of our country, and yet to the shame of our literati, a well edited edition of his works was still to seek.

The task required, it is true, an unusual combination of natural endowments and acquirements, good taste, good feeling, a good ear, a good deal of reading, a good memory, and be it said, a good moral nature. Strongheaded, well-tuned, and mellifluous editors could not therefore be expected in droves like buffaloes, in flocks like larks, or in swarms like bees;—but as little reason was there to anticipate the extraordinary bad taste, bad feeling, bad ear, bad faith, and even bad language that were brought to the work by the Critics and Commentators. "The composition of Shakspeare," says one of his editors, "is a forest in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air: interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses." The more shame of the Doctor and his predecessors to have treated such a pleasure-ground like

a piece of waste land with the notification of "Rubbish shot here,"—the more sin to have pitched among the myrtles and roses the empty oyster shells of common place, the mere mud and road-drift of criticism, the broken crockery of controversy, and the old pots and kettles of personal abuse.

Strange to say, the worst of the Editors were not the dunces ; poor Theobald was often right, whilst Warburton went perversely, ingeniously, and elaborately wrong. Pope was a poet and a scholar, yet so little understood his vocation, that he contemptuously described what ought to have been a "labour of love," as "the dull duty of an Editor." The Colossus of Literature was certainly no ignoramus, but his connection with the "Undying One" was unfortunate for both parties. Not that he was sparing in expressions of admiration, but it was evidently of that vulgar kind, which regarded the Plays of Shakspeare as very creditable for an Actor, but wonderful from a Poacher and a Link-boy ! He allowed the Author to be an original genius : nay, that going even beyond Columbus he had "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new ;" but what are we to think of the sincerity of these panegyrics, when the extraordinary conclusion of the critic is, that "perhaps not one of the plays, if it had been exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer," that is to say, in the time of the Rambler, "would have been heard to the conclusion !"

A severe reflection, if well founded, not on the Dramatist, but on the play-goers. The facts, however, lead to quite an opposite inference. A French critic, coeval with Johnson, asserted, intending a sarcasm on the Author of Hamlet, that he was the idol of English play-goers, down to the London chair-men, sailors, hackney-coachmen, butchers and clerks so passionately fond of dramatic entertainments,—in other words, that there were better though raggeder judges in the pit and

gallery than in the stage box, which contained the full dressed Editor of Irene.

It is but reasonable, then, to suppose, that what had been so universally popular, and had survived for two centuries, contained some hard principle of vitality that would have prevented its being still-born at any epoch of gestation. Be it remembered, besides, that any piece is a new one to the man who sees and reads it for the first time, and we should like to be shown, for a shilling, the play-goer who ever felt disposed to damn a Tragedy or Comedy of Shakspeare's under such circumstances. For our own parts we cry O ! for the chance of hissing such new plays as were brought out at the Globe at Bankside ! O ! a thousand times O ! for the opportunity of catcalling such dramas as were submitted on their first nights to the lieges of Queen Bess and King James !

The truth is, Doctor Johnson was particularly ill-qualified for the office of Editor to Shakspeare, and he is here selected because an inventory of his defects would include most of the faults of his predecessors. As the first and worst of his imperfections, he wanted a due reverence and regard for his author, and was sadly deficient in the humility with which any mortal and fallible critic should have approached a work that time, the sternest and surest of censors, had so deliberately recommended to posterity. Witness the arrogant summary appended to each play, wherein the Dramatist is called forward at the fall of the curtain, after our modern fashion, not however to be overwhelmed with bouquets, but to receive a wreath from one hand, and a cabbage-stalk from the other !

The praise and blame are indeed so equally balanced, as to prove that the critic wanted that essential requisite, a congenial spirit, but "Surly Sam" had little in common with "Gentle Willy." Large of heart and liberal of hand, his

mind, nevertheless, was narrowed by party views and sectarian prepossessions which rendered him incapable of sympathising with a writer, who, if ever such mortal lived, was a man without a prejudice ! He could not comprehend or value the catholic toleration, the Socialism (a good word badly abused) which is the essential characteristic of Shakspeare, as distinctive of the individual as the totem of the American Indian. The soul of goodness, the love of virtue, the pure-mindedness, so omnipresent in his Author, the Doctor was better fitted to appreciate, yet even these, for want of a declared ethical purpose, and a didactic formula, the great Moralist has undervalued.

As little could he detect or relish the excellence of the Shakspearian language, or the singular beauty of the versification. The great Lexicographer indeed tells us that his author deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language ; but assuredly he means one of those bad masters who ill-use their dependants, for he tells us afterwards that Shakspeare had corrupted our tongue by every mode of depravation. But on this point the parties were far as the poles asunder, and time has decided against the L.L.D. The Johnsonian diction was one of those inventions which it is quite unnecessary to secure by a patent ; it was adapted exclusively to his own mode of thought, his own pen, and his own mouth ; it was born of him and died with him ; whereas the style of Shakspeare, while that of his contemporaries is crabbed and obsolete, is still fresh and flexible. The language of genius and the genius of language happily embraced, and the issue is an idiom that is and shall be living English to the end of Time. The versification of Shakspeare is unique ; like Milton, he has a blank verse exclusively his own, and as excellently adapted to its purpose. The Epic Bard has painted Man before the Fall, the

Dramatic Poet has described whatever he has been ever since, in metrical harmonies as distinct as the condition of humanity in and out of Paradise. Thus the solemn and sustained tone of Milton seems to retain the pitch and cadences of the time when Adam discoursed with his Maker and the Angels; whilst the fluent rhythm of Shakspeare accords with the diversified passions and variegated course of human life.

The Miltonic music has tones like modulated thunder, sounds as from some antediluvian instrument, fabricated in those days when earth pastured the Mammoth, the Megatherium, and other brute monsters that have perhaps degenerated into the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the hippopotamus; Shakspeare's organ is a panharmonicon or full band, with a vox humana pipe,—as in the famous organ at Haarlem,—particularly fine.

Yet it was this wonderful instrument that Steevens undertook off-hand to set to rights, just as a journeyman from Broadwood's would propose to rectify an old harpsichord, a very tolerable machine for its age, but woefully out of tune! But our Apollo found more than one Midas. Pope, even, an adept in the established peals and changes of metre and rhyme-ringing, had not ear enough to appreciate the Shakspearian versification, and Johnson chiefly praised it for its smoothness, a common-place merit to be found in most copies of verses, and in all paintings on tea-boards.

Thus was the *Glory of England* edited and criticised, illustrated by notes as transparent as barricadoes, and illuminated by lamps as lustrous as ebony; his grammar tested by that of Lindley Murray, his Orthography by Entick's, his refinement by Chesterfield's, his learning by Dr. Busby's, his metre by the finger-ends of Steevens, his morals by the fable-ends of Gay, and his dramatic skill by that of the author of

"Cato." Anything more? Yes, he was purified by Bowdler, and whitewashed in effigy by Maloue. Nothing but the Shakspearian stamina, a tenacious vitality like that of the Grisly Bear, with the same animal's capacity of carrying off an unknown quantity of lead, could have survived such treatment.

Fortunately for the national credit, a new school of criticism arose with Coleridge and Charles Lamb, each endowed with an intense love of the beautiful, a keen sense of the ludicrous, a fine ear, and above all, a veneration towards the great Dramatist, as if he had been a departed Prophet, and a loving pride in him, as though he were a living relation. So should Englishmen feel towards Shakspeare.* Hazlitt, Wordsworth, De Quincey (*vide* his admirable essay on the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth"), and others, followed in

* We do not here forget our obligations to Schlegel, Tieck, and the Germans, our very dear friends, as we have proved by constantly bantering them; a proof of latent affection that such acute metaphysicians ought to have detected. Ulrici, however, overlooked it between Benedict and Beatrice, when he said, "after carrying on a campaign of words without real enmity, they were entrapped into a marriage without real love." In reality these skirmishes of wit are delicious to the parties, from the very assurance, understood on both sides, that with all the show of hostility, there is no more actual war than in the manoeuvres of a sham-fight. There is no more real malice in such encounters than in the coarser raileries of our carmen, cabmen, bargemen, and watermen (a relic of the ancient flyhtings), made up of oaths, abuse, nicknames, threats, and defiance, but ending, on both sides, in a laugh. Thus Lamb apologetically describes all the bad comparisons he has been applying to tobacco as

"Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplexèd lovers use."

Such, in fact, as Beatrice employs in the play, where her very first words are an inquiry if Signor Montanto be returned from the wars, and being assured of his safety, she immediately "borrows language of dislike" to conceal the interest she feels in him. On this point, and the character of the lady, sharp, sweet, and spirited, as essence of punch, we agree with Mr. Knight.

the same path,—no tinkers of the text, making more holes than they mended, no metre-mongers pretending to give “a decent flow to the obstructed versification,” no macadamisers professing to ninnyhammer the “rugged pavement” into a smooth one, but devout expositors earnestly seeking to interpret the oracles of a superior intelligence, faithful ministers striving conscientiously, lovingly, and humbly, to expound the Englishman’s lay Bible.

Coleridge (for whom in lieu of the Germans, we must claim of Mr. Knight the merit of leading the way in teaching us to understand our own great Poet) was the first to encounter and overthrow the pragmatic notion that Shakspeare was a sort of Orson, a powerful savage, or according to the favourite mode of expression, a pure “Child of Nature.” If he resembled a child at all, it was that gigantic infant in Rabelais, who by sheer original vigour, guided by instinct, found the use of his legs, and taking up his cradle on his back, “like the shell of a tortoise,” gave incontestable proof, to the great offence of the inventors of leading-strings and go carts, that he was able to go alone. But the phrase involves besides an egregious error in the implied opposition of Nature to Art, as if they were antagonistic, instead of being as vitally connected as the Siamese Twins. Pope was much nearer the mark when he wrote

“All Nature is but Art unknown to thee”

whilst the ensuing line,

“All chance direction which thou canst not see,”

applies pointedly to the critic who detects in the highest works of genius neither skill nor cunning, rule nor method. But

“Nous avons changé tout cela.”

The great Poet is no longer supposed to have extemporised a series of random melodies, like the *Æolian harp*, the great Dramatist to have only presented a felicitous series of images, like the *kaleidoscope*, some of the combinations casually beautiful, and the rest common-place or grotesque. The energy of genius is admitted to be controlled and guided by a *Nous* analogous to the moral Conscience, an internal censorship not acting capriciously, but in accordance with certain innate principles, compared with which the Dogmas of Aristotle are still in their puppyhood. In short, we now recognise in Shakspeare a composite Genius, an exquisite Poet, a powerful Dramatist, a profound moral Philosopher, a first-rate Naturalist,* and a consummate artist.

In this new college of criticism Mr. Knight has wisely and worthily enrolled himself; and accordingly exhibits a large share of what La Harpe called "*l'obstination des Anglais sur le sentiment qu'ils ont de Shakspeare.*" This spirit is visible in his own observations, and in his extracts from the later English and German commentators.

But the first duty of an Editor is to settle the text of

* It has always surprised us that Walton, who was of age when Shakspeare expired in the blaze of his fame, has made no allusion in his "*Angler*" to one who was as devoted a lover of nature as himself. There were lines spun by the dramatist that ought to have caught the fisherman—sentences which ought to have been taken—passages which ought to have been gorged—but Izaak delighted rather in orthodox divines, like Dr. Donne—to whom, by the way, Ben Jonson addressed some verses quite as probably glanced at Shakspeare, as some that have been charged with the same air. The sarcasm, like Voltaire's, ascribes a vast but vulgar popularity.

"Who shall doubt, Donne, if I a poet be,
When I dare send my epigram to thee?"

* * * *

My title's sealed. Those that for claps do write,
Let puny's, porter's, player's praise delight,
And, till they burst, their backs like asses load,
A man should seek great glory and not broad."

his Author; and we fully concur with Mr. Knight in the authority he attaches to the folio of 1623, and the faith he places in the professions of Heminge and Condell.

There is a great air of sincerity in their affectionate mention of Shakspeare, a serious tone of truth in their anxiety for the perfection of the work, and of candour and modesty in their account of the clear unblotted state of the MSS. (to which by implication they referred), and consequently the comparative lightness of their labours.

Eighteen of the Plays, indeed, appear for the first time in their collection, and of four others they seem to have had the only authentic copies. Add that the folio was not put forth like a catchpenny publication immediately on the death of the Author, but seven years after his decease, and the disclaimer of personal fame or self-profit, as the object of the editors, becomes plausible and probable.

The commendatory verses of Digges plainly ascribe to the "pious fellows" a worthier design; and Ben Jonson distinctly recognises the literary executorship of Heminge and Condell, and the true legacy, by the very title of his lines "To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us."

The previous quartos were of course well known to Heminge and Condell, who from their intimate connection with Shakspeare and the theatre, would be able to distinguish which were printed from the genuine, or from "stolen or surreptitious copies." It follows that for the text in general, the folio of 1623 must be the best, and in many instances the only authority,—yet not altogether superseding the quartos, some of which were evidently legitimate publications, with the author's concurrence, if not superintendence. From these Mr. Knight has occasionally adopted a reading, and with advantage.

"The stolen and surreptitious copies" it is now difficult to determine, inasmuch as a stolen one would not necessarily be incorrect. But in this class we should certainly include all such plays as appeared "maimed and deformed," when compared with those in the folio, for instance, the unmetrical "Lear;" and perhaps, though correct, the "Othello," as suspiciously anticipating that of 1623. Indeed, its publisher, T. Wakley, appears to have brought out an unauthorised edition of the "King and no King" of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The singular rarity of publication after 1600, compared with four preceding years, is very remarkable. Perhaps the troublous times and the important public topics in the commencement of the reign of James I., were unfavourable to literature, or the Drama had come under new regulations, and there was greater difficulty in obtaining an imprimatur; for the productions of Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have been subject to the same influence, some of the earliest and most popular of their plays not having been printed till 1619, a rather notable year,* when the press appears to have resumed its activity.

But whatever the obstacle that kept so many of the Plays of Shakspeare for so long a time in MS., the more reason we have to be grateful for the collection by Heminge and Condell, without which some of his finest works would probably have been lost or destroyed in those evil days when the stage and its companies were put down by a fresh set of performers, who acted the hypocrite and played the devil.

The Library Shakspeare, as far as published, is chiefly occupied by the Comedies, some of which, with the notes,

* "The Maid's Tragedy," in 1619; "King and no King," 1619; "Philaster," 1620; "Thierry and Theoderet," 1621; then Shakspeare's "Lear," 1622; and the folio collection, 1623.

and introductory and supplementary notices, we have gone through with great pleasure and satisfaction. For instance, "The Tempest," Mr. Knight very properly rejects the theory that the Island of Prospero was Lampedusa, or indeed any real Island at all. The Poet had imagination and fancy enough to have invented an Archipelago. We should as soon have dreamt of identifying the flying Laputa with the Island of Ascension. But if we must be literal and geographical, there was an Island which Sinbad landed on, "very like a whale;" and the one where Trinculo swam ashore, belonged probably to the same group.

In the same literal spirit Malone and Chalmers contended for the "still vexed Bermoothes" as the locality; but a sea, violent by habit and repute, was not essential. The Tempest raised by Prospero's so potent art, he could have excited in Buttermere. It was a storm as brain-begotten as that wherein a company of drunkards, by way of lightening the ship, began to heave the chairs and tables out of the tavern windows. It was founded, however, according to Chalmers, on a real tempest in England in 1612.

"Surely," as Mr. Knight says, "this is all admirable fooling," when a document, recently discovered by Mr. Peter Cunningham, proves that the play was performed in November, 1611. But conjecture is free to all, and for our share, we guess that Ariel was derived prophetically from the Invisible Girl, and Caliban from Peter the Wild Boy, or the Chimpanzee.

With far better reason might a retrospective ferret attempt to hunt out the identical ship and the voyage that supplied the Dramatist with his knowledge of the sea-terms, and the proper manœuvres in a storm. He had certainly sailed on salt water, perhaps in his way to Italy, which Mr. Brown insists he must have visited. Let the reader turn to the

opening scene of the "Sea Voyage" by Fletcher, and observe what a lubberly piece of work it is to the true Tempest and ship-board, where every sentence works its passage. Raleigh,* indeed, might have helped the author to the technicals of seamanship, but Neptune himself must have supplied that inimitable "Boson" of a breed still as extant as a sea-dog, and as characteristically marked as with a blue-anchor in gunpowder. The best of our Naval Novelists never produced such a "pitched piece of reason, caulked and tackled," within the same compass. His "what, must our mouths be cold?" has the very twang of iron nerves braced taut by the salt sea-breeze! Stephano's song—more pitchy than any of Dibdin's—was composed in the fore-peak.†

The original text in the "Tempest," in the folio of 1623, is pronounced by Mr. Knight to be unusually correct; and, judging from his restorations, the Editors from Rowe to Johnson had certainly improved it for the worse. With equal judgment a stand is made against some more modern emendations, and particularly the substitution of a line-tree for the clothes-line, on which the gown and jerkin, so coveted by Stephano and Trinculo, have hitherto been suspended. The stage practice, perhaps traditional, has always used a cord, and the glittering apparel being intended for a bait, we give our vote, as a fisherman, for a line instead of a tree

* To hazard what Sir T. Browne calls a wide solution, "the remainder biscuit after a voyage," that was found so dry by Shakspeare, was perhaps brought from America to the Mermaid Tavern by Sir Walter.

† The sweet snatch of song improvised by Ariel—

"Full fathom five"—

is exquisitely toned to the circumstances of the case. Its announcement is knowingly false; the inspiration of melancholy feeling is wanting; and hence the melody is more airy, and the images are more fanciful, than would befit a dirge in earnest for a true death.

to it. We believe, even with Mr. Knight, that a hair line might be intended ; but we are less confident about a hint which the speculative spirit has just suggested, namely, that the line-trees were so called from being generally planted in lines, as in the famous Linden-street at Berlin.

The present Editor of Shakspeare seems, indeed, to be laudably averse to unnecessary alterations. Thus, in spite of its questionable meaning, he retains in Prospero's narrative

“A rotten carcase of a butt,” *

instead of the modern reading of a “boat” and in Iris's invocation,

“The pioned and twelled banks,”

which have so puzzled the commentators. With less reason, in the address of Ferdinand to Miranda, he has adopted a word from the fourth folio in lieu of that in the first—“maid” for “made.” The Prince exclaims,

“Most sure a goddess !”

but anon, in doubt of her divinity for want of the celestial attributes, desires to know how he shall bear himself, as an admirer or a worshipper, and therefore asks if she be made (of earth) or no ? We also greatly prefer the original phrase to the “boil'd” brains in page 207. The elision of the relative pronoun is Shakspearian, the cooked article is Kitchinerish. With these exceptions we coincide with Mr. Knight, and especially in repudiating the notion that the Tempest is identical with “Love's Labour Won” mentioned by Meres. The passion of Ferdinand and Miranda is on neither side laborious ; on the contrary, it illustrates that favourite dream of the young and romantic, love at first sight, which,

* Perhaps “hull”—the printer mistaking “h” for “b,” and the writer inadvertently crossing the double “l.”

when the smile is mutual, is certainly one of the most light genteel businesses that a gentleman or lady can engage in.

In "Love's Labour's Lost," on the other hand, the majority of the characters are laborious triflers, and are all losers; the very pedants toil at the composition of a Masque, and get nothing but mockery for their pains. Every one has been rolling a stone, big or little, up hill, and it has rolled down again, as if what the Germans call the fundamental idea of the play had been derived from the fable of Sisyphus.

Having touched on this Comedy, we will just notice a question discussed in Mr. Knight's introduction, the connection of Armado and the Schoolmaster with Lyly and his "Euphues." The name of Holofernes was doubtless derived, as well as a hint of his character, from his namesake the pedantic Latinist, who was selected for tutor to Gargantua, because, as Grangousier remembered, Aristotle was intrusted with the same office to Alexander; an exquisite satire, by the way, on parents in general, who, while they acknowledge the vital importance of education for their children, are singularly negligent in the choice of schools and preceptors. Now, Rabelais revelled in jargons, and that of the Limousin, who affected to speak in learned phrase, is nearly akin to the discourse of Armado and Holofernes, and very like the style of Andrew Brode's "Breviary of Health," published in 1547. To this answers Pantagruel, "I understand thee very well; when all comes to all, thou art a Limousin, and thou wilt here by thy affected speech counterfeit the Parisians."

It appears, then, that a strange fantastic phraseology was in vogue, not only in England but in France, long before the production of "Euphues," or the "Anatomy of Wit." In fact,

when Ben Jonson, in his "Cynthia's Revels," wrote, "You know I call Madam Philanthia my Honour, and she will call me her Ambition," it was the very jargon of the Island of Eunasin, where Pantagruel overheard a native, who "called his she-relation my Crum, and she called him my Crust."

Rabelais is again alluded to in "As you Like it," that delicious sylvan Comedy which we never read but our heart seems sprouting out fresh Midsummer shoots. There are other coincidences with "Love's Labour's Lost," which make us believe that these two open-air plays were composed about the same period, and in the Spring of Shakspeare's Authorship.

Fain would we here wander with Mr. Knight into the Forest of Arden, and discuss the folly of the "two fools" (according to Ulrici), Jaques and Touchstone; nay, generally the Clowns, and Fools, and Wags* of Shakspeare, their puns, "the conceits, the miserable conceits," and the "clumsy joking." But we must not now bestow any more of our tediousness on our readers. Perhaps we may hereafter return to the work, and gossip a little on these levities. In the meantime we heartily commend the "Library Shakspeare" to all Libraries, circulating or fixed, inland or marine, family or bachelor, standard bookcase or hanging shelves. The text is substantially the same that was furnished by the literary executors of the immortal Dramatist; and the bottom of the page is not encumbered, as heretofore, with a substratum of rubbish, the deposit of a critical Deluge, as luminous as mud, and as readable as the London clay. Some of the foot notes of the present Editor might indeed be spared, as when he explains that "all wound with adders," means twisted

* We venture here to offer a guess at a given-up riddle in "Much Ado about Nothing," act v., scene i.

"And, sorry wag, cry hem! when he should groan."

round with them ; but he has withal contributed most unostentatiously, a great deal of valuable information and ingenious speculation. These, with judicious quotations from the best English and German Commentators, make the Introductory and Supplementary Notices to each Play very pleasant and profitable reading ; whilst the woodcuts introduced between the Acts are curious, appropriate, and interesting. In fine (without disparagement to Mr. Collier's, which we have not seen), we consider the "Library Edition" to be the best "Shakspeare" that has yet come before us ; and a practical answer to a question somewhere asked in print, whether the Great Dramatist would have derived any benefit from being Knighted !

[On the publication of this notice, Laman Blanchard, whose generous nature was full of common sympathies with my father, wrote to him as follows :—

"It is rather an odd thing to do, but I have only this minute read your 'Shakspeare,' and as I never happened to read anything that I enjoyed more, I take the pen simply to tell you so at once. . . . The good people who write and chat about Shakspeare, generally adopt a vein the exact opposite of yours, and speak of him as they would speak of any other poet. So at the very outset I differ with them, as at the very outset I agreed in tone of feeling and thinking with you. You will feel why I thank and congratulate you, when I say that the disgust produced by some commentaries is hardly greater than the delight with which I read yours—so thoroughly does the spirit to comprehend both the Divinity and the Dunces pervade and elevate it all."]

[I have appended this sonnet to the review of "Shakspeare" (although it was probably written earlier), because, not being able to trace its real date, I think it is well placed at the end of this essay on the great poet.]

LEAR.

A POOR old king, with sorrow for my crown,
 Throned upon straw, and mantled with the wind—
 For pity, my own tears have made me blind
 That I might never see my children's frown ;
 And, may be, Madness, like a friend, has thrown
 A folded fillet over my dark mind,
 So that unkindly speech may sound for kind—
 Albeit I know not.—I am childish grown—
 And have not gold to purchase wit withal—
 I that have once maintain'd most royal state—
 A very bankrupt now that may not call
 My child my child—all beggar'd save in tears,
 Wherewith I daily weep an old man's fate,
 Foolish—and blind—and overcome with years!

REVIEW.

THE STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY. By WILLIAM HOWITT, from the
 Unpublished Manuscript of DR. CORNELIUS.

"Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
 And merrily danced the Quaker."—*Old Song.*

It is impossible to read this work without coming to the conclusion that the German students must be bewitching and irresistible fellows. They drink beer, it is true, like draymen, smoke like steam-engines, dress like picture-cards, and are

terribly prone to the duello, and to slit cheeks, and slice off noses ; and yet there is such a fascination about the rogues—such a taking *je ne sais quoi*, that they charm the very last persons who ought to be charmed by them—staid, sòber, and peaceable members of the Society of Friends! The practices we have named seemed tolerably stiff fences—formidable moral raspers and bullfinches for such slow-going sectarians to get over ; nevertheless, Friend William has cleared them at a flying leap—and even Friend Mary appears to have gone after him—as cleverly as Mause Headrigg. “By the help of the Lord I have loupit a wa’!”

In our simplicity, we should have considered a German Bursch and a Quaker as the antipodes of each other. They have, indeed, the same number of limbs and the common form of humanity, but in everything else they are as different as gunpowder and starch, yea, as a hedgehog and a mole, a wild boar and a Chinese pig—a bomb-shell and a Norfolk dumpling—firestone and slate—ginger-pop and pump-water—a broadsword and a fish-slice—Punch and the wax-works—devilled gizzard and a lamb’s sweetbread—curry and pap—an Infernal Machine and a parish engine! Why, in the mere matter of Cavalier love-locks and a cropped head, they are as far as the *poles* asunder! not to forget the hat or cap of a German, which goes off far oftener than the guns of the saluting battery at Dover, whereas John Elwood took himself off bodily from his father’s house, rather than remove his beaver! Then what a world of distance between the Heidelberg Beer Code, with its 141 articles, and a Temperance Tract!—the Manifesto of Karl Ludwig Sand and the Treaty of William Penn!—a Dummer Junge Challenge and Barclay’s Apology!—the Bursch Lied of “Old Noah” (page 300) and a Poem by Bernard Barton! And yet, strange as it may seem—stranger than a coalition of Chartists and Tories—

the association has actually taken place ; the Bursch and the Quaker, if we may believe the volume before us, have been hand and glove, bottle and glass, hob and nob, as thick as thieves — and have anstoss'd, smollis'd, crambambuli'd, rubbed salamanders, smoked, sentimentalized, and sung Old Rose together !!! Nay, more, on New Year's Eve—the eve of a new era in Quakerism, the Student Hoffman, accompanied by his guitar, chanted a song from the pen of Friend Mary—*Mare Pacificum* !—with the jolly burthen

“ Then drink and be glad, sirs,
 Laugh and be gay,
 Keep sober to-morrow,
 But drink to-day.”

No ! the new William and Mary can never have gone over to Holland in the solid Batavier. They must have been honoured, like Sir Walter Scott, with a ship of war for their passage, and a crew of those hearty good fellows who

“ Sing a little and work a little,
 And laugh a little, and swear a little,
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
 And swig the flowing can.”

And do we like the Friends any the worse for all this ? Not a jot should we, if they did not at the same time pretend to the other character—not a whit if they did not seem inclined to propitiate the foreign Student, and compliment his Fatherland at the expense of their own Mother country and her Collegians. As for the socialities of Oxford or Cambridge, to which the Kneips and the Hirschgasse are “heaven and innocence,” we really think it must require a more determined sottishness to become fuddled with “gentle and innocent” Rhine wine, and an “amiable table beer,” than to get drunk with “sherry or port three-fourths brandy.” While as pastimes the noble exercise of rowing, and the

manly game of cricket altogether hump and bowl out the mock-heroical duello "with its scratching of noses and puncturing of padding." An English fox-chase, for costume, spirit, and sport, must beat a Heidelberg Fox Ride (we wish Nimrod would just look at the frontispiece) by fifty lengths; nay, even "Life in London," with its cloud-blowing, swipery, fancy chants, swell toggery, and turns-up, would almost stand a comparison with the lauded "Life in Germany!"

Seriously, there are doubtless virtues that redeem the vulgarities and the vices of Studentdom; but, considering how it dresses, how it drinks, how it smokes, how it sings, how it dances, and how it fights, how it could charm a Howitt is one of the Wonders of our Century!

[The same idea which my father adopted in the "Lion's Head" of the "London," he also followed up in the "Whispering Gallery" of the "New Monthly," and subsequently in the "Echo" of "Hood's Magazine." I append a few of the "New Monthly" notes.]

THE WHISPERING GALLERY.



W. B.—Laudatory Odes to the Spring are as common as buttercups. Let him try his hand at an abusive one with a cutting invective against the East Wind.

X. is declined for a reason he can possibly divine. X. ought to know Y.

WEYMOUTH.—Coleridge used—De Quincey used (and perhaps still continues) to take opium:—but we do not.*

* I quote this as an instance of the cool impertinence of a correspondent. Such inexplicable folly makes me half inclined to believe in the *bonâ fide* character of the weekly inquiries answered in the "Family Herald," and papers of that class—inquiries running over with obtrusive imbecility.

WE must seriously protest against the length and bulk of "short, light articles" offered us by certain correspondents. They ask us if we have a vacancy for a Page, and then send us a Footman as big as the Duke of Devonshire's porter.

SINCE our last whispers on the subject, the practices of the Literary Pirates in America have received a curious illustration by the conflagration of the extensive establishment of Messrs. H——, an event attributed to some person's having gone with a light into the warehouse for the purpose of stealing a copy of Mr. James's "Morley Ernstein," of which a large impression was just ready for issue to the public—the coveted copy being of course intended to serve in the reprinting of a rival edition. It will henceforth be unnecessary to say more of the morality of a system which has been so strikingly illuminated.

* * * is advised to send his communication to some scientific journal and to drop the first letter in "Heditor." The word should begin with an E except when, as Mr. Weller says, "it is spelt with a we."

CRICKET. — Various games, including Chess, Whist, and Backgammon, are supposed to be strong tests of equanimity—and in reality the loss of a match, rubber, or hit has been frequently known to upset human patience and the rules of good breeding. But, of all games or sports, Cricket appears the most trying to the temper, for a player cannot lose his wicket without being put out.

[This year my father again took up pen on the Copyright Question. Two more letters on the subject appeared in the "Athenæum," for which he also wrote the Review of "Barnaby Rudge," that follows them.]

COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.



LETTER IV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

FIVE years ago I ventured in your popular journal to publish my private thoughts on the nature and laws of Literary Property. In those letters, without underrating the International Question, it was recommended that we should begin at home, and first establish what Copyright is in Britain, and provide for its protection against Native Pirates or Bookaneers. It was contended, therefore, that the author's perpetual property in his works should be formally recognised, and that, "by taking this high ground at once, and making Copyright analogous in tenure to the soil itself, its defence might be undertaken with a better grace against trespass at home or invasion from abroad."

The fate of the Bill subsequently framed by Serjeant Talfourd is well known. An opposition was set up by publishers, stationers, binders, printers, journeymen, devils, and hawkers; and Mr. Tegg even so far discomposed himself as to compose a pamphlet, in which the earnings and emoluments of Scott, Byron, Moore, Southey, Hook, &c., were summed up as if they had been so many great sinecurists fattening in idleness at the cost of our dear public. Messrs. Wakley and Warburton chimed in with the pamphleteer, and even one or two country gentlemen, who had set their ridge and furrow faces against cheap food for the body, were all in favour of cheap food for the mind, as if it were desirable

to see the public like a huge rickety child with its head a great deal bigger than its belly. Nevertheless, even this opposition might have failed if the tone of the House had remained at its original pitch. The eloquent speech of the learned Serjeant, on introducing his Bill, had a thrilling effect. And when he ceased, "those airy tongues that syllable men's names" filled up the pause, till the very walls seemed whispering "Chaucer!" "Spenser!" "Shakspeare!" "Milton!" whilst sadder echoes responded with "Chatterton!" "Otway!" and "Burns!" Every head with a heart to it, and every heart with a head to it, answered to the appeal. The accomplished nobleman, the gentleman of cultivated mind, the man of taste, the well-educated commoner, at once acknowledged, as debts of honour, their deep obligations to literature. They recalled with affectionate interest and honourable respect the poets of their youth and the philosophers of their manhood—their intimates of the closet—their familiars of the fields and forests—the intellectual ministers from whom they had derived amusement in leisure, wisdom in action, society in solitude, and consolation in travel. They remembered the friends of their souls. Even the opponents of the measure confessed the national importance and value of literature, and its beneficial influence on the community, by their very struggles to make it cheap for the public at the expense of all liberal feeling and common justice. Moreover, the question involved, more or less, nearly the hereditary principle—the law of property—the nature of freehold and copyhold—the protection of a native interest—and, in some opinions, the national honour. But, alas! the argument had fallen on evil days! The question did not suit the temper of the times or the ordinary tone of the place. It contained no political "Ode to the Passions." There was no ardent, over-proof unrectified party spirit in it to excite a parliamentary

delirium tremens. There was no sidebone of contention for Whig or Tory. It was a subject whereon political Montagues and Capulets might shake hands. Faction overcame Fiction. The accomplished nobleman, the gentleman of cultivated mind, the man of taste, the well-educated commoner had other fish to fry—hotter broils and stews to arrange—and their gratitude and good will to literature chilled as rapidly as mutton gravy on a cold plate !

Since, then, the reprinting of English works in America has progressed with steam celerity : whilst the King of the Belgians has openly recommended this literary piracy to his subjects, as a profitable branch of the national industry · a speech, by the way, for which his Majesty deserves an especial address from our literati, whenever he thinks proper to revisit this country. The importation of foreign reprints has also increased, and to an extent that has made our publishers quite as alarmed as the farmers and graziers when they recently fancied themselves surrounded by outlandish bulls of Bashan, and bellowed out for protection against foreign oxen, all ready to invade Smithfield, and drive our own beasts, without drovers, clean out of the market. But our author-feeders have more cause for alarm than the cattle breeders, inasmuch as it appears that the foreign bullocks, though invited, will not come in, whereas the foreign books will enter in spite of being forbidden.

In this extremity, Lord Mahon has opportunely brought forward a new bill, which has been supported by authors and booksellers with a harmony as strange as pleasant—a harmony not so attributable, I fear, to Wilhem's system, or Mr. Hullah's vocal exercises for singing in tune, as to the fact that the voices of the literati form a powerful and welcome addition to the cry set up for protection against foreign piracy. On the extension of the term of Copyright the

trade is now liberally indifferent, but extremely anxious for some very stringent enactment to stop the smuggling of piratical reprints—and, of course, with a retrospective clause, which shall prohibit Flemish, French, or American impressions of Shakspeare and Milton, as well as of Harry Lorrequer or “Zanoni.” And why not a retrospective clause—for how is a man to protect his property if he may not shoot into the back garden as well as into the forecourt? Provided always, that the grounds in the rear be really the property, or at least in the legal occupation of the man with the blunderbuss. Of which more hereafter.

In the meantime, the new bill has not been discussed, in either House, without some opposition to its provisions, and, as usual, especially directed against the section intended for the benefit of the author. In the Commons, up jumped Mr. Wakley—perhaps a Coroner accustomed to violent and sudden deaths could not relish anything expiring so deliberately as with forty-two years’ notice—however, up jumped Mr. Wakley, as vicious with poetry and poets as if he had just been kicked by Pegasus, or rejected in turn by all the Nine Sisters,—and after a flagrant assault on the Bard of Rydal, behind the back of Mr. Wordsworth, protested vehemently against any further protection of good-for-nothing books. As if, forsooth, our dear public could be injured by even a perpetual copyright in works which nobody but the author would ever think of reprinting! These good-for-nothing writers it has been fashionable to estimate as ninety-nine out of one hundred, and, admitting the proportion, what is to become of the *rara avis*, the phoenix, the one of a hundred? Is he to receive no reward or encouragement which may stimulate others to go and do likewise? Let us suppose a school kept by Doctor Posterity, which offers, as usual, a prize for the best scholar. The term is at an end,

the reward is to be conferred, and the best boy of a hundred is desired to step forward. "Master Scott," says the Doctor, "it is my pleasing task to inform you that you have won the highest prize in this Classical Establishment. The talents bestowed on you have not been abused or neglected. Your genius has been equalled by your industry, and your performances have given universal satisfaction. Your themes and essays in original composition have particularly excited my admiration and approbation: I have read them with interest and delight. Master Scott, I have had few boys like you. You are an honour to the school, as you will be an ornament to your age and country. I have no difficulty in awarding the first prize intended for the encouragement of genius and learning. Behold this large gold medal! It is eminently your due. You have richly earned it—but mind, I'm not going to give it you, and for this reason, that all your ninety-nine schoolfellows, put together, are not worth a dump!"

Is this the way to encourage the production of standard works, and to improve the breed of authors? Is it on this system that we have sought to improve the breed of horses, horned cattle, and pigs? Is a prize ox ever denied the prize because there are so many lean beasts in the market? Would Boz, Ivanhoe, or Satirist be refused the gold cup at Ascot because Dunce, Tony Lumpkin, or King Log had been distanced in the race? Is it thus that merit is rewarded in other countries? My travelled readers have doubtless seen what is called, in France, a *Mât de Cocagne*—a tall well-greased pole—"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb!" with some public prize at the top. Many are the candidates, particularly sweeps and sailors, who attempt to swarm up the slippery mast; some heavy-sterned fellows only mounting half way; others scrambling almost within arm's length of the reward: but, alas! down, down, down.

they slide again like greased lightning, and cursing Sir Isaac Newton for inventing gravitation. At last some more fortunate or clever aspirant attempts the task—"up he go—up he go"—like the 'possum, till he actually reaches the tip-top, and clutches the tempting article. Lucky dog that he is, not to be an English author, and rewarded by English authorities! No one grudges him his success—no one objects that the nineteen other candidates have gone to the bottom of the pole. He has not only won the prize, but wears it, and perhaps literally in the shape of a new pair of breeches.

It has been said, indeed, that a writer would derive no advantage from an extended property in his works; but why should not long copyrights be as beneficial as long leases, long purses, long annuities, long legs, long heads, long lives, and other long things that are longed for? Much stress has been laid on the declarations of publishers, that they would give no more for forty-two years than for twenty-eight, or fourteen. And no doubt the parties were perfectly sincere in the declaration. There are persons who would not plant trees, however profitable ultimately, because the return would be distant and not immediate: and even so some publishers might not care to invest their capital in standard works for a sure, but slow, remuneration. But that money is to be made of books, even after twenty-eight years, is certain, or what becomes of Lord Brougham's statement, that publishers have been making large preparations, and incurring great expense for the purpose of bringing out works of which the copyrights were just expiring? Nay, is there not one bookseller in Cheapside, who is understood to have made hundreds and thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, by this sort of author-snatching? But to bring the question to issue, let us take a batch of writers, who are all as dead as if they had been boiled, and yet at whose head and brains there is better

sucking than in a quart of shrimps. For example, there is one Fielding, whose last novel was published a century ago, and, consequently, has been common spoil for some fourscore years. Will any one be bold enough to say, that a revived copyright of "Tom Jones" would be valueless in the market? Then we have one Smollett, and one Sterne, and one Goldsmith, all defunct fifty years since,—would an exclusive right in their works obtain no bidders? Not to name Shakspeare or Milton; would Johnson's Dictionary, as copyright, fetch nothing in the Row? or would the shade of Defoe again go a-begging from publisher to publisher, with his "Robinson Crusoe?" Why, in the Literary Stocks, there could hardly be a safer investment.

In the Upper House, the opposition to the Bill was led by Lord Brougham, not without expressions of great respect and "sincere affection" for literary men, whom he represented as claimants, not only on the justice, but on the benevolence of the house. To this last character, however, I for one must demur. There has been too much of this almsgiving tone used towards authors, so that an uninformed reader of the speeches would imagine that the poor dogs were on their hind legs begging for a bone, or a boon, as some pronounce it, instead of standing up like the kangaroo for their natural rights. For, be it remembered, by Tories, Conservatives, and Royal Oak Boys, that we have only been agitating to regain our usurped possessions—to effect not a Revolution, but a Restoration!

Apart from the above vile phrase, the compliments of Lord Brougham were highly flattering, and his sincere affection would no doubt be a valuable possession, but, alas! when it came to be tested, the tie, though showy, was no more binding than the flimsy gilt book-covers of the present day. His Lordship soon repented of his attachment to

authors, and refused to "be led away, as many had been led away (and oh ! that our state wheelers had never any other leaders !) by a generous, natural, and praiseworthy feeling." The Peers had listened too much to kind feelings, and he felt compelled to remind them of "the strict duties of the legislative office." A very superfluous injunction—for what has the legislature done for literature ? How have our legislators "leaned towards the side towards which they must all wish to lean, and towards which all their prejudices and partialities must bear them ?" Why, they found the authors in possession of a common law right, so called from being founded on common sense and common justice—and how did they show their amiable weakness, their partial warp and bias, their over-indulgent fondness for that spoiled child—a son of the Muses. To borrow a comparison,—one of the most ill used members of creation is that forlorn animal, a street dog. Every idle hand has a stone, every idle foot has a kick for him—every driver a whip, and every carpenter a cleft stick. He has only to look at a butcher's shop—merely to point at a sheep—to be snatched up instanter. Bang ! goes the chopper ! and off fly a few inches of his tail. He has only to be looked at by a bevy of young blackguards, and in a jiffy away he scours, encumbered with an old kettle. Even so it fared with the author. He was ragged in his coat, bare on his ribs, and tucked up in the flank—in short, he looked a very peltable, kickable, whipable, and curtailable dog, indeed. Accordingly, no sooner had Law caught sight of him, than it caught hold of him, docked his entail at a blow, and tied Stationers' Hall to the stump.

So much for the strict duties of the legislative office, to which we owe that we have only a lease of our own premises—a temporary usufruct in our own orchards—that we have been encouraged by a sequestration, and protected from

retail privateering, on the condition of wholesale piracy hereafter !

To be sure it has been urged, that an extended copyright (an author's monopoly instead of a bookseller's) would damage the public interest—that it would enhance the price of books—at any rate, that it would prevent their re-issue at a reduced rate. But this speculation remains to be tested by experiment. The higher and wealthy classes do not compose, as formerly, the great mass of readers—the numbers have increased by millions, and our writers are quite as well aware as the trade of the superior advantage of a cheap and large circulation. They have the double temptation of popularity and profit. One can even fancy an author publishing without hope of pecuniary reward, nay, at a certain loss, provided it would insure his numbers a Bozzian diffusion ; whereas it is difficult to imagine a writer setting so high a price on his own book as would necessarily confine its perusal to a very select circle. On these points I am competent to speak, having re-issued the majority of my own humble works, at a price quite in accordance with the demand for cheap literature—and most certainly not enhanced by the time my copyrights had been in existence. It is true that the cost of a volume has occasionally been purposely hoisted up, for instance, by wilfully destroying the wood-blocks and copper plates, as in the case of Dr. Dibdin's "Bibliographical Decameron," but such dog-in-the-mangery acts have been committed at or before publication : for even the maddest Bibliomaniac would hardly dream of making a work "scarce," after a sale of forty-two years. It follows, then, that the shorter the copyright the longer the price of the book ! for supposing the term cut down to one year for the writer to sow, reap, and gather in his harvest, what so likely to set him Dibdinizing as the brevity of his lease ? "Odds books and buyers !"

says he, "only twelve months market before me, less fifty-two Sundays! As my time is so scant, I must make the most of it!" So he stirs up the coals to a bonfire, pitches into it all his costly woodcuts, as if they were so many logs, and enhances the price of his volume to ten guineas a copy!

Apropos of cheapness, it seems never to have occurred to the sticklers for it, that an article may become unreasonably reasonable—that the consumer may be benefited overmuch. For example, there have been certain staring shop announcements to be seen about London, in which the low price of the commodities was vouched for by the ruin of the manufacturer—broad proclamations that the "Great Bargains in Cotton" had shut up the mills, and that the "Wonderfully Reduced Silks" had exhausted not only the bowels of the worm but those of the weaver. But is such a consummation a favourable one, and devoutly to be wished, whatever the fabric? Is it really desirable to see our authors publicly advertised as "Unprecedented Sacrifices?" Or would anybody, except Mr. Wakley, or some useless Utilitarian, be actually gratified by reading such a placard as the following:

UNEXAMPLED DISTRESS IN GRUB STREET!

GREAT REDUCTION IN LITERATURE!!

PROSE UNDER PRIME COST!!! POETRY FOR NOTHING!!!!

It is certain, nevertheless, that new works, and especially periodical ones, have been projected and started, during the Rage for Cheap Literature, at rates so ruinously low, that they might afford brown bread and single Gloster to the Publishers or to the Writers, but certainly not for both. Thus, a few months since I was applied to, myself, to contribute to a new journal, not exactly gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing—and avowedly because the work had been planned according to that estimate. How-

ever, I accepted the terms conditionally ; that is to say, provided the principle could be properly carried out. Accordingly, I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish me with their several commodities at a very trifling per-centage above cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher :—

“Sir,—Respectin your note. Cheap literater be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other pepel—and if so be you or the readin publick wants to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses, and kill yourselves. I remane, &c., John Stokes.”

And truly, why not cheap anything, or everything, as well as cheap literature ? Cheap beef, cheap beer, cheap butter, and cheap bread ? As to books, the probability is, that distant re-issues would be at reduced rates ; but, even supposing them to remain at their original prices, why should Mr. Thomson of 1843 have his “Waverley” any cheaper than Mr. Thomson of 1814 ?

At any rate, the interests of *both* parties ought to be fairly considered. Nay, Consistency goes still farther, and hints that the literary interest should be especially favoured. For, hark to Consistency ! “Let the public,” she says, “be cared for—let the public be *well* cared for,—and let the Authors be *particularly well* cared for, as the most public part of the public !”

“But if we give an extended term to the authors,” cries Lord Brougham, “we must also give a longer day to the patentees.” And why not, if they deserve and need it ? But it is as easy to show cause against a patent being perpetual, as it is difficult to prove why a copyright should

be limited. In the abstract, the absolute rights of both parties may be equal—but as the monopoly of a mechanical invention might be an enormous evil, Expediency, with propriety, steps in to protect the public interest when the private one has been amply gratified. In fact, the patentees of great and useful inventions have generally realized large fortunes within a few years ; whereas the best and greatest of our writers have commonly made such little ones, during their whole lives, that the Next-of-Kin never heard of anything to his advantage. And the reason was ably explained by the Bishop of London.

The merits of a mechanical invention can at once be tested : and are immediately recognised. The merest logger-head can understand at a glance the advantage of a machine which impels a ship without wind and a coach without horses—howbeit the same dunderpate in twenty long years had never found out the use of “book larning.” There is a gentleman of my acquaintance who derives a yearly sum for a patent clothes brush, the superiority of which, in brushing his master’s coat, John Footman would detect ere he had whistled through “Nancy Dawson.” But suppose instead of a machine of bristles, wire, and wood, my friend had composed a work, intended to brush off the dirt and dust of the human intellect, he might have been months in catching a publisher, and years upon years in getting hold of the public. But why talk of steam-engines, clothes brushes, and such utilities ? There was one trifling instrument, for which, had the inventor secured a patent, the sale of the article, merely as a toy, would have certainly enriched the proprietor—for the dullest unit of humanity had but to put the tube to his or her eye to enjoy all the beautiful and varied patterns of the kaleidoscope. But suppose, instead of a tin machine with reflectors and bits of coloured glass, the

novelty had been a "Novum Organon," how many of those peeping thousands and millions might have looked through it and through it, by sunlight and lamplight, without discovering that it was rare food for the mind—prime intellectual Bacon. The truth is, we so far resemble the brutes, that we understand our physical wants and comforts, much more quickly than our mental or moral ones,—just as a turnspit would find out the value of a bottlejack long before that of a Bridgewater Treatise. Hence, the prompt recognition and remuneration of mechanical inventions and inventors. Nor must it be forgotten that government, as wide awake to the Physical, and as fast asleep to the Intellectual, as the loggerheaded dunce, John Footman, the kaleidoscopers, and the turnspit,—it ought not to be forgotten that government has sometimes bought his invention of a patentee, but has never purchased a copyright since the invention of printing. It will be time enough, then, when Sir Robert Peel begins to bargain with us for our works, on behalf of the nation, to say that we are on the same footing as the patentees.

The International Question—and Pirates Foreign and Domestic—in my next. Yours, &c.

THOS. HOOD.

LETTER V.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

PROBLEMATICAL as some persons may consider the benefit of an extended copyright to authors, there can be no doubt of the immediate injury they must sustain, in common with publishers, from the piratical reprinting of the works in foreign countries—to wit, France, Belgium, and the United

States. I am not aware whether Germany partakes in this disgraceful traffic: but there is a word for it in the language, and nothing is more favourable to *Nachdruckerie* than the contiguity of several petty principalities.

Of the character of the system, the very name that is applied to it is significant—a term which associates this over-free-trade with the buccaneering practices of the old robbers on the high seas. The literary pirate does not, indeed, dabble in blood, but in ink; but the object is the same, and pursued by the same means—the indiscriminate pillage of friend or foe. And here be it said, that if anything can palliate the foreign marauder, and render his offence comparatively venial, it is the example of English publishers pirating English works. It has always been reckoned unnatural for dog to eat dog, or for hawks to pick out hawks' eyes; and the Highland veteran, who stole droves of cattle without scruple, would have held it a heinous offence to lift a sucking calf belonging to any one of his own clan. Nevertheless, of this heinous and unnatural conduct there have been too many instances, including a couple within the last few months. In the first case, a piracy was committed by a Firm not the least active in the opposition to the Bill of Serjeant Talfourd, and who, of course, held the poacher-like principle that the proper time for a copyright to expire was whenever they chose to kill it. The other party alluded to, once went so far as to assert to me that an author would not receive more, but less, for a longer term in his works—a declaration attributed at the time to mere natural block-headism; but his theory of literary rights has since been illustrated by an injunction obtained against him by a brother bookseller, for pirating some popular metrical legends. Now in what but the pseudo-respectability of a double-fronted shop in Cornhill does this publisher rank above a

man, whom he would no doubt have designated as a little, low, dirty, shabby library-keeper in the suburbs, to whom I one day happened to mention a placard in a neighbouring shop-window announcing a spurious "Master Humphrey's Clock."

"Sir," said the little, low, dirty, shabby library-keeper, "if you had observed the name, it was by Bos, not Boz—S Sir, not Z; and, besides, it would have been no piracy, Sir, even with the Z, because Master Humphrey's Clock, you see, Sir, was not published by Boz, but by Charles Dickens."*

These lax principles of our domestic pirates are not at all *braced* by a passage across the Atlantic. In America the system has reached its climax, and the types, used on a new work here, are only the antetypes of a reprint in Boston, Philadelphia, or New York. Of this, a flagrant example has recently occurred in the re-publication of Sir E. Bulwer's last new novel, "Zanoni," in a newspaper form, at the rate of ten copies for a dollar! In fact, as to natural rights, in the States there appear to be two classes very much on a par—our *read* men and the Indians.

It may be as well for me, before commenting on such transactions, to disown any prejudice, personal or political, against America or the Americans. I am none of the "Mr. H's," who have drawn, sketched, or caricatured them. The stars and stripes do not affect me like a blight in the eye; nor does "Yankee Doodle" give me the ear-ache. I have no wish to repeal the Union of the United States; or to alter the phrase in the Testament into "Republicans and Sinners." In reality, I have rather a Davidish feeling towards Jonathan, remembering whence he comes, and what language he speaks; and holding it better in such cases to have the wit that

* Fact.

traces resemblances, than the judgment that detects differences,—and perhaps foment them.

It is, therefore, to gratify no private spleen, spite, or jealousy, that my voice is raised against a system which has been condemned by some of the wisest and most distinguished of her own sons as prejudicial to the dignity and best interests of America—men, who do not care, perhaps, to see their Gog of a country indebted for all its prose and poetry to little Great Britain, just as the jolterheaded Giant at the gate of Kenilworth Castle was dependent for *his* literature on the dwarfish imp Flibbertigibbet.

And truly gigantic is Jonathan in his material works, and extra-fast in his physical progress ; but will he really be satisfied with going ahead in everything but that in which the head is so distinguished an agent ? He is first chop with the hatchet, and a crack with the rifle,—grand at a 'coon, mighty at a 'possum, and awful at a squirrel,—he can drive a nail with a bullet, or a bargain with a Jew pedlar,—whip his weight in wild cats,* grin Jesuit's bark into quinine, and, as some say, wring off the tail of a comet,—but where will be his exploits with the pen ? Will he resemble or not the big Ben of the school, a dab at marbles, a first-rater at cricket, a top-sawyer at fives, and a good-'un at fisticuffs, but obliged to be obliged for his English themes and exercises to the least boy on the form ? The picture is a mortifying one ; but in some such character must Jonathan necessarily figure, if he consents to be a mere interloper—a Squatter, instead of a Settler, in the Field of Letters.

That America, in the absence of an International Copyright, can never possess a native literature, has been foretold by the second-sighted on either side of the Atlantic. Indeed,

* “ Phoo ! phoo ! ” said an old Anglo-Indian in reference to this boast ;
“ I can whip my own weight in elephants.”

according to Mr. Cornelius Mathews, in his speech at the public dinner given to Dickens at New York, the barren time is already come, and the field of letters, in the States, scarcely produces a prose thistle, or a poetical dandelion. It would hardly feed a Learned Pig. Such must be the inevitable result of the re-publication of English works on a scale that totally precludes any native competition; and whatever may be the feeling of the trading partners, I can imagine nothing more mortifying to the spirit of a liberal, accomplished, and patriotic American, than to sit in his study, under a framed and glazed "Declaration of Independence," and to look at a Family Library, well stored indeed with books, but of which nothing save the paper and the covers are of home manufacture.

Of the character of the traffic there can be no doubt. No honourable man would wish to obtain mental food, any more than his bodily victual, without fairly paying for it. It makes no difference that the supply comes from another country; for who would object to pay his tradesman's bills on the plea that his American apples, his Ostend butter, and his French eggs, were of foreign production? Nor does it matter that the acquisition is not exactly so tangible as upholstery; it is as irregular to have your head furnished as your house at the expense of your neighbour.

But these are the consumers. As to the purveyors, they are precisely on a par with the remarkable cheap traders, who stole ready-made brooms. They are not liable, it is true, to any legal penalty; but a severe punishment is awarded to a very similar offence. According to the comity of civilized countries, the national flag virtually protects not only the aggregate people, but every native individual—the British subject at Baltimore or Boston as much as the cockney in Cheapside. Even so the copyright of an English work

attaches to the solitary copy that finds its way to New York as much as to the 1499 which remain in the dominions of Queen Victoria. It is a single bank note, but of a large issue ; and its multiplication by spurious copies, particularly for circulation in our empire or its colonies, is surely as nefarious as the forgery of our "flimsies." The analogy is undeniable : and as the wholesale counterfeiting of a paper currency has only been practised heretofore between nations at war, it is incumbent on the Congress of a country with which we are at amity to put a stop to such hostilities.

And here, pray note, how a Perpetual Copyright, as I formerly stated, might be defended with a better grace from invasion from abroad. Indeed, if foreign piracy have any plea in extenuation, it is the evil example of the statute of 1709, which first put a boundary line to a possession. Jonathan is a great calculator, and may calculate that space as well as time may nullify a copyright ; and to be candid, there is no very clear reason why it should not. To me it appears that 28 degrees of latitude might as justly and rationally alienate a property as 28 years of longitude ; that my right may as consistently depart from me in a steamboat as in a calendar ; and of the two, the Great Western seems the most tangible conveyancer. As to any work above 23 years old, its reprinting by Americans or New Zealanders can be no transgression. On No Man's Land there can be no trespass ; where there is no right there can be no infringement ; there can be no piracy, for there is no copyright, that which was called so being dead and gone ; not transferred like other property, but annihilated ; not a dormant title, but extinct. As a consequence, in a couple of months, every printer in the United States will have, legally, as much right and interest in Waverley as the son and heir of the immortal Novelist.

There is another injury, however, with which our authors are threatened besides reprinting, namely, translation,—not from English into American, for there is no such tongue, but from the language of a Monarchy into that of a Republic. Yes ; our writers are actually to be done into Locofocos, Nullifiers, Federalists, Democrats, Sympathisers,—nay, perhaps, into Horse Alligators and Yellow Flowers of the Forest, according to the taste of the province in which they may be reprinted, or the predilections of the republisher ! In fact, American editions are to represent in spirit, as well as in form, American *impressions* !

This transmogrification is plainly alluded to in the following paragraph of a Memorial to Congress got up at a meeting of publishers, printers, &c., at Boston, in April last, Mr. Goodrich, alias Peter Parley, in the chair :

“ We would also suggest another point of vital import. If English authors obtain copyrights upon their works here, and our markets are supplied with them, it is apparent that, having no power to adapt them to our wants, our institutions, and our state of society, we must permit their circulation as they are. We shall thus have a London literature forced upon us, at once driving our own out of the field, and subjecting the community to its influence. So long as we have power over it—so long as we can shape it as may suit our taste and condition, we have nothing to fear ; but when this privilege is taken away, and the vast preponderance of British capital has driven our own out of the trade, shall we not have in our bosom a power at war with our institutions, and dangerous to our prosperity ? Is it not safer and better to let in this literature freely, but subject to the moulding of our wants and wishes, rather than to give it an ascendancy, and entrench it behind the inviolable privilege of copyright ? ”

And that there may be no doubt about the meaning of the memorialists, hear Mr. Cornelius Mathews :

“I have said nothing—and I might have said much—of the mutilation of books by our American republishers—that outrageous wrong by which a noble English writer, speaking truths in London, dear to him as life, is made to say in New York that which his soul abhors !”

I am not aware of the exact tinge of the Boston complexion ; but, whether pallid or rubicund, golden or brazen, was there no cheek capable of a blush at the reading of such a precious document ! Did Mr. Goodrich—himself a writer—and a moralist for children—did Peter Parley feel no misgivings as to the propriety or fairness of casting the brains of English authors into American moulds and shapes, with as little ceremony as so much jelly ? Is there no turpitude in the falsification of writings because they happen to be not in manuscript, but in print ? On the contrary, the most dishonorable of misrepresentations is to make a man misrepresent himself, by attributing to him expressions he had never uttered, or principles he had never entertained—a proceeding quite as dirty as that of the Brobdingnagian baboon, when it crammed into the mouth of Gulliver the filth it had hoarded in its own pouches !

For my own part, I think that man has quite as good a right to attach a sum, as a sentiment, to my signature—to use my name for the supply of his wants, as for the support of his principles—to turn me into cash, as to turn me into a republican. But there may be more novel notions on these matters on the opposite side of the Atlantic ; where “another and better world” is supposed to be the new one.

As to the picture of “London literature”—guarded by international copyright—“driving their own out of the field”

—it comes with peculiar grace from the advocates of an unrestrained reissue of English books at little more than the cost of paper and print. The very men who are scuttling the ship called authorship, to express fears of its being swamped by a sea! For it is obvious that the American, who thinks of literature as a profession, under such circumstances, might as well swarm up a lamp-post for a bee-tree—that if he hopes to enlighten his countrymen and be paid for his pains, he had better turn beaver, at once, and thrash mud with his tail.

And now farewell to Jonathan! It can be no unfriendly aspiration to wish that he may have Shakspeares and Miltons of his own—that he may breed Scotts, Wordsworths, Moores, Byrons, and Bulwers, as well as Washingtons, Jeffersons, Madisons, Clays, and General Jacksons. But if he desires to own any eternally everlasting, immortal names in literature, we must put down a traffic, particularly adapted to make a great country look little.

Turning eastward, and looking across another ocean, there is a little kingdom, wherein the Journeymen Minds of the capital have also greatly profited by the Master Minds of England—at least in the way of mammon. I allude to the Belgians, the most sordid, illiberal, and huckstering tradespeople in Europe, to whom Napoleon might justly have applied the epithet of “boutiquière,” seeing that a “Banker” sometimes keeps his office in a back parlour, whilst his wife and daughters retail haberdashery in the front shop. A people whose revolution originated not in love of liberty, but love of money—not a religious repeal of an union of Catholic and Protestant—but a mere breeches-pocket change, from a desire to get rid of Dutch debt, and a Dutch-copartnership in commercial profits. A people, in short, who in spite of their getting rid of the Spaniards have retained

their affection for "the Spanish"—and instead of combining opulence with a liberal expenditure, store up their wealth in miserly hiding-places—just as a jackdaw deposits silver spoons, &c., in his rubbish saving-banks, from a mere objectless propensity to hoarding.

Now, as regards literary piracy, the Americans may plead in mitigation, their common origin with the English, and their use—saving some uncommon old phrases—of a common language. Jonathan can read and relish Hamlet or Paradise Lost, as well as John; and at any rate a large proportion of his reprints are for his own consumption. But there is no such excuse for the Belgians. Shakspeare and Milton! why if they were translated expressly into Flemish, I should be sorry to guarantee the sale of fifty copies. There would be as much demand for them by the Flanders horses and mares that trot upon four legs, as by those that walk upon two. If they ever transplant from our Literature into their own Belles Lettres, it will be "Tate's Universal Cambist," or Somebody on Assurance. For, sharpwitted as the Flemish may be at a bargain, in intellectual matters they are as Boeotian as if they had taken mud baths in their own bogs, and, as the old Bubble Man recommends, had given their heads the full benefit of the immersion.

It follows that the Brussels Printers cannot set up the pretence of the Boston ones—that they patriotically rob our great literary lamps, for the enlightenment of their own citizens. In Belgium there is a Smoking, Beer-drinking, Estaminet-haunting—but no Reading—Public. The Books they consult are filled with "Flemish accounts"—the leaves they love are rolled up into cigars. In short, in the great March of Mind, the Flemish are as far behind as the baggage, or along with the suttlers, selling sausages and schnapps. It is

a fair conclusion, then, that a great part of the English reprints must be intended for the London market, into which they can only be surreptitiously introduced, and, consequently, the Brussels publisher is not only a Pirate, but a smuggler—a Dirk Hatteraick engrafted on Paul Jones. But I do injustice to the brave Buccaneer and the bold Free-trader by the comparison ; there may be the same greed for gain, but there is no risk of life or limb to ennoble a traffic as paltry and fraudulent as the “sweating” of our Sovereigns.

Against these new “Brussels Sprouts,” the vigilance of our customs ought to be particularly directed ; and their confiscation should be strictly enforced. Of an International Copyright, there is no hope—looking at the sordid and unlettered character of the Belgians, the speech of the King, a commercial jealousy of England, and a general ill-will towards us. France and America may accede to our claims, and agree to protect our literary rights ; but Belgium will be the last, the very last, to do justice *even* to the English.*

In the meantime let us hope that our own Legislature will extend all the protection it can afford to our Literature ; as much security as it can give to the Publisher ; and as much encouragement as it can bestow on the Author : Heaven knows he is in need of it ! Hitherto he has only been robbed by the Statute of Anne, nor has the legal unkindness been atoned for by proportionate favor in other quarters. Where are his Honorary Distinctions ? The highest honor ever conferred on an author—a peerage—was granted to Bubb Doddington—and then not for writing his life. Where are the lucrative Tellerships, Wardenships, Comptrollerships,

* “We must be just even towards the English.”—*Messager de Gand*, June 9, 1842.

Secretaryships, and Governorships dedicated as rewards to this species of Civil Merit ?

“ And Echo answers, where ? ”

Even the very few appointments heretofore allotted for its portion are going or gone. The examinership of Plays has passed from an Author to an Actor ; and a prophetic soul augurs that the Laureateship, at the next vacancy, may go to a Painter.

So much for the distinctions bestowed on a Literary man during his life. Now for the honors paid to him at his death. We all know how he lives. He writes for bread, and gets it short weight ;—for money, and gets the wrong change ;—for the Present, and he is pirated ;—for the Future, and his children are disinherited for his pains. At last, he sickens, as he well may, and can write no more. He makes his will, but, for any literary property, might as well die intestate. His eldest son is his heir, but the Row administrators. And so he dies a beggar, with the world in his debt. Being poor, he is buried with less ceremony than Cock Robin. Had he been rich enough, he might have bought a “ snug lying in the Abbey ” of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who even then, true to the same style of treatment, would put him, were he the greatest and best of our Poets—as the mother puts the least and worst of her brats—into a Corner !

REVIEW.

BARNABY RUDGE. By C. DICKENS, Esq. Chapman & Hall.

THIS story is now complete. The illuminated clock of Master Humphrey has run down for ever, and with its last chime, the works of its maker have come to a temporary stoppage.

Availing himself of the pause for a little well-earned rest and recreation, the author, it appears, has sailed on a long-projected trip to America ; or, according to Mr. Weller, Senior, has "made away with hisself to another though not a better world," though it's called the new one. In fact he is, we hope paddling prosperously across the Atlantic, whilst we are sitting down to criticise the characters he has left behind him in his "Barnaby Rudge."

In our review of the "Old Curiosity Shop," we discussed the characteristics of Boz, as an author, and did justice to the amiable tone and moral tendency of his writings. On these points we have nothing to revoke, whilst, as to workmanship, we consider the present story as better built than any of its predecessors. It is true that the Great Riots of '80, which professedly served for the foundation, are scarcely hinted at till the thirty-fifth chapter, which abruptly introduces the reader to Lord George Gordon.

But this circumstance, instead of being a defect, is to the advantage of the story, and if not artistically contributed for the purpose, serves very happily to heighten the effect of the metropolitan tumults, and to point out the moral of the tale. The famous overture to "Der Freyschütz," with

its infernal music, certainly forestalls, and therefore, in some degree, impairs the horrors it precedes ; at least we do not recollect to have been more affected by any of the subsequent *diablerie*, than by that awful and unearthly prelude. The novel, on the contrary, opens with peaceful and pastoral scenery, greenly and serenely, like the calm before a storm.

Thus the first chapter, pleasantly plants us, not in Cato-Street, but on the borders of Epping Forest, at an ancient ruddy Elizabethan inn, with a Maypole for its sign, an antique porch, quaint chimneys, and "more gable ends than a crazy man would care to count on a sunny day." The ornamented eaves are haunted by twittering swallows, and the distorted roof is mobbed by clusters of cooing pigeons. Then for its landlord, there is old John Willet, as square and as slow as a tortoise ; and for its parlour customers, Long Parks, and Tom Cobb, both taciturn and profound smokers, and Solomon Daisy, that parochial Argus, studded all down his rusty black coat, and his long flapped waistcoat, with "little queer buttons, like nothing except his eyes, but so like them, that as they twinkled and glistened in the light of the fire, which shone too in his bright shoe-buckles, he seemed all eyes, from head to foot."

In short, it is an inn for gentle Izaak Walton and his peaceable fraternity to have haunted, and when the Riots do eventually break out, when Newgate is in flames and Langdale's in a blaze, even these scenes, terrible as they are, scarcely come home to the feelings so impressively as the picture of the quaint hostel, late the abode of Peace and Plenty, with its pastoral Maypole dashed through the window "like the bow-sprit of a wrecked ship," and its pinioned proprietor, slow John, staring in a stupor at his staved barrels, shattered punch-bowls, and demolished furniture. For this powerful effect, as an intentional and not accidental

contrast, we give Boz full credit ; seeing how elaborately (p. 43*) he has fitted up the bar "the very snuggest, coziest, and completest bar that ever the wit of man devised," only to give the greater force to the profanation of poor Willet's sanctorum, and the smash of his household gods.

The Riots in the metropolis are graphically and historically described ; and some of the fermenting elements which led to the outbreak are happily illustrated. For example, the vulgar ambition which urges upstarts such as Bubb Doddington to "make a figure in the world, no matter how, but a figure they are resolved to make," the low craving for notoriety, which leads a Billy Jones into a royal palace, or an Oxford from being the Pots at the Hog in the Pound, to become a state traitor. Such an aspirant is Tappertit, the President of the Prentice Knights, and afterwards Captain of the United Bull-Dogs, whilst the reckless love of mischief, natural ferocity, revenge, religious intolerance, and other mob-passions, find their several representatives in poor Hugh, Dennis the hangman, Lord George, and the renegade Gashford.

But one essential character seems to us to be wanting, a sample of the true sanctimonious bigot, the tyrannical fanatic, the persecutor of opinion, who would drive a slave trade in souls, and hold the conscience of his fellow-creatures in spiritual bondage. There is Mrs. Varden, indeed, the wife of the jovial and honest locksmith, who receives subscriptions to the Association and reads the "Protestant Manual," but she does not poke the box into her neighbour's eye, nor thrust the book into his mouth ; no, there still needs an example of the triumph of rabid intolerance over modesty, mercy, and sex, till the woman becomes a she-fury, ready to

* The paging refers to the original edition, illustrated by Phiz.

chop up a Papist, spitchock a Priest, fry the Pope to a nice brown, and strip the bark off a Jesuit with her own hands !

Nevertheless Mrs. Varden is, in her peculiar way, a persecutor ; for if she does not hunt down a different creed, she rigorously prosecutes an opposite temper, and punishes the heterodox good humour and good nature of her spouse with the tormenting ingenuity of a Venetian inquisitor. In this work, she is more than seconded by her menial, Miggs, one of the jewels of the book, a scraggy, slender spinster, sour, spiteful, splenetic, suspicious, shrewish, and sanctified, a bundle of all the worst crooked-S-ednesses of human nature.

It is the cue of this amiable female to *bite in* with her nitric acid whatever design her mistress has etched on the poor man's patience.

But even the silence of a Miggs is a severe trial for the temper. (Chapter li. pp. 229, 230.)

The noble godfather of the Riots, Lord George Gordon, is drawn of course from traditional sketches, and Boz has treated the character in his usual charitable spirit.

But we protest against calling the great Leader the misled, the designating of his wickedness as weakness, and the sheltering of the misdeeds of this "poor crazy lord" under the plea of insanity. It is a common but dangerous error to attribute all moral to mental obliquities, to mistake loose principles for unsettled reason, and to confound enthusiasm with fanaticism.

"Enthusiasm," says Coleridge, "is the absorption of the individual in the object contemplated, from the intensity or vividness of his conceptions or convictions ; fanaticism is heat of feeling or accumulation of feeling, acquired by contagion and relying upon sect or confederacy ;" in fact such heating as occurs from the aggregation of oily rags, refuse, cotton, tow, and other rubbish, till it ends in spontaneous combus-

tion, and the burning a dockyard or factory. "Hence," adds Coleridge, "the fanatic can exist only in a crowd, from inward weakness anxious for outward confirmation, and therefore an eager proselyter and intolerant; the enthusiast on the contrary, is a solitary, who lives in a world of his own peopling, and for that cause is disinclined to outward action." In other words, the enthusiast like a balloon, will soar from his own internal buoyancy; whereas the fanatic, like a paper-knife, cannot mount without a regular breeze, and a tag-rag and bob-tail to fly after him.

Now, tried by these tests, Lord George Gordon, with his long, lank hair, and formal black suit, his huge gold-headed cane, and its drum-major flourishes, and all his other baits for popularity, may readily be referred to his proper class; whilst his appearance in the House of Commons, with the factious badge in his hat, after the stabbing, shooting, mutilating and burning of hundreds of his followers, proves distinctly that his fanaticism belonged to what the author just quoted calls the cold-blooded order. As for his craziness, the insane have generally become so from being too much in earnest, too intensely devoted to a single object; but where could be the sincerity of a Protestant champion, who appealed for sympathy to the French National Assembly, and finally renouncing Christianity itself, and eschewing bacon and barbers, became a bearded Jew. He may indeed have been the tool or dupe of others, but to judge from his pious fopperies of dress and carriage, and his presumptuous motto the "Called, Chosen, and Faithful," was simply a pseudo saint, inspired by spiritual pride, a wild rage for notoriety, and egregious vanity, a mere canting hyperbolical egotist, who cheered by many of his ribble-rabble rebels, fancied, no doubt, that he was forty thousand "possible angels" all rolled into one.

Amongst the adherents of the great religious agitator, a gipsy, an idiot, and a hangman, occupy distinguished and appropriate positions.

The first is Hugh, the natural offspring of a female vagrant and a fine gentleman, one Sir John Chester, who seems to have received in his school-days what was formerly a prize-book at our academics—Chesterfield's Letters—and to have fashioned his graceful scoundrelism on the precepts of that juvenile Reward for Merit. The second is poor Barnaby, with his childish finery and his loquacious raven, Grip, a bird as knowing as if he had picked up the lost wits of its master. And the third is Mr. Dennis the strangulator, a sort of Petit André, who is continually knotting ideal halters, and pulling imaginary legs.

But human life in those days was at a discount ; a felon was cut off like a melon, and justice seemed to have a share in a ropewalk,—the Recorder's Swing Letters were left at Newgate with such dreadful frequency. Hanging was indeed the popular remedy for all criminal disorders. The legislator found patients for it, the judge prescribed it, and the Ketch administered it with the same callous and gallows indifference. It was therefore in the spirit of the times that Mr. Dennis discoursed to the prisoners in the condemned cells, who entreated him to save them from the conflagration of Newgate. (Chapter lxxv. pp. 317, 318.)

The whirligig of time, however, brings round its revenges. The Finisher of the Law, for his own share in the riots, is condemned, in turn, to be "worked off," and begins to feel that Old Bailey ropes are, in the nautical phrase, very "hard lines." (Chapter lxxvi. pp. 383, 384.)

This is a fine moral lesson, and ought to give every hangman who reads it "a crick in the neck." Of course we do not mean literal Jack Ketches, but the whole race of cruelty-

mongers, including the Master Mariner, who finishes his boys with a rope's end, and the Mistress Milliner who works off her girls with a needle and thread.

Nor is the lesson unseasonable for to judge by its treatment of Joe Willet, the world shows far less pity for the poor and friendless, than it used to exhibit in the good old times.

"He went out by Islington, and so on to Highgate, and sat on many stones and gates, but there were no voices in the bells to bid him turn. Since the time of noble Whittington, fair flower of merchants, bells have come to have less sympathy with humankind. They only ring for money, and on state occasions. Wanderers have increased in numbers; ships leave the Thames for distant regions, carrying from stem to stern no other cargo; the bells are silent; they ring out no entreaties or regrets; they are used to it, and have grown worldly."

For the loves of Edward Chester and Miss Haredale, honest Joe, and free-hearted Dolly Varden, and other serious and comic episodes and interludes, we have no space.

We may observe, however, generally, that the flesh and blood interest of the story, is to be found in the Locksmith's household, and the bar of the Maypole; honest Gabriel is as good a representative of a genuine Englishman as we could desire, were we called upon by the contemporary novelists of Europe to send forth a home specimen to a congress of national creations; cheerful, sensible, benevolent, slow but not stupid, bearing with his wife's "convexities" with burly good-humoured patience, we feel, as soon as we have made his acquaintance, as if all the parties in whom we take interest were safe in his ample shadow. But we must take another example of the Miggs. Having sympathised with the rioters, by pouring a mug of table-beer down her master's musket, she goes off with the party of Captain Tappertit, but the United Bull Dogs being tossed and routed, it becomes

necessary to suit herself, which she imprudently tries to do at her old place. (Chapter lxxx. pp. 407, 408.)

We have said that "Barnaby Rudge" is a well built story ; it is also interesting, and particularly well-timed. It is a matter of pride with some of our old citizens to remember the Great Riots in '80. They delight in recalling how many fires they saw blazing at one time, the activity of the City Horse, the inactivity of the Lord Mayor, the flitting past of liberated felons with their clanking fetters, the showers of down from ripped feather beds, the volleys of the military, and the shrieks of the victims, while flaming liquor ran down the kennels like an infernal snapdragon, enveloping human wretches instead of raisins ; they seem to recall every particular of the tumult, except the causes that led to it.

Otherwise, looking round at the present day, they would recognise some of the same elements at work ; the same, nay, a worse fanatical demon abroad, ready to burn, not merely Catholic Chapels and Distilleries, but Picture Galleries, Museums, Literary Institutions, Her Majesty's Theatres, and the people's Punch and Judy ; who, like Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, cries everywhere "Down with Dagon ! Down with Dagon !" Seriously, there is a growing spirit extant, that is setting itself against Art, Science, Literature, the Drama, and all public amusements ; a sect who would preach down the sun, the moon, the stars, and the gas, so that we might have no shining lights but their own, wherewith they would make us as cheerful, as pleasant, and as comfortable as we are with a set of link-boys in a London fog.

1843.

[My father's poetical contributions this year to the "New Monthly" were "The Forge"—"A Custom-House Breeze"—"Laying Down the Law"—"Etching Moralized"—"A Sonnet"—and "A Black Job." His prose articles were "Mrs. Gardiner"—"The Defaulter"—"The Camberwell Beauty"—"The Confessions of a Phoenix"—"The Longest Hour of my Life"—a Paper on "The Advertisement Literature of the Age," and a Review of "Young's Mosquito Shore."]

THE FORGE.

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE.



"Who's here, beside foul weather?"—KING LEAR.

"Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire."—CORDELIA.

PART I.

LIKE a dead man gone to his shroud,
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,
And the wind is rising squally and loud
With many a stormy token,—
Playing a wild funereal air,
Through the branches bleak, bereaved, and bare,
To the dead leaves dancing here and there—

In short, if the truth were spoken,
It's an ugly night for anywhere,
But an awful one for the Brocken!

For oh ! to stop
On that mountain top,
After the dews of evening drop,
Is always a dreary frolic—
Then what must it be when nature groans,
And the very mountain murmurs and moans
As if it writhed with the cholic—
With other strange supernatural tones,
From wood, and water, and echoing stones,
Not to forget unburied bones—
In a region so diabolic !

A place where he whom we call old Scratch,
By help of his Witches—a precious batch—
Gives midnight concerts and sermons,
In a Pulpit and Orchestra built to match,
A plot right worthy of him to hatch,
And well adapted, he knows, to catch
The musical, mystical Germans !

However it's quite
As wild a night
As ever was known on that sinister height
Since the Demon-Dance was morrised—
The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,
And the blast through the pines is howling and growling
As if a thousand wolves were prowling
About in the old BLACK FOREST !

Madly, sadly, the Tempest raves
Through the narrow gullies and hollow caves,
And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,

Like the billows that roar
On a gusty shore
Mourning over the mariners' graves—
Nay, more like a frantic lamentation
From a howling set
Of demons met
To wake a dead relation.

Badly, madly, the vapours fly
Over the dark distracted sky,
At a pace that no pen can paint !
Black and vague like the shadows of dreams,
Scudding over the moon that seems,
Shorn of half her usual beams,
As pale as if she would faint !

The lightning flashes,
The thunder crashes,
The trees encounter with horrible clashes,
While rolling up from marish and bog,
Rank and rich,
As from Stygian ditch,
Rises a foul sulphureous fog,
Hinting that Satan himself is agog,—
But leaving at once this heroical pitch,
The night is a very bad night in which
You wouldn't turn out a dog.

Yet ONE there is abroad in the storm,
And whenever by chance
The moon gets a glance,
She spies the Traveller's lonely form,
Walking, leaping, striding along,
As none can do but the super-strong ;

And flapping his arms to keep him warm,
For the breeze from the North is a regular starver,
And to tell the truth,
More keen, in sooth,
And cutting than any German carver !

However, no time it is to lag,
And on he scrambles from crag to crag,
Like one determined never to flag—
Now weathers a block
Of jutting rock,
With hardly room for a toe to wag ;
But holding on by a timber snag,
That looks like the arm of a friendly hag ;
Then stooping under a drooping bough,
Or leaping over some horrid chasm,
Enough to give any heart a spasm !
And sinking down a precipice now,
Keeping his feet the Deuce knows how,
In spots whence all creatures would keep aloof,
Except the Goat, with his cloven hoof,
Who clings to the shallowest ledge as if
He grew like the weed on the face of the cliff !

So down, still down, the Traveller goes,
Safe as the Chamois amid his snows,
Though fiercer than ever the hurricane blows,
And round him eddy, with whirl and whizz,
Tornadoes of hail, and sleet, and rain,
Enough to bewilder a weaker brain,
Or blanch any other visage than his,
Which spite of lightning, thunder, and hail,
The blinding sleet and the freezing gale,

And the horrid abyss,
If his foot should miss,
Instead of tending at all to pale,
Like cheeks that feel the chill of affright—
Remains—the very reverse of white !

His heart is granite—his iron nerve
Feels no convulsive twitches ;
And as to his foot, it does not swerve,
Tho' the Screech-Owls are flitting about him that serve
For parrots to Brocken Witches !

Nay, full in his very path he spies
The gleam of the Were Wolf's horrid eyes ;

But if his members quiver—
It is not for *that*—no, it is not for *that*—

Nor rat,

Nor cat,

As black as your hat,

Nor the snake that hiss'd, nor the toad that spat,
Nor glimmering candles of dead men's fat,
Nor even the flap of the Vampire Bat,
No anserine skin would rise thereat,
It's the cold that makes *Him* shiver !

So down, still down, through gully and glen,
Never trodden by foot of men,
Past the Eagle's nest, and the She-Wolf's den,
Never caring a jot how steep
Or how narrow the track he has to keep,
Or how wide and deep
An abyss to leap,

Or what may fly, or walk, or creep,
 Down he hurries through darkness and storm,
 Flapping his arms to keep him warm—
 Till threading many a pass abhorrent,
 At last he reaches the mountain gorge,
 And takes a path along by a torrent—
 The very identical path, by St. George !
 Down which young Fridolin went to the Forge,
 With a message meant for his own death-warrant !

Young Fridolin ; young Fridolin !
 So free from sauce, and sloth, and sin,
 'The best of pages
 Whatever their ages,
 Since first that singular fashion came in—
 Not he like those modern and idle young gluttons
 With little jackets, so smart and spruce,
 Of Lincoln green, sky-blue, or puce—
 A little gold lace you may introduce—
 Very showy, but as for use,
 Not worth so many buttons !

Young Fridolin ; young Fridolin !
 Of his duty so true a fulfiller—
 But here we need no farther go
 For whoever desires the Tale to know,
 May read it all in Schiller.

Faster now the Traveller speeds,
 Whither his guiding beacon leads,
 For by yonder glare
 In the murky air,

He knows that the Eisen Hutte is there !

With its sooty Cyclops, savage and grim,
Hosts, a guest had better forbear,
Whose thoughts are set upon dainty fare—

But stiff with cold in every limb,

The Furnace Fire is the bait for *Him* !
Faster and faster still he goes,
Whilst redder and redder the welkin glows,
And the lowest clouds that scud in the sky
Get crimson fringes in flitting by.

Till lo ! amid the lurid light,

The darkest object intensely dark,
Just where the bright is intensely bright,
The Forge, the Forge itself is in sight,
Like the pitch-black hull of a burning bark,
With volleying smoke, and many a spark,
Vomiting fire, red, yellow, and white !

Restless, quivering tongues of flame !
Heavenward striving still to go,
While others, reversed in the stream below,
Seem seeking a place we will not name,
But well that Traveller knows the same,
Who stops and stands,
So rubbing his hands,
And snuffing the rare
Perfumes in the air,

For old familiar odours are there,
And then direct by the shortest cut,
Like Alpine Marmot, whom neither rut,
Rivers, rocks, nor thickets rebut,
Makes his way to the blazing Hut !

PART II.

Idly watching the Furnace-flames,
The men of the stithy
Are in their smithy,
Brutal monsters, with bulky frames,
Beings Humanity scarcely claims,
But hybrids rather of demon race,
Unbless'd by the holy rite of grace,
Who never had gone by Christian names,
Mark, or Matthew, Peter, or James—
Naked, foul, unshorn, unempt,
From touch of natural shame exempt,
Things of which Delirium has dreamt—
But wherefore dwell on these verbal sketches,
When traced with frightful truth and vigour,
Costume, attitude, face, and figure,
Retsch has drawn the very wretches !

However, there they lounge about,
The grim, gigantic fellows,
Hardly hearing the storm without,
That makes so very dreadful a rout,
For the constant roar
From the furnace door,
And the blast of the monstrous bellows !

Oh, what a scene
That Forge had been
For Salvator Rosa's study !
With wall, and beam, and post, and pin,

And those ruffianly creatures, like Shapes of Sin,
Hair, and eyes, and rusty skin,
 Illumed by a light so ruddy
The Hut, and whatever there is therein,
 Looks either red-hot or bloody !

And, oh ! to hear the frequent burst
 Of strange, extravagant laughter,
 Harsh and hoarse,
 And resounding perforce
From echoing roof and rafter !
 Though curses, the worst
 That ever were curst,
And threats that Cain invented the first,
 Come growling the instant after !

But again the livelier peal is rung,
 For the Smith, hight Salamander,
In the jargon of some Titanic tongue,
Elsewhere never said or sung,
With the voice of a Stentor in joke has flung
 Some cumbrous sort
 Of sledge-hammer retort
 At Red Beard, the crew's commander.
Some frightful jest—who knows how wild,
Or obscene, from a monster so defiled,
And a horrible mouth, of such extent,
From flapping ear to ear it went,
And show'd such tusks whenever it smiled—
The very mouth to devour a child !

But fair or foul the jest gives birth
To another bellow of demon mirth,

That far outroars the weather,
 As if all the Hyænas that prowl the earth
 Had clubb'd their laughs together !

And lo ! in the middle of all the din,
 Not seeming to care a single pin,
 For a prospect so volcanic,
 A Stranger steps abruptly in,
 Of an aspect rather Satanic :
 And he looks with a grin, at those Cyclops grim,
 Who stare and grin again at him
 With wondrous little panic.

Then up to the Furnace the Stranger goes,
 Eager to thaw his ears and nose,
 And warm his frozen fingers and toes—
 While each succeeding minute,
 Hotter and hotter the Smithy grows.
 And seems to declare,
 By a fiercer glare,
 On wall, roof, floor, and everywhere,
 It knows the Devil is in it !

Still not a word
 Is utter'd or heard,
 But the beetle-brow'd Foreman nods and winks,
 Much as a shaggy old Lion blinks,
 And makes a shift
 To impart his drift
 To a smoky brother, who joining the links,
 Hints to a third the thing he thinks ;
 And whatever it be,
 They all agree

In smiling with faces full of glee,
As if about to enjoy High Jinks.

What sort of tricks they mean to play
By way of diversion, who can say,
Of such ferocious and barbarous folk,
Who chuckled, indeed, and never spoke
Of burning Robert the Jäger to coke,
Except as a capital practical joke !

Who never thought of Mercy, or heard her,
Or any gentle emotion felt ;
But hard as the iron they had to melt,
Sported with Danger and romp'd with Murder

Meanwhile the Stranger—
The Brocken Ranger,
Besides another and hotter post,
That renders him not averse to a roast,—
Creeping into the Furnace almost,
Has made himself as warm as a toast—

When, unsuspecting of any danger,
And least of all of any such maggot,
As treating his body like a faggot,
All at once he is seized and shoven

In pastime cruel,
Like so much fuel,
Headlong into the blazing oven !

In he goes ! with a frightful shout
Mock'd by the rugged ruffianly band,
As round the Furnace mouth they stand,
Bar. and shovel, and ladle in hand,
To hinder their Butt from crawling out,

Who making one fierce attempt, but vain
 Receives such a blow
 From Red-Beard's crow
 As crashes the skull and gashes the brain,
 And blind, and dizzy, and stunn'd with pain,
 With merely an interjectional "oh!"
 Back he rolls in the flames again.

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" That second fall
 Seems the very best joke of all,
 To judge by the roar
 Twice as loud as before,
 That fills the Hut, from the roof to the floor,
 And flies a league or two out of the door,
 Up the mountain and over the moor—
 But scarcely the jolly echoes they wake
 Have well begun
 To take up the fun,
 Ere the shaggy Felons have cause to quake,
 And begin to feel that the deed they have done,
 Instead of being a pleasant one,
 Was a very great error—and no mistake.

For why?—in lieu
 Of its former hue,
 So natural, warm, and florid,
 The Furnace burns of a brimstone blue,
 And instead of the *couleur de rose* it threw,
 With a cooler reflection,—justly due
 Exhibits each of the Pagau crew,
 Livid, ghastly, and horrid!

But vainly they close their guilty eyes
Against prophetic fears ;
Or with hard and horny palms devise
To dam their enormous ears—
There are sounds in the air,
Not here or there,
Irresistible voices everywhere,
No bulwarks can ever rebut,
And to match the screams,
Tremendous gleams,
Of Horrors that like the Phantoms of dreams
They see with their eyelids shut !
For awful coveys of terrible things,
With forked tongues and venomous stings,
On hagweed, broomsticks, and leathern wings,
Are hovering round the Hut !

Shapes, that within the focus bright
Of the Forge, are like shadows and blots ;
But farther off, in the shades of night,
Clothed with their own phosphoric light,
Are seen in the darkest spots.

Sounds ! that fill the air with noises,
Strange and indescribable voices,
From Hags, in a diabolical clatter—
Cats that spit curses, and apes that chatter
Scraps of cabalistical matter—
Owls that screech, and dogs that yell—
Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter—
All the domestic tribes of Hell,
Shrieking for flesh to tear and tatter,

Bones to shatter,
And limbs to scatter,
And who it is that must furnish the latter
Those blue-looking Men know well !
Those blue-looking men that huddle together,
For all their sturdy limbs and thews,
Their unshorn locks, like Nazarene Jews,
And buffalo beards, and hides of leather,
Huddled all in a heap together,
Like timid lamb, and ewe, and wether,
And as females say,
In a similar way,
Fit for knocking down with a feather !

In and out, in and out,
The gathering Goblins hover about,
Ev'ry minute augmenting the rout ;
For like a spell
The unearthly smell
That fumes from the Furnace, chimney and mouth,
Draws them in—an infernal Legion—
From East, and West, and North, and South,
Like carrion birds from ev'ry region,
Till not a yard square
Of the sickening air
But has a Demon or two for its share,
Breathing fury, woe, and despair,
Never, never was such a sight !
It beats the very Walpurgis Night,
Displayed in the story of Doetor Faustus,
For the scene to describe
Of the awful tribe,
If we were *two* Göthe's, would quite exhaust us !

Suffice it, amid that dreary swarm,
 There musters each foul repulsive form
 That ever a fancy overwarm

Begot in its worst delirium ;
 Besides some others of monstrous size,
 Never before revealed to eyes,
 Of the genus *Megatherium* !

Meanwhile the aemons, filthy and foul,
 Gorgon, Chimera, Harpy, and Ghoul,
 Are not contented to jibber and howl
 As a dirge for their late commander ;
 But one of the bevy—witch or wizard,
 Disguised as a monstrous flying lizard,
 Springs on the grisly Salamauder,
 Who stoutly fights, and struggles, and kicks,
 And tries the best of his wrestling tricks,
 No paltry strife,
 But for life, dear life,
 But the ruthless talons refuse to unfix,
 Till far beyond a surgical case,
 With starting eyes, and black in the face,
 Down he tumbles as dead as bricks !

A pretty sight for his mates to view !
 Those shaggy murderers looking so blue,
 And for him above all,
 Red-bearded and tall,
 With whom, at that very particular nick,
 There is such an unlucky crow to pick,
 As the one of iron that did the trick
 In a recent bloody affair—

No wonder feeling a little sick,
With pulses beating uncommonly quick,
And breath he never found so thick,
He longs for the open air !

Three paces, or four,
And he gains the door ;
But ere he accomplishes one,
The sound of a blow comes, heavy and dull,
And clasping his fingers round his skull—
However the deed was done,
That gave him that florid
Red gash on the forehead—
With a roll of the eyeballs perfectly horrid,
There's a tremulous quiver,
The last death-shiver,
And Red-Beard's course is run !

Halloo ! Halloo !
They have done for two !
But a heavyish job remains to do !
For yonder, sledge and shovel in hand,
Like elder Sons of Giant Despair,
A couple of Cyclops make a stand,
And fiercely hammering here and there.
Keep at bay the Powers of Air—
But desperation is all in vain !—
They faint—they choke,
For the sulphurous smoke
Is poisoning heart, and lung, and brain,
They reel, they sink, they gasp, they smother,
One for a moment survives his brother,
Then rolls a corpse across the other !

Hulloo ! Hulloo !

And Hullabaloo !

There is only one more thing to do—
And seized by beak, and talon, and claw,
Bony hand, and hairy paw,
Yea, crooked horn, and tusky jaw,
The four huge Bodies are haul'd and shovell
Each after each in the roaring oven !

* * * * *

* * * * *

That Eisen Hutte is standing still,
Go to the Hartz whenever you will,
And there it is beside a hill,
And a rapid stream that turns many a mill ;
The self-same Forge,—you'll know it at sight—
Casting upward, day and night,
Flames of red, and yellow, and white !

Ay, half a mile from the mountain gorge,
There it is, the famous Forge,
With its Furnace,—the same that blazed of yore,—
Hugely fed with fuel and ore ;
But ever since that tremendous Revel,
 Whatever Iron is melted therein,—
 As Travellers know who have been to Berlin—
Is all *as black as the Devil !*

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.



——— “I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.”
Merchant of Venice.

“If thou wert born a Dog, remain so ; but if thou wert born a Man,
resume thy former shape.”—*Arabian Nights.*

A POODLE, Judge-like, with emphatic paw,
Dogmatically laying down the law,—
A batch of canine Counsel round the table,
Keen-eyed, and sharp of nose, and long of jaw,
At sight, at scent, at giving tongue, right able :
O, Edwin Landseer, Esquire, and R. A.,
Thou great Pictorial Æsop, say,
What is the moral of this painted fable ?

O, say, accomplished artist !
Was it thy purpose, by a scene so quizzical,
To read a wholesome lesson to the Chartist,
So over partial to the means called Physical,
Sticks, staves, and swords, and guns, the tools of treason ?
To show, illustrating the better course,
The very Brutes abandoning Brute Force,
The worry and the fight,
The bark and bite,
In which, says Doctor Watts, the dogs delight,
And lending shaggy ears to Law and Reason,
As utter'd in that Court of high antiquity
Where sits the Chancellor, supreme as Pope,

But works—so let us hope—
In equity, not iniquity ?

Or was it but a speculation
On transmigration,
How certain of our most distinguished Daniels,
Interpreters of Law's bewildering book,
Would look
Transform'd to mastiffs, setters, hounds, and spaniels
(As Brahmins in their Hindoo code advance),
With that great lawyer of the Upper House
Who rules all suits by equitable *nous*,
Become—like vile Armina's spouse—
A Dog, called Chance ? *

Methinks, indeed, I recognise
In those deep-set and meditative eyes
Engaged in mental puzzle,
And that portentous muzzle,
A celebrated judge, too prone to tarry
To hesitate on devious ins and outs,
And, on preceding doubts, to build *re-doubts*
That regiments could not carry—
Prolonging even Law's delays, and still
Putting a skid upon the wheel up-hill,
Meanwhile the weary and desponding client
Seem'd—in the agonies of indecision—
In Doubting Castle, with that dreadful Giant
Described in Bunyan's Vision !

So slow, indeed, was justice in its ways,
Beset by more than customary clogs,

* See the story of Sidi Nonman, in the "Arabian Nights."

Going to law in those expensive days
 Was much the same as going to the Dogs !
 But possibly I err,
 And that sagacious and judicial Creature,
 So Chancellor-like in feature,
 With ears so wig-like, and a cap of fur,
 Looking as grave, responsible, and sage,
 As if he had the guardianship, in fact,
 Of all poor dogs, or crackt,
 And puppies under age—
 It may be that the Creature was not meant
 Any especial Lord to represent,
 Eldon or Erskine, Cottenham or Thurlow,
 Or Brougham (more like him whose potent jaw
 Is holding forth the letter of the law),
 Or Lyndhurst, after the vacation's furlough,
 Presently sitting in the House of Peers,
 On wool he sometimes wishes in his ears,
 When touching Corn Laws, Taxes, or Tithe-piggery,
 He hears a fierce attack,
 And, sitting on his sack,
 Listens in his great wig to greater Whiggery !

So, possibly, those others,
 In coats so various, or sleek, or rough,
 Aim not at any of the legal brothers,
 Who wear the silken robe, or gown of stuff.
 Yet who that ever heard or saw
 The Counsel sitting in that solemn Court,
 Who, having pass'd the Bar, are safe in port,
 Or those great Sergeants, learned in the Law,—
 Who but must trace a feature now and then
 Of those forensic men,

As good at finding heirs as any harrier,
 Renown'd like greyhounds for long tales—indeed,
 At worrying the ear as apt as terriers,—
 Good at conveyance as the hairy carriers
 That bear our gloves, umbrellas, hats, and sticks,
 Books, baskets, bones, or bricks,
 In Deeds of Trust as sure as Tray the trusty,—
 Acute at sniffing flaws on legal grounds,—
 And lastly—well the catalogue it closes !—
 Still following their predecessors' noses,
 Through ways however dull or dusty,
 As fond of hunting precedents, as hounds
 Of running after foxes more than musty.

 However slow or fast,
 Full of urbanity, or supercilious,
 In temper wild, serene, or atrabilious,
 Fluent of tongue, or prone to legal saw,
 The Dogs have got a Chancellor, at last,
 For Laying down the Law !
 And never may the canine race regret it,
 With whinings and repinings loud or deep,—
 Ragged in coat, and shorten'd in their keep,
 Worried by day, and troubled in their sleep,
 With cares that prey upon the heart and fret it—
 As human suitors have had cause to weep—
 For what is Law, unless poor Dogs can get it
 Dog-cheap ?

ETCHING MORALISED.

TO A NOBLE LADY.



"To point a moral."—JOHNSON.

FAIREST Lady and Noble, for once on a time,
 Condescend to accept, in the humblest of rhyme,
 And a style more of Gay than of Milton,
 A few opportune verses design'd to impart
 Some didactical hints in a Needlework Art,
 Not described by the Countess of Wilton.

An Art not unknown to the delicate hand
 Of the fairest and first in this insular land,
 But in Patronage Royal delighting ;
 And which now your own feminine fantasy wins,
 Tho' it scarce seems a lady-like work, that begins
 In a *scratching* and ends in a *biting* !

Yet oh ! that the dames of the Scandalous School
 Would but use the same acid, and sharp-pointed tool,
 That are plied in the said operations—
 Oh ! would that our Candours on copper would sketch !
 For the first of all things in beginning to etch
 Are—good *grounds* for our representations.

Those protective and delicate coatings of wax,
 Which are meant to resist the corrosive attacks
 That would ruin the copper completely ;
 Thin ceremonies which whoso remembers the Bee

So applauded by Watts, the divine LL.D.,
Will be careful to spread very neatly.

For why? like some intricate deed of the law,
Should the ground in the process be left with a flaw,
Aqua-fortis is far from a joker;
And attacking the part that no coating protects,
Will turn out as distressing to all your *effects*
As a landlord who puts in a broker.

Then carefully spread the conservative stuff,
Until all the bright metal is cover'd enough,
To repel a destructive so active;
For in Etching, as well as in Morals, pray note
That a little raw spot, or a hole in a coat,
Your ascetics find vastly attractive.

Thus the ground being laid, very even and flat,
And then smoked with a taper, till black as a hat,
Still from future disasters to screen it,
Just allow me, by way of precaution, to state,
You must hinder the footman from changing your *plate*,
Nor yet suffer the butler to clean it.

Nay, the housemaid, perchance, in her passion to scrub,
May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,
Like the Shield which Swift's readers remember—
Not to mention the chance of some other mishaps,
Such as having your copper made up into caps
To be worn on the First of September.

But aloof from all damage by Betty or John,
You secure the veil'd surface, and trace thereupon

The design you conceive the most proper :
Yet gently, and not with a needle too keen,
Lest it pierce to the wax through the paper between,
And of course play Old Scratch with the copper.

So in worldly affairs, the sharp-practising man
Is not always the one who succeeds in his plan,
Witness Shylock's judicial exposure ;
Who, as keen as his knife, yet with agony found,
That while urging his *point* he was losing his *ground*,
And incurring a fatal disclosure.

But, perhaps, without tracing at all, you may choose
To indulge in some little extempore views,
Like the older artistical people ;
For example, a Corydon playing his pipe,
In a Low Country marsh, with a Cow after Cuyp,
And a Goat skipping over a steeple.

A wild Deer at a rivulet taking a sup,
With a couple of Pillars put in to fill up,
Like the columns of certain diurnals ;
Or a very brisk sea, in a very stiff gale,
And a very Dutch boat, with a very big sail—
Or a bevy of Retzsch's Infernals.

Architectural study—or rich Arabesque—
Allegorical dream—or a view picturesque,
Near to Naples, or Venice, or Florence ;
Or “as harmless as lambs and as gentle as doves,”
A sweet family cluster of plump little Loves,
Like the Children by Reynolds or Lawrence.

But whatever the subject, your exquisite taste
 Will ensure a design very charming and chaste,
 Like yourself, full of nature and beauty—
 Yet besides the *good points* you already reveal,
 You will need a few others—of well-temper'd steel,
 And especially form'd for the duty.

For suppose that the tool be imperfectly set,
 Over many *weak lengths in your line* you will fret,
 Like a pupil of Walton and Cotton,
 Who remains by the brink of the water, agape,
 While the jack, trout, or barbel effects its escape
 Thro' the gut or silk line being rotten.

Therefore, let the steel point be set truly and round,
 That the finest of strokes may be even and sound,
 Flowing glibly where fancy would lead 'em.
 But alas! for the needle that fetters the hand,
 And forbids even sketches of Liberty's land
 To be drawn with the requisite freedom!

Oh! the botches I've seen by a tool of the sort,
 Rather hitching than etching, and making, in short,
 Such stiff, crabbed, and angular scratches,
 That the figures seem'd statues or mummies from tombs,
 While the trees were as rigid as bundles of brooms,
 And the herbage like bunches of matches!

The stiff clouds as if carefully iron'd and starch'd,
 While a cast-iron bridge, meant for wooden, o'er-arch'd
 Something more like a road than a river.
 Prythee, who in such characteristics could see

Any trace of the beautiful land of the free—
 The Free-Mason—Free-Trader—Free-Liver !

But prepared by a hand that is skilful and nice,
 The fine point glides along like a skate on the ice,
 At the will of the Gentle Designer,
 Who impelling the needle just presses so much,
 That each line of her labour *the copper may touch*,
 As if done by a penny-a-liner.

And behold ! how the fast-growing images gleam !
 Like the sparkles of gold in a sunshiny stream,
 Till perplex'd by the glittering issue,
 You repine for a light of a tenderer kind—
 And in choosing a substance for making a blind,
 Do not sneeze at the paper call'd *tissue*.

For, subdued by the sheet so transparent and white,
 Your design will appear in a soberer light,
 And reveal its defects on inspection,
 Just as Glory achieved, or political scheme,
 And some more of our dazzling performances seem,
 Not so bright on a *cooler reflection*.

So the juvenile Poet with ecstasy views
 His first verses, and dreams that the songs of his Muse
 Are as brilliant as Moore's and as tender—
 Till some critical sheet scans the faulty design,
 And alas ! *takes the shine out of every line*
 That had form'd such a vision of splendour ;

Certain objects, however, may come in your sketch,
 Which, design'd by a hand unaccustom'd to etch,

With a luckless result may be branded ;
Wherefore add this particular rule to your code,
Let all vehicles take the *wrong* side of the road,
And man, woman, and child, be *left-handed*.

Yet regard not the awkward appearance with doubt,
But remember how often mere blessings fall out,
That at first seem'd no better than curses ;
So, till *things take a turn*, live in hope, and depend
That whatever is wrong will come right in the end,
And console you for all your *reverses*.

But of errors why speak, when for beauty and truth
Your free, spirited Etching is worthy, in sooth,
Of that Club (may all honour betide it !)
Which, tho' dealing in copper, by genius and taste,
Has accomplish'd *a service of plate* not disgraced
By the work of a Goldsmith beside it ! *

So your sketch superficially drawn on the plate,
It becomes you to fix in a permanent state,
Which involves a precise operation,
With a keen biting fluid, which *eating its way*—
As in other professions is common they say—
Has attain'd an artistical station.

And it's, oh ! that some splenetic folks I could name
If they *must* deal in acids would use but the same,
In such innocent graphical labours !
In the place of the virulent spirit wherewith—

* "The Deserted Village." Illustrated by the Etching Club.

Like the polecat, the weasel, and things of that kith—
They keep biting the backs of their neighbours !

But beforehand, with wax or the shoemaker's pitch.
You must build a neat dyke round the margin, in which
You may pour the dilute aquafortis.
For if raw like a dram, it will shock you to trace
Your design with a horrible froth on its face,
Like a wretch in articulo mortis.

Like a wretch in the pangs that too many endure
From the use of *strong waters*, without any pure,
A vile practice, most sad and improper !
For, from painful examples, this warning is found,
That the raw burning spirit will *take up the ground*,
In the churchyard, as well as on copper !

But the Acid has duly been lower'd, and bites
Only just where the visible metal invites,
Like a nature inclined to meet troubles ;
And behold ! as each slender and glittering line
Effervesces, you trace the completed design
In an elegant bead-work of bubbles !

And yet constantly secretly eating its way,
The shrewd acid is making the substance its prey,
Like some sorrow beyond inquisition,
Which is gnawing the heart and the brain all the while
That the face is illumed by its cheerfulest smile,
And the wit is in bright ebullition.

But still stealthily feeding, the treacherous stuff
Has corroded and deepen'd some portions enough—

The pure sky, and the water so placid—
And these tenderer tints to defend from attack,
With some turpentine varnish and sooty lamp-black
You must *stop out* the ferreting acid.

But before with the varnishing brush you proceed,
Let the plate with cold water be thoroughly freed
From the other less innocent liquor—
After which, on whatever you want to protect,
Put a *coat* that will act to that very effect,
Like the black one which hangs on the Vicar.

Then—the varnish well dried—urge the biting again,
But how long at its meal the *eau forte* may remain,
Time and practice alone can determine :
But of course not so long that the Mountain, and Mill,
The rude Bridge, and the Figures, whatever you will,
Are as black as the spots on your ermine.

It is true, none the less, that a dark-looking scrap,
With a sort of Blackheath, and Black Forest, mayhap,
Is consider'd as rather Rembrandty ;
And that very black cattle and very black sheep,
A black dog, and a shepherd as black as a sweep,
Are the pets of some great Dilettante.

So with certain designers, one needs not to name,
All this life is a dark scene of sorrow and shame,
From our birth to our final adjourning—
Yea, this excellent earth and its glories, alack !
What with ravens, palls, cottons, and devils, as black
As a Warehouse for Family Mourning !

But before your own picture arrives at that pitch,
 While the lights are still light, and the shadows, though rich,
 More transparent than ebony shutters,
 Never minding what Black-Arted critics may say,
 Stop the biting, and pour the green fluid away,
 As you please, into bottles or gutters.

Then removing the ground and the wax *at a heat*,
 Cleanse the surface with oil, spermaceti or sweet,
 For your hand a performance scarce proper—
 So some careful professional person secure—
 For the Laundress will not be a safe amateur—
 To assist you in *cleaning the copper*.

And, in truth, 'tis rather an unpleasantish job,
 To be done on a hot German stove, or a hob—
 Though as sure of an instant forgetting,
 When—as after the dark clearing-off of a storm—
 The fair Landscape shines out in a lustre as warm
 As the glow of the sun in its setting !

Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,
 That with certain assistance from paper and print,
 Which the proper Mechanic will settle,
 You may charm all your Friends—without any sad tale
 Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale—
 With a *fine India Proof of your Metal*.

SONNET.

MY heart is sick with longing, tho' I feed
 On hope ; Time goes with such a heavy pace
 That neither brings nor takes from thy embrace,
 As if he slept—forgetting his old speed :
 For, as in sunshine only we can read
 The march of minutes on the dial's face,
 So in the shadows of this lonely place
 There is no love, and Time is dead indeed.
 But when, dear lady, I am near thy heart,
 Thy smile is time, and then so swift it flies,
 It seems we only meet to tear apart,
 With aching hands and lingering of eyes.
 Alas, alas ! that we must learn hours' flight
 By the same light of love that makes them bright !

A BLACK JOB.

—◆—
 “No doubt the pleasure is as great,
 Of being cheated as to cheat.”—HUDIBRAS.

THE history of human-kind to trace,
 Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled,
 A certain portion of the human race
 Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams !
 A rage that time seems only to redouble—
 VOL. VIII.

The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
 For rolling in Pactolian streams,
 That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.
 No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,
 To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
 To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
 Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
 Only propose to blow a bubble,
 And Lord ! what hundreds will subscribe for soap !

Soap !—it reminds me of a little tale,
 Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,
 When rustic games and merriment prevail—

But here's my story :
 Once on a time—no matter when—
 A knot of very charitable men
 Set up a Philanthropical Society,
 Professing on a certain plan,
 To benefit the race of man,
 And in particular that dark variety,
 Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin,
 The sable is to ermine,
 As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
 As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
 As blacking, or as ink to “milk below,”
 Or yet a better simile, to show,
 As ragman's dolls to images in plaster !

However, as is usual in our city,
 They had a sort of managing Committee,
 A board of grave responsible Directors—
 A Secretary, good at pen and ink—
 A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,

And quite an army of Collectors !
 Not merely male, but female duns,
 Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
 With many of those persevering ones,
 Who mite by mite would beg a cheese !

And what might be their aim ?
 To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters—
 To save their bodies from the burning shame
 Of branding with hot letters—
 Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,
 Their necks from iron yokes ?
 To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
 The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery ?
 To school the heathen Negroes and enlighten 'em,
 To polish up and brighten 'em,
 And make them worthy of eternal bliss ?
 Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—
 Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—
 To wash and whiten 'em !

They look'd so ugly in their sable hides :
 So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
 Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
 However the poor elves
 Might wash themselves,
 Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
 On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot !
 Not to forget more serious complaints
 That even while they join'd in pious hymn,
 So black they were and grim,
 In face and limb,
 They look'd like Devils, tho' they sang like Saints !

The thing was undeniable !
They wanted washing ! not that slight ablution
To which the skin of the White Man is liable,
Merely removing transient pollution—
But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
And scrubbing,
Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
With stiff, strong, saponaceous lather,
And pails of water—hottish rather,
But not so boiling as to turn 'em red !

So spoke the philanthropic man
Who laid, and hatch'd, and nursed the plan—
And oh ! to view its glorious consummation !
The brooms and mops,
The tubs and slops,
The baths and brushes in full operation !
To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,
Go in a raven and come out a swan !
While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,
And all the little Niggerlings emerge
As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision—but alas !
However in prospectus bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass
One thing was requisite, and that was—money !
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks and collars, shirts and frills,
Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch ;

A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodies black as coals,
And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery !

Money—the root of evil,—dross, and stuff !

But oh ! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enable them to give enough

To blanch an African from head to heel !
How blessed—yea, thrice blessed—to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe !

While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one !

Moved by this logic (or appall'd)

To persons of a certain turn so proper,
The money came when call'd,

In silver, gold, and copper,
Presents from "Friends to blacks," or foes to whites,
"Trifles," and "offerings," and "widow's mites,
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
With other gifts
And charitable lifts,
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.

As thus—Elisha Brettel,

An iron kettle.

The Dowager Lady Scannel,

A piece of flannel.

Rebecca Pope,

A bar of soap.

The Misses Howels,
 Half-a-dozen towels.
 The Master Rush s,
 Two scrubbing-brushes.
 Mr. T. Groom,
 A stable broom,
 And Mrs. Grubb,
 A tub.

Great were the sums collected !
 And great results in consequence expected.
 But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour.
 According to reports
 At yearly courts,
 The blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever !

Yes ! spite of all the water sous'd aloft,
 Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
 Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
 Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
 And scourers in the office strong and clever,
 In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
 The routing and the grubbing,
 The blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever !

In fact in his perennial speech,
 The Chairman own'd the niggers did not bleach,
 As he had hoped,
 From being washed and soaped,
 A circumstance he named with grief and pity ;
 But still he had the happiness to say,
 For self and the Committee,
 By persevering in the present way

And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
Although he could not promise perfect white,
From certain symptoms that had come to light,
He hoped in time to get them gray !

Lull'd by this vague assurance,
The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
Continued to subscribe,
And waited, waited on with much endurance—
Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter—
Many a stinted widow, pinching mother—
With income by the tax made somewhat shorter.
Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,
Only to hear as ev'ry year came round,
That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound ;
And as she loved her sable brother,
That Mr. Treasurer must have another !

But, spite of pounds or guineas,
Instead of giving any hint
Of turning to a neutral tint,
The plaguy negroes and their piccaninnies
Were still the colour of the bird that caws—
Only some very aged souls
Showing a little gray upon their polls,
Like daws !

However, nothing dashed
By such repeated failures, or abashed,
The Court still met ;—the Chairman and Directors,
The Secretary, good at pen and ink,
The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,
And all the cash Collectors ;

With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,
Without whose help, no charlatan alive,
Or Bubble Company could hope to thrive,
Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous—
Those good and easy innocents in fact,
Who willingly receiving chaff for corn,
As pointed out by Butler's tact,
Still find a secret pleasure in the act
Of being pluck'd and shorn !

However, in long hundreds there they were,
Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
And regular Report.
Alas ! concluding in the usual strain,
That what with everlasting wear and tear,
The scrubbing-brushes hadn't got a hair—
The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again—
The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,
The towels worn to threads,
The tubs and pails too shatter'd to be mended—
And what was added with a deal of pain,
But as accounts correctly would explain,
Tho' thirty thousand pounds had been expended—
The Blackamoors had still been wash'd in vain !

“In fact, the negroes were as black as ink,
Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,
And hoped the proposition was not rash,
A rather free expenditure of cash—”
But ere the prospect could be made more sunny—
Up jump'd a little, lemon-coloured man,

And with an eager stammer, thus began,
In angry earnest, though it sounded funny :
“ What ! More subscriptions ! No—no—no,—not I !
You have had time—time—time enough to try !
They won’t come white ! then why—why—why—why—why,
More money ? ”

“ Why ! ” said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
And gentle waving of his dexter hand,
“ Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
More filthy lucre, in a word, more gold—
The why, sir, very easily is told,
Because Humanity declares we must !
We’ve scrubb’d the negroes till we’ve nearly killed ’em,
And finding that we cannot wash them white,
But still their nigritude offends the sight,
We mean to gild ’em ! ”

MRS. GARDINER.

▲ HORTICULTURAL ROMANCE

CHAPTER I.

"What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks."—L. HUNT.

"Each flow'r of tender stalk whose head, tho' gay,
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd, them she upstays."—MILTON.

"How does my lady's garden grow?"—*Old Ballad*.

"Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars."—*Richard II.*

I LOVE a Garden !

"And so do I, and I, and I," exclaim in chorus all the he and she Fellows of the Horticultural Society.

"And I," whispers the philosophical Ghost of Lord Bacon.

"And I," sings the poetical Spirit of Andrew Marvel.

"*Et moi aussi*," chimes in the Shade of Delille.

"And I," says the Spectre of Sir William Temple, echoed by Pope, and Darwin, and a host of the English Poets, the sonorous voice of Milton resounding above them all.

"And I," murmurs the Apparition of Boccaccio.

"And I, and I," sob two Invisibles, remembering Eden.

"And I," shouts Mr. George Robins, thinking of Covent Garden.

"And I," says Mr. Simpson—formerly of Vauxhall.

"And I," sing ten thousand female voices, all in unison, as if drilled by Hullah,—but really, thinking in concert of the Gardens of Gul.

[What a string I have touched !]

"We all love a Garden!" shout millions of human voices, male, female, and juvenile, bass, tenor, and treble. From the East, the West, the North, and the South, the universal burden swells on the wind, as if declaring in a roll of thunder that we all love a Garden.

But no—one solitary voice—that of Hamlet's Ghostly Father, exclaims in a sepulchral tone, "I don't!"

No matter—we are all but unanimous; and so, Gentle Readers, I will at once introduce to you my Heroine—a woman after your own hearts—for she is a Gardiner by name and a Gardener by nature.

CHAPTER II.

AT Number Nine, Paradise Place, so called probably because every house stands in the middle of a little garden, lives Mrs. Gardiner. I will not describe her, for looking through the green rails in front of her premises, or over the dwarf wall at the back, you may see her any day, in an old poke bonnet, expanded into a gipsy-hat, and a pair of man's gloves, tea-green at top, but mouldy-brown in the fingers, raking, digging, hoeing, rolling, trowelling, pruning, nailing, watering, or otherwise employed in her horticultural and floricultural pursuits. Perhaps, as a neighbour, or acquaintance, you have already seen her, or conversed with her, over the wooden or brick-fence, and have learned in answer to your kind inquiries about her health, that she was 'pretty well, only sadly in want of rain,' or 'quite charming, but almost eaten up by vermin.' For Mrs. Gardiner speaks the true "Language of Flowers," not using their buds and blossoms as symbols of her own passions and sentiments, according



to the Greek fashion, but lending words to the wants and affections of her plants. Thus, when she says that she is "dreadful dry, and longs for a good soaking," it refers not to a defect of moisture in her own clay, but to the parched condition of the soil in her parterres: or if she wishes for a regular smoking, it is not from any unfeminine partiality to tobacco, but in behalf of her blighted geraniums. In like manner she sometimes confesses herself a little backward, without allusion to any particular branch, or twig, of her education, or admits herself to be rather forward, quite irrelevantly to her behaviour with the other sex. Without this key her expressions would often be unintelligible to the hearer, and sometimes indecorous, as when she told her neighbour, the bachelor at Number Eight, *à propos* of a plum-tree, that "she was growing quite wild, and should come some day over his wall." Others again, unaware of her peculiar phraseology, would give her credit, or discredit, for an undue share of female vanity, as well as the most extraordinary notions of personal beauty.

"Well," she said one day, "what do you think of Mrs. Mapleson?" meaning that lady's hydrangea. "Her head's the biggest—but I look the bluest."

In a similar style she delivered herself as to certain other subjects of the rivalry that is universal amongst the suburban votaries of Flora: converting common blowing and growing substantives into horticultural verbs, as thus:

"Miss Sharp crocussed before me,—but I snow-dropped sooner than any one in the Row."

But this identification of herself with the objects of her love was not confined to her plants. It extended to every thing that was connected with her hobby—her gardening implements, her garden-rails, and her garden-wall. For example, she complained once that she could not rake, she

had lost so many of her teeth—she told the carpenter the boys climbed over her so, that he should stick her all over tenter-hooks—and sent word to her landlord, a builder, the snails bred so between her bricks, that he must positively come and new point her.

“Phoo ! phoo !” exclaims an incredulous, Gentle Reader—
“she is all a phantom !”

Quite the reverse, sir. She is as real and as substantial as Mrs. Baines. Ask Mr. Cherry, the newsman, or his boy, John Loder, either of whom will tell you—on oath if you require it—that he serves her every Saturday with the *Gardener’s Chronicle*.

CHAPTER III.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Gardiner was formed when she was “in populous city pent,” and resided in a street in the very heart of the city. In fact in Bucklersbury. But even there her future bent developed itself as far as her limited ways and means permitted. On the leads over the back warehouse, she had what she delighted to call a shrubbery : viz.—

A Persian Lilac in a tea-chest,
A Guelder Rose in a washing-tub,
A Laurustinus in a butter-tub,
A Monthly Rose in a Portugal grape-jar,

and about a score of geraniums, fuchsias, and similar plants in pots. But besides shrubs and flowers, she cultivated a few vegetables—that is to say, she grew her own salads of “mustard and crest” in a brown pan ; and in sundry crockery vessels that would hold earth, but not water, she reared some half dozen of Scarlet Runners, which in the proper season

you might see climbing up a series of string ladders, against the back of the house, as if to elope with the Mignonnette from its box in the second-floor window. Then indoors, on her mantelshelf, she had hyacinths and other bulbs in glasses—and from a hook in the ceiling, in lieu of a chandelier, there was suspended a wicker-basket, containing a white biscuitware garden-pot, with one of those pendant plants, which, as she described their habits and sustenance, are “fond of hanging themselves, and living on hare.” But these experiments rather tantalized than satisfied her passion. Warehouse-leads, she confessed, made but indifferent gardens or shrubberies, whilst the London smoke was fatal to the complexion of her mop-rose and the fragrance of her southern-wood, or in her own words,

“I blow dingy—and my old man smells suttly.”

Once, indeed, she pictured to me her *beau idéal* of “a little Paradise,” the main features of which I forget, except that with reference to a cottage *ornée*, she was to have “a jessamy in front, and a creeper up her back.” As to the garden, it was to have walks and a lawn of course, with plenty of rich loam, that she might lay herself out in squares, and ovals and diamonds—butter-tubs and tea-chests were very well for town, but she longed for elbow-room, and earth to dig, to rake, to hoe, and trowel up,—in short, she declared, if she was her own missis, she would not sleep another night before she had a bed of her own—not with any reference to her connubial partner, but she longed, she did, for a bit of ground, she did not care how small. A wish that her husband at last gratified by taking a bit of ground, *he* did not care how small, in Bunhill Fields.

The widow, selling off the town house, immediately retired to a villa in the country, and I had lost sight of her for some months, when one May morning taking a walk in the

suburbs, whilst passing in front of Number Nine, Paradise Place, I overheard a rather harsh voice exclaiming, as if in expostulation with a refractory donkey—

“Come up! Why don’t you come up?”

It was Mrs. Gardiner, reproaching the tardiness of her seeds.

I immediately accosted her, but as she did not recognise me, determined to preserve my incognito, till I had drawn her out a little to exhibit her hobby.

“Rather a late spring, ma’am!”

“Werry, sir,—werry much so indeed. Lord knows when I shall be out of the earth, I almost think I’m rotted in the ground.”

“The flowers are backward indeed, ma’am. I have hardly seen any except some wall-flowers further down the row.”

“Ah, at Number Two—Miss Sharp’s. She’s poor and single—but I’m double and bloody.”

“You seem to have some fine stocks.”

“Well, and so I have, though I say it myself. I’m the real Brompton—with a stronger blow than any one in the place, and as to sweetness, nobody can come nigh me. Would you like to walk in, sir, and smell me?”

Accepting the polite invitation, I stepped in through the little wicket, and in another moment was rapturously sniffing at her stocks, and the flower with the sanguinary name. From the walls I turned off to a rosebush, remarking that there was a very fine show of buds.

“Yes, but I want sun to make me bust. You should have seen me last June, sir, when I was in my full bloom. None of your wishy washy pale sorts (this was a fling at the white roses at the next door)—none of your Provincials, or pale pinks. There’s no maiden blushes about me. I’m the regular old red cabbage!”

And she was right, for after all that hearty, glowing, fragrant rose is the best of the species—the queen of flowers, with a ruddy *embonpoint*, reminding one of the goddesses of Rubens. Well, next to the rosebush there was a clump of Polyanthus, from which, by a natural transition, we come to discourse of Auriculas. This was delicate ground, for it appeared there was a rivalry between Number Nine and Number Four, as to that mealiness, which in the eye of a fancier is the chief beauty of the flower. However, having assured her, in answer to her appeal, that she was “quite as powdery as Mr. Miller,” we went on very smoothly through Jonquils, and Narcissuses, and Ranunculus, and were about to enter on “Anymonies,” when Mrs. Gardiner suddenly stopped short, and with a loud “whist !” pitched her trowel at the head of an old horse, which had thrust itself over the wooden fence.

“Drat the animals ! I might as well try flowering in the Zoological, with the beasts all let loose ! It’s very hard, sir, but I can’t grow nothing tall near them front rails. There was last year,—only just fancy me, sir—with the most beautiful Crown Imperial you ever saw—when up comes a stupid hass and crops off my head.”

I condoled with her of course on so cruel a decapitation, and recovered her trowel for her, in return for which civility she plucked and presented to me a bunch of Heartsease, apologizing that “she was not Bazaar (pro Bizarre), but a very good sort.”

“It’s along of living so near the road,” she added, recurring to the late invasion. “Yesterday I was bullocked, and to-morrow I suppose I shall be pigged. Then there’s the blaggard men and boys, picking and stealing as they go by. I really expect that some day or other they’ll walk in and strip me !”

I sympathised again ; but before the condolment was well finished there was another "whist !" and another cast of the missile.

"That's a dog ! They're always rampaging at my front, and there goes the cat to my back, and she'll claw all my bark off in scrambling out of reach ! Howsomever that's a fine lupin, ain't it ?"

I assured her that it deserved to be exhibited to the Horticultural Society.

"What, to the flower show ? No thankee. Miss Sharp *did*, and made sure of a Bankside Medal, and what do you think they gave her ? Only a cerkittift !"

"Shameful !" I ejaculated, "why it was giving her nothing at all," and once more I restored the trowel, which, however, had hardly settled in its owner's hand, than with a third "whist !" off it flew again like a rocket, with a descriptive announcement of the enemy.

"Them horrid poultry ! Will you believe it, sir, that 'ere cock flew over, and gobbled up my Hen-and-Chickens !"

"What ! '*all your pretty chickens and their dam* ?'"

"Yes, *all my Daisy*."

[Reader !—if ever there was a verbal step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous—that was it.]

CHAPTER IV.

My mask fell off. That destructive cock was as fatal to my incognito as to the widow's flowers : for coming after the cat and the dog, and the possible pigs, and the positive oullock, and the men, and the boys, and the horse, and the ass, I could not help observing that my quondam acquaintance would have been better off in Bucklersbury.

"Lord! and is it you!" she exclaimed with almost a scream; "well, I had a misgiving as to your voice," and with a rapid volley of semi-articulate sounds the Widow seized my right hand in one of her own, whilst with the other she groped hurriedly in her pocket. It was to search for her handkerchief, but the cambric was absent, and she was obliged to wipe off the gushing tears with her gardening glove. The rich loam on the fingers, thus irrigated, ran off in muddy rivulets down her furrowed cheeks, but in spite of her ludicrous appearance I could not help sympathising with her natural feelings, however oddly expressed.

"She could not help it," she sobbed—"the sight of me overcame her. When she last saw me,—*He* was alive—who had always been a kind and devoted husband—as never grudged her nothing—and had given her that beautiful butter-tub for her laurustiny. She often thought of him—yes, often and often—while she was gardening—as if she saw his poor dear bones under the mould—and then to think that *she* came up, year after year—"flourishing in all her beauty and fragrance"—and *he* didn't.—"But look there"—and smiling through her tears, she pointed towards the house, and told me a tale, that vividly reminded me of her old contrivances in Bucklersbury.

"It's a table-beer barrel. I had it sawed in half, and there it is, holding them two hallows, on each side of the door. But I shan't blow, you know, for a sentry!"

Very handsome, indeed!

"Ain't they? And there's my American Creeper. Miss Sharp pretends to creep, but Lor bless ye, afore ever she gets up to her first floor window, I shall be running all over the roof of the willa. You see I'm over the portico already."

A compliment to her climbing powers was due of course,

and I paid it on the spot ; but we were not yet done with creepers. All at once the Widow plucked off her garden bonnet, and dashing it on the gravel began dancing on it like a mad woman, or like a Scotch lassie tramping her dirty linen. At last when it was quite flat, she picked the bonnet up again, and carefully opening it, explained the matter in two words.

“A near-wig !”

And then she went on to declare to me that they were the plagues of her life—and there was no destroying them.

“It’s unknown the crabs and lobsters I’ve eaten on purpose, but the nasty insects won’t creep into my claws. And in course you know what enemies they are to carnations. Last year they ruined my Prince Albert, and this year I suppose they’ll spoil the Prince of Wales !”

CHAPTER V.

Apropos of names.

I do wish that our Botanists, Conchologists, and Entomologists, and the rest of our scientific Godfathers and Godmothers would sit soberly down, a little below the clouds, and revise their classical, scholastical, and polyglottical nomenclatures. Yea, that our Gardeners and Florists especially would take their wateringpots and rebaptise all those pretty plants, whose bombastical and pedantical titles are enough to make them blush, and droop their modest heads for shame.

The Fly-flapper is bad enough, with his Agamemnon butterfly and Cassandra moth—

“What’s Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba !”

but it is abominable to label our Flowers with antiquated, outlandish, and barbarous flowers of speech. Let the Horticulturists hunt through their Dictionaries, Greek, and Latin, and Lempriere's Mythology to boot, and they will never invent such apt and pleasant names as the old English ones, to be found in Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare.

Oh, how sweetly they sound, look, and smell in verse—charming the eye and the nose, according to the Rosicrucian theory, through the ear! But what is a *Scutellaria Macrantha* to either sense? Day's Eyes, Oxeyes, and Lippes of Cowes have a pastoral relish and a poetical significance—but what song or sonnet would be the sweeter for a *Brunsvigia*?

There is a meaning in Windflowers, and Cuckoo-buds, and Shepherd's Clocks, whilst the Hare-bell is at once associated with the breezy heath and the leporine animal that frequents it. When it is named, Puss and the blue-bell spring up in the mind's eye together—but what image is suggested by hearing of a *Schizanthus retusus*?

Then, again, Forget-me-Not sounds like a short quotation from Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory," Love-lies-Bleeding contains a whole tragedy in its title—and even Pick-your-Mother's-heart-out involves a tale for the novelist. But what story, with or without a moral, can be picked out of a *Dendrobium*, even if it were surnamed *Clutterbuckii*, after the egotistical or sycophantical fashion of the present day?

There was a jockey once who complained bitterly of the sale of a race-horse, just when he had learned to pronounce its name properly—Roncesvalles; but what was that hardship, to the misfortune of a petty nurseryman, perhaps, losing his Passion-Flower, when he had just got by heart *Tacksonia Pinnatistipula*?

"Reform it altogether!"

It looks selfish, in the learned, to invent such difficult nomenclatures, as if they wished to keep the character, habits, origin, and properties of new plants to themselves. Nay, more, it implies a want of affection for their professed favourites—the very objects of their attentions.

“How—a want of affection, sir?”

Yes—even so, my worthy Adam! For mark me—if you really loved your plants and flowers—

“Well, sir?”

Why, then, you wouldn’t call them such *hard names*.

CHAPTER VI.

To return to Mrs. Gardiner.

The widow having described the ravages of the earwigs, beckoned me towards her wall, and was apparently about to introduce me to a peach-tree, when abruptly turning round to me, she inquired if I knew anything of chemicals; and without giving time to reply, added her reason to the question.

“Cos I want you to pison my Hants.”

Your aunts!

“Yes, the hemmets. As to Dr. Watts, he don’t know nothing about ’em. They won’t collect into troops to be trod into dust, they know better. So I was thinking if you could mix up summut luscious and dillyterious—”

She stopped, for a man’s head suddenly appeared above the dwarf wall, and after a nod and a smile at the widow, saluted her with a good morning. He was her neighbour—the little old bachelor at Number Eight. As he was rather hard of hearing, my companion was obliged to raise her

voice in addressing him, and, indeed, aggravated it so much that it might have been heard at the end of the row.

"Well, and how are *you*, Mr. Burrel, after them East Winds?"

"Very bad, very bad indeed," replied Mr. Burrel, thinking only of his rheumatics.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Gardiner, remembering nothing but her blight: "I'm thinking of trying tobacco-water and a squiringe."

"Is that good for it?" asked Mr. B., with a tone of doubt and surprise.

So they say: but you must mix it strong, and squirt it as hard as ever you can over your affected parts."

"What, my lower limbs?"

"Yes, and your upper ones too. Wherever you're maggoty."

"Oh!" grunted the old gentleman, "you mean vermin."

"As for me," bawled Mrs. G., "I'm swarming! And Miss Sharp is wus than I am."

"The more's the pity," said the old gentleman, "we shall have no apples and pears."

"No, not to signify. How's your peaches?"

"Why, they set kindly enough, ma'am, but they all dropped off in the last frosty nights."

"Ah, it ain't the frost," roared Mrs. G. "You've got down to the gravel—I know you have—you look so rusty and scrubby!"

"I wish you good morning, ma'am," said the little old bachelor, turning very red in the face, and making rather a precipitate retreat from the dwarf wall—as who wouldn't, thus attacked at once in his person and his peach-trees.

"To be sure, he was dreadful unproductive," the Widow said; "but a good sort of body, and ten times pleasanter

than her next-door neighbour at Number Ten, who would keep coming over her wall, till she cut off his pumpkin."

She now led me round the house to "her back," where she showed me her grass-plot, wishing she was greener, and asking if she ought not to have a roll. I longed to say, on Greenwich authority, that about Easter Monday was the proper season for the operation, but the joke might have led to a check in her horticultural confidences. In the centre of the lawn there was an oval bed, with a stunted shrub in the middle, showing some three or four clusters of purple blossoms, which the Widow regarded with intense admiration.

"You have heard, I suppose, of a mashy soil for roddy-dandums? Well, look at my bloom,—quite as *luxurus* as if I'd been stuck in a bog!"

There was no disputing this assertion; and so she led me off to her vegetables, halting at last, at her peas, some few rows of Blue Prussians, which she had probably obtained from Waterloo, they were so long in coming up.

"Backard, an't I?"

Yes, rather.

"Wery—but Miss Sharp is backarder than me. She's hardly out of the ground yet—and, please God, in another fortnight I shall want sticking."

There was something so comic in the last equivoque, that I was forced to slur over a laugh as a sneeze, and then contrived to ask her if she had no assistance in her labours.

"What, a gardener? Never! I did once have a daily jobber, and he jobbed away all my dahlias. I declare I could have cried! But it's very hard to think you're a valuable bulb, and when summer comes, you're nothing but a stick and a label."

Very provoking indeed!

"Talk of transplanting, ~~they~~ do nothing else but trans-

plant you from one house to another, till you don't know where you are. There was I, thinking I was safe and sound in my own bed, and all the while I was in Mr. Jones's."

It's scandalous !

"It is. And then in winter when they're friz out, they come round to one a beggin' for money. But they don't freeze any charity out of me."

All ladies, however, are not so obdurate to the poor Gardeners in winter—or even in summer, in witness whereof here follows a story.

CHAPTER VII.

AN elderly gentlewoman of my acquaintance, on a visit at a country house in Northamptonshire, chanced one fine morning to look from her bed-chamber, on the second storey, into the pleasure-ground, where Adam, the Gardener, was at work at a flower-border, directly under her window. It was a cloudless day in July, and the sun shone fervently on the old man's bald, glossy pate, from which it reflected again in a number of rays, as shining and pointed as so many new pins and needles.

"Bless me !" ejaculated the old lady, "it's enough to broil all the brains in his head ;" and unable to bear the sight, she withdrew from the casement. But her concern and her curiosity were too much excited to allow her to remain in peace. Again and again she took a peep, and whenever she looked, there, two storeys below, shone the same bare round cranium, supernaturally red, and almost intolerably bright, as if it had been in the very focus of a burning-glass. It made her head ache to think of it !

Nevertheless she could not long remove her eyes. She was fascinated towards that glowing sconce, as larks are said to be by the dazzling of a mirror.

In the meantime, to her overheated fancy, the bald pate appeared to grow redder and redder, till it actually seemed red hot. It would hardly have surprised her if the blood, boiling a gallop, had gushed out of the two ears, or if the head, after smoking a little, had burst into a flame by spontaneous combustion. It would never have astonished her had he danced off in a frenzy of brain fever, or suddenly dropped down dead from a stroke of the sun. However he did neither, but still kept work, work, working on in the blazing heat, like a salamander.

"It don't signify," muttered the old lady, "if he can stand it I can't," and again she withdrew from the spectacle. But it was only for a minute. She returned to the window, and fixing her eyes on the bald, shining, glowing object, considerably pitched on it a cool pot of beer—not literally, indeed, but in the shape of five penny pieces, screwed up tight in brown paper.

MORAL.—There is nothing like *well-directed* benevolence !

CHAPTER VIII.

"YES, all gardeners is thieves !"

As I could not dispute the truth of this sweeping proposition from practical experience, I passed it over in silence, and contented myself with asking the Widow whence she acquired all her horticultural knowledge, which she informed me came "out of her Mawe."

"It was *him* as give me that, too," she whimpered, "for

he always humoured my flowering; and if ever a grave deserved a strewing over it's his'n—There's a noble old helm?"

Very, indeed.

"Yes, quite an old antique, and would be beautiful if I could only hang a few parachutes from its branches."

I presume you allude to parasites?

"Well, I suppose I do. And look there's my harbour. By and by, when I'm more honey-suckled I shall be water-proof, but I ain't quite growed over enough yet to sit in without an umbrella."

As I had now pretty well inspected her back, including one warm corner, in which she told me she had a good mind to cow-cumber—we turned toward the house, the Widow leading the way, when wheeling sharply round, she popped a new question.

"What do you think of my walk?"

Why that it is kept very clean and neat.

"Ah, I don't mean my gravel, but my walk. At present you see I go in a pretty straight line, but suppose I went a little more serpentine—more zigzaggy—and praps deviating about among the clumps—don't you think I might look more picturesque?"

I ventured to tell her, at the risk of sending her ideas to her front, that if she meant her *gait*, it was best as it was; but that if she alluded to her path, a straight one was still the best, considering the size of her grounds.

"Well, I dare say you're right," she replied, "for I'm only a quarter of a baker if you measure me all round."

By this time we were close to the house, where the appearance of a vine suggested to me the query whether the proprietor ever gathered any grapes.

"Ah my wine, my wine," replied the Widow, with as

grave a shake of the head and as melancholy a tone as if she had really drunk to fatal excess of the ruby juice. "That wine will be the death of me if somebody don't nail me up. My poor head won't bear ladder work ; and so all training or pruning myself is out of the question. Howsomever, Miss Sharp is just as bad, and so I'm not the only one whose wine goes where it shouldn't."

Not by hundreds of dozens, thought I, but there was no time allowed for musing over my own loss by waste and leakage : I was roused by a "now come here," and lugged round the corner of the house to an adjacent building, which bore about the same proportion to the villa as a calf to a cow.

"This here's the washus."

So I should have conjectured.

"Yes, it's the washus now—but it's to be a greenus. I intend to have a glazed roof let into it for a conservatory in the winter, when I can't be stood out in the open air. They've a greenus at Number Five, and a hottus besides—and thinks I, if so be I do want to force a little, I can force myself in the copper!"

The copper!

"Yes. I'm uncommon partial to foreign outlandish plants—and if I'm an African, you know, or any of them tropicals, I shall almost want baking."

These schemes and contrivances were so whimsical, and at the same time so Bucklersburyish, that in spite of myself my risible muscles began to twitch, and I felt that peculiar internal quiver about the diaphragm which results from suppressed laughter. Accordingly, not to offend the Widow, I hurried to take my leave, but she was not disposed to part with me so easily.

"Now come, be candid, and tell me before you go what

you think of me altogether. Am I shrubby enough? I fancy sometimes that I ought to be more deciduous."

Not at all. You are just what you ought to be—shrubby and flowery, and gravelly and grassy—and in summer you must be a perfect nosegay.

"Well—so I am. But in winter, now,—do you really think I am green enough to go through the winter?"

Quite. Plenty of yews, hollies, box, and lots of horticultural laurels.

[I thought now that I was off—but it was a mistake.]

"Well, but—if you really must go—only one more question—and it's to beg a favour. You know last autumn we went steaming up to Twitnam?"

Yes—well?

"Well, and we went all over Mr. What's-his-name's Willa?"

Pope's—well?

"Well then, somebody told us as how Mr. Pope was very famous for his Quineunx. Could you get one a slip of it?"

CHAPTER IX.

"WELL, for my part," exclaims Fashion, "those who please may garden; but I shall be quite satisfied with what I get from my Fruiterer, and my Greengrocer, and my bouquets. For it seems to me, Sir, according to your description of that Widow, and her operations, that gardening must be more of a trouble than a pleasure. To think of toiling in a most unfashionable bonnet and filthy gloves, for the sake of a few flowers, that one may buy as good or better, and made artificially by the first hands in



Paris ! Not to name the vulgarity of their breeding. Why I should faint if I thought my orange flowers came out of a grocer's tea-chest, or my camellia out of the butter-tub !”

No doubt of it, Madam, and that you would never come to if sprinkled with common water instead of Eau de Cologne.

“Of course not. I loathe pure water—ever since I have heard that all London bathes in it—the lower classes and all. If *that* is what one waters with, I could never garden. And then those nasty creeping things, and the earwigs ! I really believe that one of them crawling into my head would be enough to drive out all my intellects !”

Beyond question, Madam.

“I did once see a Lady gardening, and it struck me with horror ! How she endured that odious caterpillar on her clothes without screaming surpasses my comprehension. No, no—it is not Lady's work, and I should say not even Gentleman's, though some profess to be very fond of it.”

Why as to that, Madam, there is a style of gardening that might even be called aristocratical, and might be indulged in by the very first Exquisite in your own circle.

“Indeed, Sir ?”

Yes, in the mode, Madam, that was practised in his own garden by the Poet Thomson, the Author of the “Seasons.”

“And pray how was that, Sir ?”

Why by eating the peaches off the wall with his hands in his pocket ; or in other words, gobbling up the fruits of industry without sharing in the labour of production.

“O, fie ! that's Radical ! What do you say, my Lord ?”

“Why, 'pon honour, your ladyship, it doesn't touch me—for I only eat other people's peaches—and without putting my hands in my pockets at all.”

CHAPTER X.

"BUT do you really think, Sir," asks Chronic Hypochondriasis, "that gardening is such a healthy occupation?"

"I do. But better than my own opinion, I will give you the sentiments of a celebrated but eccentric Physician on the subject, when he was consulted by a Patient afflicted with your own disease.

"Well, Sir, what's the matter with you?" said the bluff Doctor.

"Why nothing particular, Doctor, if you mean any decided complaint. Only I can't eat, and I can't drink, and I can't sleep, and I can't walk—in short, I can't enjoy anything except being completely miserable."

It was a clear case of Hypochondriasis, and so the Physician merely laid down the ordinary sanatory rules.

"But you haven't prescribed, Doctor," objected the Patient. "You haven't told me what I am to take."

"Take exercise."

"Well, but in what shape, Doctor?"

"In the shape of a spade."

"What—dig like a horse?"

"No—like a man."

"And no physic?"

"No. You don't want draughts, or pills, or powders. Take a garden—and a Sabine farm after it—if you like."

"But it is such hard work?"

"Phoo, phoo. Begin with crushing your caterpillars—that's soft work enough. After that you can kill snails, they're harder—and mind, before breakfast."

"I shall never eat any!"

"Yes you will, when you have earned your grub. Or hoe, and rake, and make yourself useful on the face of the earth."

"But I get so soon fatigued."

"Yes, because you are never tired of being tired. Mere indolence. Commit yourself to hard labour. It's pleasanter than having it done by a Magistrate, and better in private grounds than on public ones."

"Then you seriously suppose, Doctor, that gardening is good for the constitution?"

"I do. For King, Lords, and Commons. Grow your own cabbages. Sow your own turnips,—and if you wish for a gray head, cultivate carrots."

"Well, Doctor, if I thought—"

"Don't think, but do it. Take a garden, and dig away as if you were going to bury all your care in it. When you're tired of digging, you can roll—or go to your walls, and set to work at your fruit-trees, like the Devil and the Bag of Nails."

"Well, at all events, it is worth trying; but I am sadly afraid that so much stooping—"

"Phoo, phoo! The more pain in your back, the more you'll forget your *hyps*. Sow a bed with thistles, and then weed it. And don't forget cucumbers."

"Cucumbers!"

"Yes, unwholesome to eat, but healthy to grow, for then you can have your *frame* as strong as you please, and regulate your own *lights*. Melons still better. Only give your melon to the melon-bed, and your colly to the colly-flowers, and your Melancholy's at an end."

"Ah! you're joking, Doctor!"

"No matter. Many a true word is said in jest. I'm the only physician, I know, who prescribes it, but take a garden

—*the first remedy in the world*—for when Adam was put into one he was *quite a new man!*”

“But Mrs. Gardiner.”

I had taken leave of her, as I thought, by the washhouse door, and was hurrying towards the wicket gate, when her voice apprised me that she was still following me.

“There is one thing that *you* ought to see at any rate, if nobody else does.”

And with gentle violence she drew me into a nook behind a privet hedge, and with some emotion asked me if I knew where I was. My answer of course was in the negative.

“It’s Bucklersbury.”

The words operated like a spell on my memory, and I immediately recognised the old civic shrubbery. Yes, there they were, The Persian Lilac, the Guelder Rose, the Monthly Rose, and the Laurustinus, but looking so fresh and flourishing, that it was no wonder I had not known them; and besides the chests and tubs were either gone or plunged into the earth.

“Not quite so grubby as I were in town,” said the Widow, “but the same plants. Old friends like, with new faces. Just take a sniff of my laylock—it’s the same smell as I had when in London, except the smoke. And there’s my monthly rose—look at my complexion now. You remember how smudgy I was afore. Perhaps you’d like a little of me for old acquaintance,” and plucking from each, she thrust into my hand a bouquet big enough for the Lord Mayor’s coachman on the Ninth of November.

“Yes, we’ve all grown and blown together,” she continued, looking from shrub to shrub, with great affection. “We’ve withered and budded, and withered and budded, and blossomed and sweetened the air. We’re interesting, ain’t we?”

Oh, very—there’s a sentiment in every leaf.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean. I often come here to enjoy 'em, and have a cry—for you know *he* smelt 'em and admired 'em as well as us," and the mouldy glove might again have had to wipe a moistened eye, but for an alarm familiar to her ear, though not to mine, except through her interpretation.

"My peas! my peas! old Jones's pigeons!"

And rushing off to the defence of her Blue Prussians, she gave me an opportunity of which I availed myself by retreating in the opposite direction, and through the wicket. It troubles me to this day that I cannot remember the shutting it: my mind misgives me that in my haste to escape it was most probably left open, like Abon Hassan's door, and with as unlucky consequences.

Even as I write, distressing images of a ruined Eden rise up before my fancy—cocks and hens scratching in flower borders—pigs routing up stocks or rolling in tulips—a horse cropping rose-buds, and a bullock in Bucklersbury! and all this perhaps not a mere vision! That woeful Figure, with starting tears and clasped hands contemplating the scene of havoc, not altogether a fiction!

Under this doubt, it will be no wonder that I have never revisited the Widow, or that when I stroll in the suburbs my steps invariably lead me in any other direction than towards Paradise Place.



CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE told a lie !

I have written the thing that is not, and the truth came not from my pen. There was deceit in my ink, and my paper is stained with a falsehood. Nevertheless, it was in ignorance that I erred, and consequently the lie is white.

When I told you, Gentle Reader, that any day you pleased you might behold my heroine, Mrs. Gardiner, I was not aware that Mrs. Gardiner was no more.

“No more !”

No—for by advices just received, she is now Mrs. Burrel, the wife of the quondam little old Bachelor at Number Eight.

“What !—married ! Why then she did go over the wall to him as she promised.”

No, miss—he came over to her.

“What !—By a rope ladder ?”

No—there was no need for so romantic an apparatus. The wall, as already described, was a dwarf one, about breast high, over which an active man, putting one hand on the top, might have vaulted with ease. How Mr. Burrel, unused to such gymnastics, contrived to scramble over it, he did not know himself ; but as he had scraped the square toes of each shoe—damaged each drab knee—frayed the front of his satin waistcoat—and scratched his face, the probability is, that after clambering to the summit, he rolled over, and pitched headlong into the scrubby holly bush on the other side.

For a long time, it appears, without giving utterance to the slightest sentiment of an amorous nature, he had made himself particular, by constantly haunting the dwarf wall



that divided him from the window,—overlooking her indeed more than was proper or pleasant. For once, however, he happened to look at the right moment, for casting his eyes towards Number Nine, he saw that his fair neighbour was in a very disagreeable and dangerous predicament—in short, that she was in her own water-butt, heels upwards.

He immediately jumped over the brick partition, and bellowing for help, succeeded, he knew not how, in hauling the unfortunate lady from her involuntary bath.

“Then it was not a suicide?”

By no means, madam. It was simply from taking her hobby to water. In plainer phrase, whilst endeavouring to establish an aquatic lily in her waterbutt, she overbalanced herself and fell in.

The rest may be guessed. Before the Widow was dry, Mr. Burrel had declared his passion—Gratitude whispered that without him she would have been “no better than a dead *lignum vitæ*”—and she gave him her hand.

The marriage day, however, was not fixed. At the desire of the bride, it was left to a contingency, which was resolved by her “orange-flowering” last Wednesday—and so ended the “Horticultural Romance” of Mrs. Gardiner.

THE DEFAULTER

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE"

CHAPTER I.

—— "Give him heedful note ;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
 And after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming."—*Hamlet*.

"WHAT is the matter with Mr. Pryme ?"

The speaker was a tall, dark man, with grizzled hair, black eyes, a long nose, a wide mouth, and the commercial feature of a pen behind his right ear. He had several times asked himself the same question, but without any satisfactory solution, and now addressed it to a little, sandy-haired man, who was standing with his back to the office fire. Both were clerks in a government office, as well as the party whose health or deportment was involved in the inquiry.

"What is the matter with Mr. Pryme ?"

"Heaven knows," said the sandy Mr. Phipps, at the same time lifting up his eyebrows towards the organs of wonder, and shrugging his shoulders.

"You have observed how nervous and fidgety he is ?"

"To be sure. Look at the fireplace ; he has done nothing all the morning but put on coals and rake them out again."

"Yes, I have been watching him and kept count," interposed Mr. Trent, a junior official ; "he has poked the fire nineteen times, besides looking five times out of the window, and twice taking down his hat and hanging it up again."

"I got him to change me a sovereign," said the dark Mr. Grimble, "and he first gave me nineteen, and then twenty-

one shillings for it. But look here at his entries," and he pointed to an open ledger on the desk, "he has dipped promiscuously into the black ink and the red !"

The three clerks took a look a-piece at the book, and then a still longer look at each other. None of them spoke : but each made a face, one pursing up his lips as if to blow an imaginary flageolet, another frowning, as with a distracting headache, and the third drawing down the corners of his mouth, as if he had just taken, or was about to take, physic.

"What can it be ?" said Mr. Phipps.

"Let's ask him," suggested Mr. Trent.

"Better not," said Grimble, "you know how hot and touchy he is. I once ventured to cut a joke on him, and he has never thoroughly forgiven it to this day."

"What was it about ?" inquired the junior.

"Why he has been married above a dozen years without having any children, and it was the usual thing with us, when he came of a morning, to ask after the little Prymes, —but the joke caused so many rows and quarrels, that we have given it up."

"Where is he ?" asked Mr. Phipps, with a glance round the office.

"In the Secretary's private room. But hush ! here he comes."

The three clerks hastily retreated to their several desks, and began writing with great apparent diligence ; yet vigilantly watching every movement of the nervous and fidgety Mr. Pryme, who entered the room with an uneven step, looking rather flushed and excited, and vigorously rubbing his bald head with his silk handkerchief. Perhaps he noticed that he was observed, for he looked uneasily and suspiciously from one clerk to the other ; but each face preserved a demure gravity, and the little, stout, bald, florid

gentleman repaired to his own place. The "Morning Post," damp and still unfolded, was laying on his desk ; he took it up, dried it at the fire, and began to read—but the next minute he laid down the paper, and seizing the poker made several plunges at the coals, as often against the bars as between them, till the metal rang again. Then he resumed the "Post"—but quickly relinquished it—quite unable to fix his attention on the type—an incompetence perfectly astounding to the other clerks, who considered reading the newspaper as a regular and important part of the official duties.

"By Jove," whispered Mr. Phipps to Mr. Grimble, whom he had approached under the pretence of delivering a document, "he cannot Post the news any more than his ledger."

Mr. Grimble acquiesced with a grave nod and a grimace ; and Mr. Phipps returning to his desk, a silence ensued, so profound that the scratching of the pens at work on the paper was distinctly audible. The little bald cashier himself had begun to write, and for some minutes was occupied so quietly that curiosity gave way to business, and the three clerks were absorbed in their calculations, when a sudden noise caused them to look up. Mr. Pryme had jumped from his high stool, and was in the act of taking down his hat from its peg. He held it for a while in his hand, as if in deep deliberation, then suddenly clapped it on his head, but as hastily took it off again—thrust the "Morning Post" into the crown, and restored the beaver to its place on the wall. The next moment he encountered the eye of Phipps—a suspicion that he was watched seemed to come across him, and his uneasiness increased. He immediately returned to his desk, and began to turn over the leaves of an account-book—but with unnatural haste, and it was evident that although his eyes were fixed on the volume, his thoughts

were elsewhere, for by degrees he went off into a reverie, only rousing now and then to take huge pinches of snuff. At last, suddenly waking up, he pulled out his watch—pored at it—held it up to his ear—replaced it in his fob, and with a glance at his hat, began drawing on his gloves. Perhaps he would have gone off—if Mr. Grimble had not crossed over from his desk, and placed an open book before him, with a request for his signature. The little, bald, florid man, without removing his glove, attempted to write his name, but his hand trembled so that he could hardly guide the pen. However, he tried to carry off the matter as a joke—but his laugh was forced, and his voice had the quavering huskiness of internal agitation.

“Ha ! ha !—rather shaky—too much wine last night—eh, Mr. Grimble ?”

The latter made no reply, but as he walked off with the book under his arm, and his back towards Mr. Pryme, he bestowed a deliberate wink on each of his associates, and significantly imitated with his own hand the aspen-like motion he had just observed. The others responded with a look of intelligence, and resumed their labours : but the tall, dark man fell into a fit of profound abstraction, during which he unconsciously scribbled on his blotting-paper, in at least a score of places, the word **EMBEZZLEMENT**.

CHAPTER II.

“AND do you really mean to say, Mr. Author, that so respectable a bald man had actually appropriated the public money ?”

Heaven forbid, madam. My health is far too infirm, and



my modesty much too delicate to allow me to undertake, off-hand, the work of twelve men, who sometimes are not strong enough, the whole team, to draw a correct inference. As yet, Mr. Pryme only labours under suspicion, and a very hard labour it is to be sentenced to before conviction. But permit me to ask, do you really associate baldness with respectability?

“Of course, sir. All bald men are respectable.”

It is indeed a very general impression—so much so, that were I a criminal, and anxious to propitiate a Judge and Jury at my trial, I would have my head shaved beforehand as clean as a monk’s. And yet it is a strange prepossession, that we should connect guilt with a fell of hair, and innocence with a bare sconce! Why, madam, why should we conceive a bald man to be less delinquent than another?

“I suppose, sir, because he has less for a *catchpole* to lay hold of?”

Thank you, ma’am! The best reason I have heard for a prejudice in all my life!

CHAPTER III.

THE little, bald, florid man, in the meantime, continued his nervous and fidgety evolutions—worrying the fire, trying on his hat and gloves, snuffing vehemently, coughing huskily, and winking perpetually—now scurrying through folios—then drumming what is called the Devil’s tattoo on his desk, and moreover, under pretence of mending his pens, had slashed half-a-dozen of them to pieces—when he received a fresh summons to the Secretary’s room.

The moment the door closed behind him, the two clerks, Phipps and Trent, darted across to Mr. Grimble, who silently exhibited to them the shaky autograph of the agitated cashier. They then adjourned to the fire, where a pause of profound cogitation ensued: the Junior intensely surveying his bright boots—Mr. Phipps industriously nibbling the top of his pen—while Mr. Grimble kept assiduously breaking the bituminous bubbles which exuded from the burning coals with the point of the poker.

"It is very extraordinary!" at last muttered Mr. Phipps.

"Very," chimed in the Junior Clerk.

Mr. Grimble silently turned his back to the fire, and fixed his gaze on the ceiling, with his mouth firmly compressed, as if meaning to signify, "that whatever he might think, he would say nothing"—in case of anything happening to Mr. Pryme, he was the next in point of seniority for the vacant place, and delicacy forbade his being the first to proclaim his suspicions.

"You don't think he is going off, do you?" inquired Mr. Phipps.

Mr. Grimble turned his gaze intently on the querist as though he would look him through—hemm'd—but said nothing.

"I mean off his head."

"Oh—I thought you meant off to America."

It was now Mr. Phipps's turn to look intently at Mr. Grimble, whose every feature he scrutinized with the studious interest of a Lavater.

"Why you surely don't mean to say——"

"I do."

"What that he has——"

"Yes."

"Is it possible!"

Mr. Grimble gave three distinct and deliberate nods, in reply to which, Mr. Phipps whistled a long phe-e-e-e-ew !

All this time the Junior had been eagerly listening to the mysterious conference, anxiously looking from one speaker to the other, till the hidden meaning suddenly revealed itself to his mind, and with the usual indiscretion of youth he immediately gave it utterance.

"Why then, Grimble, old Pryme will be transported, and you will walk into his shoes."

Mr. Grimble frowned severely, and laid one forefinger on his lips, while with the other he pointed to the door. But Mr. Pryme was still distant in the Secretary's private room.

"Well, I should never have thought it !" exclaimed Mr. Phipps. "He was so regular in his habits, and I should say very moderate in his expenses. He was never given to dress (the young clerk laughed at the idea), and certainly never talked like a gay man with the other sex (the junior laughed again). I don't think he gambled, or had any connection with the turf? To be sure he may have dabbled a little in the Alley—or perhaps in the Discounting line."

To each of these interrogative speculations Mr. Grimble responded with a negative shake of the head, or a doubtful shrug of the shoulders, till the catalogue was exhausted, and then, with his eyes cast upward, uttered an emphatic "God knows !"

"But have you any proof of it ?" asked Mr. Phipps.

"None whatever—not a particle. Only what I may call a strong—a *very* strong presentiment."

And as if to illustrate its strength, Mr. Grimble struck a blow with the poker that smashed a large Staffordshire coal into shivers.

"Then there may be nothing wrong after all !" suggested

the good-natured Mr. Phipps. "And really Mr. Pryme has always seemed so respectable, so regular, and so correct in business——"

"So did Fauntleroy, and the rest of them;" muttered Mr. Grimble, "or they would never have been trusted. However, it's a comfort to think that he has no children, and that the capital punishment for such offences has been abolished."

"I can hardly believe it!" ejaculated Mr. Phipps.

"My dear fellow," said the young clerk, "there is no mistake about it. I was watching him when the messenger came to fetch him to the Secretary, and he started and shook as if he had expected a policeman."

Mr. Phipps said no more, but retreated to his place, and with his elbows on his desk, and his head between his hands, began sorrowfully to ruminate on the ruin and misery impending over the unfortunate cashier. He could well appreciate the nervous alarm and anxiety of the wretched man, liable at any moment to detection, with the consequent disgrace, and a punishment scarcely preferable to death itself. His memory reminded him that Mr. Pryme had done him various services, while his imagination pictured his benefactor in the most distressing situations—in the station-house—at Bow-street—in Newgate—at the bar of the Old Bailey—in a hulk—in a convict-ship, with the common herd of the ruffianly and the depraved—and finally toiling in life-long labour in a distant land. And as he dwelt on these dreadful and dreary scenes, the kind-hearted Phipps himself became quite unhinged: his own nerves began to quiver, whilst his muscles sympathising with the mental excitement, prompted him to such restless activity, that he was soon almost as fidgety and perturbed as the object of his commiseration.

Oh! that the guilty man, forewarned of danger by some

providential inspiration, might have left the office never to return ! But the hope was futile : the door opened—the doomed Mr. Pryme hastily entered—went to his own desk, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and clutching his bewildered bald head with one fevered hand, began with the other to turn over the leaves of a journal, without perceiving that the book was upside down.

“Was there ever,” thought Phipps, “such an infatuation ! He has evidently cause for alarm, and yet he lingers about the fatal spot.”

How he yearned to give him a hint that his secret was known—to say to him, “Go !—Fly ! ere it be too late ! Seek some other country where you may live in freedom and repent.”

But, alas ! the eyes of Grimble and Trent were upon him, and above all the stern figure of inexorable Duty rose up before him, and melting the wax of Silence at the flaming sword of Justice, imposed a seal upon his lips.

CHAPTER IV.

“GRACIOUS Goodness !” exclaims Female Sensibility, “and will the dear fresh-coloured bald little gentleman be actually transported to Botany Bay !”

My dear Miss—a little patience. A criminal before such a consummation has to go through more processes than a new pin. First, as Mrs. Glasse says of her hare, he has to be caught, then examined, committed, and true-billed—arraigned, convicted, and sentenced. Next, he must, perhaps, be cropped, washed, and clothed—hulked and shipped, and finally, if he does not die of sea-sickness, or shipwreck,

or get eaten by the natives, he may toil out his natural term in Australia, as a stone-breaker, a cattle-keeper, or a domestic servant !

“Dear me, how dreadful ! And for a man, perhaps, like Mr. Pryme, of genteel habits and refined notions, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season. I should really like to set on foot a little private subscription, for providing him with the proper comforts in prison and a becoming outfit for his voyage.”

My dear young lady, I can appreciate your motives and do honour to your feelings. But before you go round with your book among relations, acquaintance, and strangers, soliciting pounds, shillings, and pence, from people of broad, middling, and narrow incomes, just do me the favour to look into yonder garret, exposed to us by the magic of the Devil on Two Sticks, and consider that respectable young woman, engaged at past midnight, by the light of a solitary rush-light, in making shirts at three-halfpence a piece, and shifts for nothing. Look at her hollow eyes, her withered cheeks, and emaciated frame, for it is a part of the infernal bargain that she is to lose her own health and find her own needles and thread. Reckon, if you can, the thousands of weary stitches it will require to sew, not gussets, and seams, but body and soul together : and perhaps, after all her hard sewing, having to sue a shabby employer for the amount of her pitiful earnings. Estimate, if you may, the terrible wear and tear of head and heart, of liver and lungs. Appraise, on oath, the value of youth wasted, spirits outworn, prospects blasted, natural affections withered in the bud, and all blissful hopes annihilated, except those beyond the grave——

“What ! by that horrid, red-faced, bald-pated, undersized little monster ?”

No Miss—but by a breach of trust on the part of a banker

of genteel habits and refined notions ; accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season.

“ Oh, the abominable villain ! And did he ruin himself as well as the poor lady ? ”

Totally.

“ And was transported ? ”

Quite.

“ What, to Botany ? ”

No, Miss. To the loveliest part of Sussex, where he is condemned to live in a commodious Cottage Residence, with pleasure-ground and kitchen-garden annexed—capital shooting and fishing, and within reach of two packs of hounds !

“ Shameful ! scandalous !—why it’s no punishment at all.”

No, Miss. And then to think of the hundreds and thousands of emigrants—English, Scotch, and Irish—who for no crime but poverty are compelled to leave their native country—the homes and hearths of their childhood—the graves of their kindred—the land of their fathers, and to settle—if settling it may be called—in the houseless woods and wildernesses of a foreign clime.

“ Oh, shocking ! shocking ! But if I was the government the wicked fraudulent bankers and trust-breakers should be sent abroad too. Why shouldn’t they be punished with passage-money and grants of land as well as the poor innocent emigrants, and be obliged to settle in foreign parts ? ”

Ah ! why, indeed, Miss—except——

“ Except what, sir ? ”

Why, that Embezzlers and Swindlers, *by all accounts*, are such very bad *Settlers*.

CHAPTER V.

BUT Mr. Pryme?—

That little, bald, florid, fidgety personage was still sitting on his high stool at his desk, snuffing, coughing, winking, and pretending to examine a topsy-turvy account-book—sometimes, by way of variation, hashing up a new pen, or drumming a fresh march with his fingers—

Mr. Grimble was making some private calculations, which had reference to his future income-tax, on a slip of office paper—

Mr. Trent was dreaming over an imaginary trial, in which he was a witness, at the Old Bailey—

And Mr. Phipps was fretting over the predestined capture of the infatuated Cashier—when all at once there was a noise that startled the clerkly trio from their seats.

The nervous Mr. Pryme, by one of his involuntary motions had upset his leaden inkstand—in trying to save the inkstand he knocked down his ruler—in catching at the ruler he had let fall the great journal—and in scrambling after the journal he had overturned his high stool. The clatter was prodigious, and acting on a nature already overwrought sufficed to discompose the last atom of its equanimity.

For a moment the bewildered author of the work stood, and trembled, as if shot—then snatching his hat, and clapping it “skow-wow any-how” on his head, rushed desperately out of the office.

“Thank God!” ejaculated Mr. Phipps, drawing a long breath, like a swimmer after a dive.

“I say, Grimble,” exclaimed the Junior Clerk—“it’s a true bill!”

But Mr. Grimble was already outside the door, and running down the stone-stairs into the hall seized on the first office-messenger that offered.

“Here—Warren!—quick!—Run after Mr. Pryme—don’t let him out of your sight—but watch where he goes to—and let me know.”

CHAPTER VI.

Now according to the practice of the regular drama, which professes to represent the greater stage of the world, whenever a robber, murderer, or traitor has escaped, it is a rule for the theatrical policemen, constables, runners, guards, alguazils, sbirri, or gendarmes, to assemble and agree to *act in concert*—that is to say, by singing in chorus that the villain has bolted, and musically exhorting each other to “follow follow, fol-de-rol-de-rol-O!” without a moment’s delay. An arrangement perhaps conducive to dramatic convenience and stage effect, but certainly quite inconsistent with the usages of real life or the dictates of common or uncommon sense.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent, however, were not theatrical, so instead of joining in a trio or a catch, they first held a consultation, and then proceeded in a body to the Secretary, to whom they described the singular behaviour of Mr. Pryme.

“Very singular, indeed,” said the Secretary. “I observed it myself, and inquired if he was in good health. No—yes—no. And Mrs. Pryme? Yes—no—yes. In short he did not seem to know what he was saying.”

“Or doing,” put in Mr. Trent. “He threw a shovel of coals into the iron safe.”

THE DEFAULTER.



"With other acts," added Mr. Grimble, "the reverse of official."

"Tell him at once," whispered Mr. Trent.

"In short, sir," said Mr. Grimble, with a most sepulchral tone, and the face of an undertaker, "I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say, that Mr. Pryme has suddenly departed."

"Indeed! But he was just the sort of man to do it."

The three clerks stared at each other, for they had all thought exactly the reverse of the little, bald, florid, ex-cashier.

"Short-necked, sanguine, and of a full habit, you know," continued the Secretary. "Poor fellow!"

"I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say," repeated Mr. Grimble, "that I mean he has absconded."

"The devil he has!" exclaimed the Secretary, at once jumping to his feet, and instinctively buttoning up his pockets—"but no—it's impossible!" and he looked towards Trent and Phipps for confirmation.

"It's a true bill, sir," said the first, "he has bolted sure enough."

The other only shook his head.

"It's incredible!" said the Secretary. "Why, he was as steady as a quaker, and as correct as clock-work! Mr. Grimble, have you inspected his books?"

"I have, sir."

"Well, sir?"

"At present, sir, all appears correct. But as the accounts are kept in this office it is easier to embezzle than to detect any defalcation."

"Humph! I do not think we are worse in that respect than other public offices! Then, if I understand you, there is no distinct evidence of fraud?"

"None whatever, sir," replied Mr. Phipps.

"Except his absconding," added Mr. Grimble.

"Well, gentlemen, we will wait till ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and then if Mr. Pryme does not make his appearance we shall know how to act."

The three clerks made three bows and retired, severally pleased, displeased, and indifferent at the result of their audience.

"We may wait for him," grumbled Mr. Grimble, "till ten o'clock on doomsday."

At this moment the door re-opened, and the Secretary put out his head.

"Gentlemen, I need not recommend you to confine this matter, for the present, to your own bosoms!"

But the caution was in vain. Warren, the messenger, had given a hint of the affair to a porter, who had told it to another, and another, and another, till the secret was as well buzzed and blown as if it had been confided to a swarm of blue-bottles. In fact, the flight of Mr. Pryme was known throughout the several offices, where, according to English custom, the event became a subject for betting, and a considerable sum was laid out at 6 to 4, and afterwards at 7 to 2, against the reappearance of the cashier.

CHAPTER VII.

"WELL, Warren?"

"Well, Mr. Grimble, sir!"

The three clerks on returning to their office, had found the messenger at the door, and took him with them into the room.

"Well, I followed up Mr. Pryme, sir, and the first thing he did were to hail a cab."

"And where did he drive to?"

"To nowheres at all—coz why, afore the cab could pull round off the stand, away he goes—That's Mr. Pryme—walking at the rate of five miles an hour, more or less, so as not easy to be kep up with, straight home to his own house number 9, where instid of double knocking at the door, he ring'd to be let in at the hairy bell."

"Very odd!" remarked Mr. Grimble.

"Well, he staid in the house a goodish while—as long as it might take him, like, to collect his porterble property and vallybles—when all at once out he comes, like a man with his head turned, and his hat stuck on hind part afore, for you know he'd wore it up at the back like a curricl one."

"A clerical one—go on."

"Why then, away he cuts down the street, as hard as he can split without busting, and me arter him, but being stiffish with the rheumatiz, whereby I soon found I was getting nowheres at all in the race, and in consekence pulled up."

"And which way did he run?"

"Why then, he seemed to me to be a-making for the bridge."

"Ah, to get on board a steamer," said Mr. Grimble.

"Or into the river," suggested Mr. Trent.

Mr Phipps groaned and wrung his hands.

"You're right, you are, Mr. Trent, sir," said the Messenger with a determined nod and wink at the junior clerk. "There was a gemman throwed himself over last Friday, and they did say it was becos he had made away with ten thousand Long Annuitants."

"The poor, wretched, misguided creature!"

"Yes he did, Mr. Phipps, sir—right over the senter harch. And what's wus, not leaving a rap behind him except his widder and five small little children, and the youngest on em's a suckin' babby."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Phipps, "that Mr. Pryme is not a family man."

CHAPTER VIII.

POOR Mr. Phipps!

As soon as the office was closed he walked home to his lodgings in Westminster, but at a slower pace than usual, and with a heavy heart, for his mind was full of sorrow and misgiving at the too probable fate of the unfortunate Defaulter. The figure of Mr. Pryme followed him wherever he went: it seemed to glance over his shoulder in the looking-glass; and when he went to wash his hands, the pale drowned face of the cashier shone up through the water, instead of the pattern at the bottom of the basin.

For the first time since his clerkship he could not enjoy that favourite meal, his tea. The black bitterness in his thoughts overpowered the flavour of the green leaf—it turned the milk, and neutralised the sugar on his palate. He took but one bite out of his crumpet, and then resigned it to the cat. Supper was out of the question. His mental agitation, acting on the nerves of the stomach, had brought on a sick headache, which indisposed him to any kind of food. In the meanwhile, for the first strange time he became intensely sensible that he was a bachelor, and uncomfortably conscious of his loneliness in the world. The

company of a second person, another face, only to look at, would have been an infinite relief to him—by diverting his attention from the one dreadful thought and the one horrible image that, do what he would, kept rising up before him—sometimes like a shadow on the wall, sometimes like a miniature figure amid the intricate veins of the marble mantelpiece—and anon in the chiaroscuro of the fire. To get rid of these haunting illusions, he caught up a book, which happened to be the second volume of “Lamb’s Letters,” and stumbled on the following ominous passage :

“Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands, as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into other’s property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many besides him, who at last have expiated as he hath done.”

The words read like a fatal prophecy! He dropt the book in horror, and falling on his knees, with tearful eyes and uplifted hands, besought Providence, if it saw fit, to afflict him with the utmost miseries of sickness and poverty, but to save him—even by stroke of sudden death to save him—from ever becoming a Defaulter!

This devotional act restored him in some degree to tranquillity; but with night and sleep all his horrors returned. The face of Mr. Pryme, no longer florid, but pale as a plaster-cast, was continually confronting him, now staring at him through transparent waters, and now between massive iron bars. Then the dismal portrait would abruptly change to a full-length, which was as suddenly surrounded by a cluster of children, boys and girls of different ages, including one or two infants—a family he understood, by the intuition of dreams, to be illegitimate, and that they were solemnly consigned by the Suicide to his care and main-

tenance. Anon the white figure vanished, and a black one appeared in its place, a female, with the very outline, as if cut in paper, of the widowed Mrs. Pryme, whom by some mysterious but imperative obligation he felt that he must espouse. The next moment this phantom was swept away by a mighty rush of black waters, like those in Martin's grand picture of the Deluge, and on or beneath the dark flood again floated the pale effigy of the Suicide entire and apparently struggling for dear life, and sometimes shattered he knew not how, and drifting about in passive fragments. Then came a fresh rush of black waters, gradually shaping itself into an immense whirlpool, with the white corpse-like figure, but magnified to a colossal size, rapidly whirling in the centre of the vortex, whilst obscure forms, black and white, of children, females, savages, and alas ! not a few gigantic Demon shapes, revolved more slowly around it.

In short, the poor fellow never passed so wretched a night since he was born !

CHAPTER IX.

“AND did Mr. Pryme really drown himself ?”

My dear Felicia, if Female Curiosity had always access, as you have, to an author's sanctorum,—if she could stand or sit, as you can, at his elbow whilst he is composing his romances of real or unreal life,—if she might ask, as you do, at the beginning or in the middle of the plot, what is to be its *dénouement*—

“Well, sir, what then ?”

Why, then, Messieurs Colburn, Saunders and Otley, Bentley, Churton, and Newby—not forgetting A. K. Newman—might retire for good to their country boxes at Ponder's

End, Leatherhead, and Balham Hill, for there would be no more novels in three volumes. Nay, the authors themselves, serious and comic, both or neither, might retreat for ever into the Literary Almshouses, if there are any such places—for there would be no more articles of sixteen pages—and “to be continued—” in the magazines. All would be over with us, as with the Bourbons, could Female Curiosity thus foresee, as Talleyrand said, “Le commencement de la fin !”

“Well, but—if your story, as you say, is ‘an owre true tale,’ then Mr. Pryme must have been a real man—an actual living human being—and it is positive cruelty to keep one in suspense about his fate !”

Dearest !—the tale is undoubtedly true, and there was such a personage as Mr. Pryme—

“*Was !* Why, then, he did embezzle the money, and he did throw himself off Westminster Bridge ? But had he really an illegitimate family ? And did Mr. Phipps actually marry the widow according to his dream ?”

Patience !—and you shall hear.

CHAPTER X.

THE morrow came, and the Hour—but not the Man.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent were assembled round the office-fire—poor Phipps looking as white as a sheet, for ten o'clock had struck, and there was no Mr. Pryme.

At five minutes past ten the Secretary came in from his own room with his golden repeater in his hand—he looked anxiously round the office, and then in turn at each of the three clerks. Mr. Phipps sighed, Mr. Trent shook his head, and Mr. Grimble shrugged up his shoulders.

"Not here yet?"

"Nor won't be," muttered Mr. Grimble.

"What odds will you lay about it?" whispered the giddy Mr. Trent.

"The office-clock is rather fast," stammered out Mr. Phipps.

"No—it is exact by my time," said the Secretary, and he held out his watch for inspection.

"He was always punctual to a minute," observed Mr. Grimble.

"Always. I fear, gentlemen, we must apply for a war——"

The Secretary paused, for he heard the sound of a foot at the door, which hastily opened, and in walked Mr. Pryme!!!

An apparition could scarcely have caused a greater trepidation. The Secretary hurriedly thrust his repeater into his breeches-pocket. Mr. Grimble retreated to his own desk—Mr. Phipps stood stock-still, with his eyes and mouth wide open—while Mr. Trent, though he was a loser on the event, burst into a loud laugh.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," said Mr Pryme, looking very foolish and stammering, "I am afraid that my—my—my ridiculous behaviour yesterday has caused you some—some—uneasiness—on my account."

No answer.

"The truth is—I was excessively anxious and nervous—and agitated—very agitated indeed!"

"Very," from Mr. Trent.

The little florid man coloured up till his round, shiny, bald head was as scarlet as a love-apple.

"The truth is—after so many disappointments—I did not like to mention the thing—the affair—till it was quite

certain—till it was all over—for fear—for fear of being quizzed. The truth is—the truth is——”

“Take time, Mr. Pryme,” said the Secretary.

“Why, then, sir—the truth is—after fifteen years—I’m a Father—a happy Father, sir—a fine chopping boy, gentlemen—and Mrs. P. is as charming—that’s to say, as well—as can be expected!”

THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY.

A CITY ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"She entered his shop, which was very neat and spacious, and he received her with all the marks of the most profound respect, entreating her to sit down, and showing her with his hand the most honourable place."—*Arabian Nights*.

MR. BOOBY was in his shop, his back to the fire and his face to the *Times*, when happening to look above the upper edge of the newspaper, towards the street, he caught sight of an equipage that seemed familiar to him.

Could it be !

Yes, it was the same dark brown chariot, with the drab liveries,—the same gray horses, with the same crest on the harness, and above all, the same lady-face was looking through the carriage window !

In a moment Mr. Booby was at his glass-door, obsequiously ushering the fair customer into his shop, where with his profoundest bow and his sunniest smile he invited her to a seat at the counter. Her commands were eagerly solicited and promptly executed. The two small volumes she asked for were speedily produced, neatly packed up, and delivered

to the footman in drab, to be deposited in the dark-brown chariot. But the lady still lingered. Thrice within a fortnight she had occupied the same seat, on each occasion making a longer visit than the last, and becoming more and more friendly and familiar. Perhaps, being past the prime of life, she was flattered by the extremely deferential attentions of the young tradesman ; perhaps she was pleased with the knowledge he possessed, or seemed to possess, of a particular subject, and was gratified by the interest which he took, or appeared to take, in her favourite science. However, she still lingered, smiling very pleasantly, and chatting very agreeably in her low, sweet voice, while she turned over the pretty illustrated volumes that were successively offered to her notice.

In the meantime the delighted Booby did his utmost in the conversational way to maintain his ground, which was no easy task, seeing that he was not well read in her favourite science, nor indeed in any other. In fact, he did not read at all ; and although a butcher gets beefish, a bookseller does not become bookish, from the mere smell of his commodity. Nevertheless, he managed to get on, in his own mind, very tolerably, adding a few words about Egypt and the Pyramids to the lady's mention of the Sphinx, and at the name of Memnon, edging in a sentence or two about the British Museum. Sometimes, indeed, she alluded to classical proper names altogether beyond his acquaintance ; but in such cases he escaped by flying off at a tangent to the new ballet, or the last new novel, of which he had derived an opinion from the advertisements—nay, even digressing at need, like Sir Peter Laurie, on the Omnibus Nuisance and the Wooden Pavements. To tell the truth, the lady, as sometimes happens, was so intent on her own share of the discourse, that she paid little attention to his topics or their treatment ; and so

far from noticing any incongruity, would have allowed him to talk unheeded of the dulness of the publishing trade, and the tightness of money in the City. Thanks to this circumstance, he lost nothing in her opinion, whilst his silent homage and assiduities recommended him so much to her good graces, that at parting he received an especial token of her favour.

“Mr. Booby,” said the lady, and she drew an embossed card from an elegant silver case, and presented it to the young publisher, “you must come and see me.”

Mr. Booby was of course highly delighted and deeply honoured ; not merely verbally, but actually and physically ; for, as he took the embossed card, his blood thrilled with delight to the very tips of his fingers. Not that he was in love with the donor ; though still handsome, she was past the middle-age, and, indeed, old enough, according to the popular phrase, to have been his mother. But then she was so lady-like and well-bred, and had such a carriage—the dark brown one—and so affable—with a footman and a gold-headed cane—quite a first-rate connexion—with a silver crest on the harness—and oh ! such a capital pair of well-matched greys ! These considerations were all very gratifying to his ambition ; but, above all, his vanity was flattered by a condescension which confirmed him in an opinion he had long indulged in secret—namely, that in personal appearance, manners, and fashion he was a compound of the Apollo Belvidere and Lord Chesterfield, with a touch of Count D’Orsay. But the lady speaks.

“Any morning, Mr. Booby, except Wednesday and Friday. I shall be at home all the rest of the week, and shall leave orders for your admittance.”

Mr. Booby bowed, as far as he could, after the fashion of George IV.—escorted the lady into the street as nearly as possible in the style of the Master of the Ceremonies at

Brighton, and then handed her into her carriage with the air, as well as he could imitate it, of a French Marquis of the *ancien régime*.

"I shall expect you, Mr. Booby," said the lady, through the carriage-window. "And as an inducement"—here she smiled mysteriously, and nodded significantly—"you shall have a peep at my Camberwell Beauty."

CHAPTER II.

"AND did he go?"

Why, as to his figure, it had been three times cut out, at full length, in black paper—once on the Chain Pier at Brighton—once in Regent-street, and once—

"But did he go?"

Then, for his face, he had twice had it done in oil, thrice in crayons, and once in pencil by Wageman. Moreover, he had had it miniatures by Lover—and he had been in treaty with Behnes for his bust, but the marbling came so expensive—

"But did he go, I say?"

So expensive that he gave up the design, and contented himself with a mask in plaster of Paris.

"But did he go?"

Yes—to both. To Collen for a half-length, and to Beard for a whole one. I think that was all—but no—he went to What's-his-name, the modeller, and had a cast taken of his leg.

"Hang his leg! Did he go or not?"

To be sure he was a tradesman; but his line was a genteel one; and his shop was double-fronted, in a first-rate thorough-

fare, and lighted with gas. Then as to his business, with strict assiduity and attention, and a little more punctuality and despatch—

“Confound his business !—Did—he—go ?”

To the Opera ? Yes, often. And had his clothes made at the West End—and gave champagne—and backed a horse or two for the Derby—and smoked cigars—and was altogether, for a tradesman, very much of a gentleman.

“But, for the last time, did he go ?”

Where ?

“Why, to see the Beauty !”

He did.

“What, to Camberwell ?”

No ; but to the looking-glass, over the mantelshelf in his own dining-room, and where, Narcissus like, he gazed at his reflected image till he actually persuaded himself that he was as unique as the Valdarfer Boccaccio, and as elegantly got up as Lockhart’s Spanish Ballads.

CHAPTER III.

THE dark brown chariot was gone.

As it rattled away, and just as the drab back of the footman disappeared, Mr. Booby turned his attention to the embossed card, and deliberately read the address thrice over.

“*Mrs. E. G. Heathcote,
Grove Terrace, Camberwell.*”

To what wild dreams, to what extravagant speculations did it give birth ! He had evidently made a favourable impression on the mature lady, and might not his merits do

him as good service with her daughter, or niece, or ward, or whatever she was, the young lovely creature to whom she had alluded by so charming a title. The Camberwell Beauty ! The acknowledged Venus of that large and populous parish ! The Beauty of all the Grove, and Grove Lane—of the Old road and the New—of all the Green—of Church-row and the Terrace, of all Champion and Denmark Hills—of all Cold Harbour Lane ! The loveliest of the lovely, from the Red Cap on the north to the Greyhound on the south—from the Holland Arms in the east to the Blue Anchor in the west.

“Here, Perry, reach me the Book of Beauty.”

The shopman handed the volume to his master, who began earnestly to look through the illustrations, wondering which of those bewitching countesses, or mistresses, or misses, the fair *incognita* might resemble. But such speculations were futile, so the book was closed and thrown aside ; and then his thoughts reverting to his own personal pretensions, he passed his fingers through his hair, adjusted his collar, and drawing himself up to his full height, took a long look at his legs. But this survey was partial and unsatisfactory, and accordingly striding up the stairs, three at once, he appealed to the looking-glass in the dining-room, as stated in the preceding chapter.

The verdict of the mirror has been told, and the result was a conviction in the mind of Mr. Booby, that sometime, and somewhere, the Beauty must have been smitten with his elegant appearance—perhaps in an open carriage at Epsom—perhaps in the street—but most probably as he was standing up, the observed of all observers, in the pit of Her Majesty’s Theatre.

For the rest of the day Mr. Booby retired from business ; indeed, he was in a state of exaltation that unfitted him for mercantile affairs, or any of the commonplace operations of

life. The cloth was laid, and the dinner was served up, but he could not eat; and as usual in such cases, he laid the blame on the cook and the butcher. The soles were smoked, the melted butter was oiled, the potatoes were over-boiled, the steak was fresh killed, the tart was execrable, and the cheese had been kept too dry. In short he relished nothing except the bumper of sherry, which he filled and drank off, dedicating it mentally to the Camberwell Beauty.

The second glass was poured out and quaffed to his own honour, and the third was allotted to an extempore sentiment, which rolled the two former toasts into one. These ceremonies performed, he again consulted the mirror over the mantelshef, carefully pocket-combing his hair, and plucking up his collar as before. But these were mere commonplace manœuvres compared with those in which he afterwards indulged.

Now, of all absurd animals, a man in love is the most ridiculous, and of course doubly so if he should be in love with two at once, himself and a lady. This being precisely the case with Mr. Booby, he gave a loose to his two-fold passion, and committed follies enough for a brace of love-lunatics. It would have cured a quinsy to have seen and heard how he strutted, and chuckled, and smiled, and talked to himself—how he practised bowing, and sliding, and kneeling, and sighing—how he threw himself into attitudes and ecstasies, and then how he twisted and wriggled to look at his calves, and as far as he could all round his waist, and up his back! Never, never was there a man in such a fever of vanity and love delirium, since the conceited Steward, who walked in yellow-stockings and cross-gartered, and dreamt that he was a fitting mate for the Beauty of Illyria!

CHAPTER IV.

ALL lovers are dreamers—

“In real earnest!”

Perfectly, miss. They are notorious visionaries, whether asleep or awake.

“Why, then, of all things, let us have the dream of Mr. Bobby about the Camberwell Beauty. It must have been such a very curious one, considering that he had never seen the lady!”

It was, and, remembering his business, rather characteristic to boot. I have hinted before, how vainly he had tried, during the day, to paint an ideal portrait of the Fair Unknown, and no sooner were his eyes closed at night, than a similar series of vague figures and faces began to tantalise him in his sleep. Dim feminine shapes, of every style of beauty, flitted before him, and vanished like daguerreotype images which there was not light enough to fix. Before he could examine, or choose, and say, “this must be the Idol,” the transitory phantom was gone, or transfigured. The blonde ripened into a brunette, the brunette bleached into a blonde before he could decide on either complexion. Flaxen tresses darkened into jet—raven locks brightened into golden ringlets, and yellow curls into auburn, before he could prefer one colour to another. Black eyes changed at a wink into grey; blue in a twinkling to hazel, but no, they were green! The commanding figure dwindled into a sylph, the fairy swelled into the fine woman, the majestic Juno melted into a Venus, the rosy Hebe became a pale Minerva—who in turn looked for a moment like the lady in the frontispiece to the “Book of Beauty;” and then, one after another, like all the Beauties at Hampton Court!

Alas! amid such a bewildering galaxy, how could he fix on the Beauty of Camberwell!

One angelic figure, which retained its shape and features somewhat longer than the rest, informed him, by the mysterious correspondence of dreams, that she was the Beauty of Buttermere. Another lovely phantom, who presented herself rather vividly, by signs understood only in visions, let him know that she was the Beauty who had espoused the gentle Beast. And, finally, a whole bevy of Nymphs and Graces suddenly appeared at once, but as suddenly changed—

“Into what—pray what?”

Why, into a row of books, and which signified to him by their lettered backs that they were “Beauties of England and Wales!”

CHAPTER V.

THURSDAY morning!—

It was the first day on which Mrs. E. G. Heathcote, of Grove Terrace, Camberwell, was to be “at home;” and the eager Mr. Booby had resolved to avail himself of the very earliest opportunity for a visit. A determination not formed so much on his own account, as for the sake of the enamoured love-sick creature, whom his vanity painted as sitting on pins, needles, thorns, tenter-hooks, and all the other pickèd-pointed articles which are properly supposed to stuff the seats, cushions, pillows, and bolsters of the chairs, beds, sofas, and settees of anxious and impatient people.

Accordingly, no sooner was breakfast over, than, snatching up his hat, he set out—

“Ah, to Gracious Street for the homnibus!”

No, ma’am—to the Poultry for a pair of exquisitely-made

French gloves, that fitted better than his skin, and were of the most delicate lemon-colour that you ever, or never, saw. Thence he went to Cheapside, where he treated himself to a superfine thirty-shilling beaver, of a fashionable shape, that admirably suited the character of his physiognomy; after which he bought, I forget where, a bottle of genuine Eau de Cologne—the sort that is manufactured by Jean Marie Farina, and by nobody else—and finally, looking in at a certain noted shop near the Mansion-house, he purchased a bouquet of the choicest and rarest flowers of the season.

“Well, and then he went to the bus.”

No—he returned home to dress—namely, in his best blue coat with brass buttons, a fancy waistcoat, black trousers, and patent leather boots. His shirt was frilled—with an ample allowance of white cuff—and his silken cravat was of a pale sky-blue. Of course he did not fail to consult the looking-glass in the dining-room, which assured him that his costume was complete. The shopmen, however, to whom he afterwards submitted the question, were more inclined to demur. The clerk thought that a union pin would have been an improvement to the cravat, and the porter would have preferred a few mosaic studs in the shirt-front. In answer to which, the master, who had consulted them, declared that they knew nothing about the matter.

In the meantime the hour struck which he had appointed in his own mind for the start, so hastily striding up Cornhill and turning into Gracechurch-street, he luckily obtained the last vacant place in an omnibus which was already on the move. As usual, the number of the passengers was considerably reduced ere the vehicle reached the Red Cap, at the Green—in fact, there remained but three gentlemen besides Mr. Booby, who, after some preliminary conversation, contrived to turn the discourse on the subject that lay

nearest his heart. But he took nothing by his motion. A little cross-looking old fellow, in the corner-seat, looked knowing but said nothing: the other two passengers declared that they had never heard of the Camberwell Beauty.

"I am going to see her, however," said Mr. Booby.

"Are you, sir?" retorted the little crabbed-looking old gentleman in the corner-seat. "Well, I hope you may get her!"

"I hope, in fact, I have reason to believe, that I shall," replied the self-confident Mr. Booby, and twitching the macintosh of the conductor, he desired to be set down at the bottom of the Grove.

"It is rather strange," he thought, as he walked slowly up the hill, "that they have not heard of her. The little old chap in the corner, though, seemed to know her, and to be rather jealous of me. But, no—it's impossible that he can be a rival;" and as he said this, there occurred a corresponding alteration in his gait—"perhaps he's her father or her uncle."

CHAPTER VI.

BRAVO, Vanity!

Of all friends in need, seconds, backers, confidants, helpers, and comforters, there is none like Self-Conceit! Of all the Life Assurances in England, from the Mutual to the Equitable, there is none like Self-Assurance! It defies the cold water of timidity and the wet blankets of diffidence—and against the aguish, chilly, and hot fits of modesty it is as sovereign as Quinine!

How many men, for instance, on a similar errand to that of the young bookseller, would have felt nerve-quakes and

tremor cordis, and have scarcely mustered courage enough to pull the bell at the gate ! How many would have remained in the front garden shilly-shallying like Master Slender, till the Camberwell Beauty herself came forth, as sweet Anne Page did, to entreat her bashful wooer to enter the premises !

Not so with Mr. Booby ; as soon as he had ascertained the right house, he walked resolutely up to the door, and played on the knocker something very analogous to a flourish of trumpets. The well-known footman in the drab livery appeared to the summons and admitted the visitor, who contrived during his progress through the hall to smooth his coat-tails, pluck up his collar, pull down his white cuffs, and pass his pocket-comb through his hair. He was going, moreover, to hang up his hat ; but luckily remembered the present mode, and that the beaver was bran new, wherefore he carried it with him into the drawing-room—a very indifferent fashion, be it said, and particularly in the case of an invitation to dinner, for what can be more ridiculous than to see a guest sitting hat in hand, as if he had dropped in unasked, and was far from certain of a welcome.

“ And did he see the Beauty ? ”

No, madam. Mrs. Heathcote was alone : but obviously prepared for the visit. A number of handsomely bound books almost covered the round table, some of them open, and exhibiting coloured plates illustrative of Conchology, Geology, and Botany ; others were devoted to Ornithology and Entomology—hinting, by the way, that the lady was rather multifarious in her studies.

In manner she was as condescending, affable, and agreeable as ever, and as chatty as usual, in her low sweet voice. Nevertheless, her visitor did not feel quite so much at his ease as he had anticipated. After the first compliments



and commonplace remarks on the weather, the lady's conversation became perplexingly scientific, her allusions distressingly obscure, while technical terms, and classical proper names, fell in quick succession from her lips. Some of the names seemed familiar to the ear of the listener, but before he could determine whether he had heard them at school, or in his business, or at the opera, he was obliged to "give them up," and direct his guesses to a fresh set of riddles. Every moment he was getting more mystified;—he knew no more than a dog whether she was talking mythology, or metaphysics, or natural history, or algebra, or alchemy, or astrology, or all six of them at once.

This ignorance was sufficiently irksome; but it soon became alarming, for she began to make more direct appeals to him, and occasionally seemed surprised and dissatisfied with his answers. His old shifts, besides, were no longer of any avail—she turned a deaf ear to his quotations from the *Times* and *Herald*—the theatrical movements, the odds at Tattersall's, and the progress of the New Royal Exchange. Above all, he trembled to find that the extraordinary mental efforts he was compelled to make in order to keep pace with her, were fast driving out of his head all the pretty speeches which he had prepared for a more interesting conference. In a word, he was thoroughly flabbergasted—as completely topsyturvied in his ideas as the fly that walks on the ceiling with its head downwards. What course to take he knew no more than that vainly enlightened man, the man in the moon. He fidgeted in his seat, coughed, sighed, blew his nose, sniffed at the bouquet, looked "all round his hat," then into it, and then on the crown of it, but without making any discovery. The lady meanwhile talking on, in a full stream, for all he knew, like Coleridge on the Samo-Thracian Mysteries!

"Well, well, never mind her nonsense."

Poor Booby! His conceit was fast being taken out of him. His vanity was oozing out at every pore of his body—his assurance seemed peeling off his face, like the skin after a fever. He was dying to see the Beauty—but alas! there was that eternal tongue, inexhaustible as an Artesian spring, still pouring, pouring,—by the way, ma'am, did you ever read the "Arabian Nights?"

"Of course, sir."

Well, then, you will remember the story of the tailor who, burning, broiling, and frying to see his beauty of Bagdad by appointment, was detained, half-shaved, hour after hour, by Es-Sámit, the garrulous barber. Now, call the tailor Mr. Booby, and put the babbling tonsor into petticoats, and you will have an exact notion of the case—how the lady gossipped, and how the perplexed lover fretted and fumed, till, like the oriental, he felt "as if his gall-bladder had burst," and was ready to cry out with him, "For the sake of heaven be silent, for thou hast crumbled my liver!"

"Dear me, how shocking!"

Very! In spite of the rudeness of the act he could not refrain from looking at his watch—an hour had passed, and yet there had been no more mention of the Beauty than if she had been doomed, like the Sleeping one, to lie dormant for a hundred years. The most distressing doubts and misgivings began to creep over him. For example, that the talkative lady was not precisely of sound mind—she was certainly rather flighty and rambling in her discourse—and consequently that the lovely being she had promised to introduce to him might be altogether a fiction! His spirits sank at the idea, like the quicksilver before a hurricane, and he heartily wished himself back in his own shop, or his warehouse—anywhere but alone in the same room with a

crazy woman, who talked Encyclopædias, till he was as heavy at heart, as confused in his head, and as uneasy all over as if he had just feasted with a geologist on pudding-stone and conglomerate.

Never had he been so mystified and confounded in all his life! Accustomed to revolve in the circle of his own perfections, his thoughts were utterly at fault when called to the consideration of circumstances and combinations at all, complex or extraordinary; whilst his superficial knowledge, limited to the covers of books, failed to furnish him with any hint towards the unravelment of a mystery quite equal, in his estimation, to the intricacies of a romance. What would he not have given for a few minutes' private consultation with his Co, with his Clerk, or even with his Porter!

A dozen times he was on the point of rising, determined to plead a sudden headache, a bleeding at the nose, or a forgotten engagement; and certainly ere long he would have said or done something desperate if the eccentric lady had not, of her own accord, put a period to his suspense by saying abruptly,

"But we have gossiped enough, Mr. Booby, and I must now introduce you to my Camberwell Beauty."

The crisis was come! The important interview was at hand! Mr. Booby sprang to his feet, twitched his collar, plucked his cuffs, set up his hair, clapped his bran new hat under his left arm, and smelling and smiling at his bouquet, walked jauntily on his tiptoes, at the invitation of the lady, into a sort of boudoir.





CHAPTER VII.

“AND was the Beauty in the little room?”

Yes,—there was also a couch in it, and a most luxurious library chair. One side of the wall was covered with cases of stuffed birds of the smaller species, the opposite side was occupied by cases of shells, and specimens of minerals, and metallic ores, and the third side was taken up with cases of beetles, moths, and butterflies.

“But the Beauty?”

On the sofa-table lay a *Hortus Siccus* for botanical specimens, and a Scrap-book,—both open.

“But the Beauty?”

In one corner of the room, on a kind of a pedestal, was a bust of Cuvier; in the opposite corner, on a similar stand, a head of Werner; in the third nook was that of Rossini; and in the fourth stood a handsome perch for a parrot, but the bird was dead or absent. Over the door—

“No, no—the Beauty?”

Over the door was a half-length of the lady herself, in a fancy dress; and from the centre of the ceiling hung a small Chinese lantern.

“The Beauty?”

In the recess of the solitary window, on a stand, stood a compound birdcage, *à la* Bechstein, enclosing a globe of gold fish, and surmounted by a basket of flowers. The floor,—which was Turkey carpeted—

“The Beauty? the Beauty?”

The floor was littered with various articles, including a guitar,—a large porcelain jar,—and a little wicker-work kennel for a lapdog,—but the dog like the parrot was deficient

"The Beauty? the Beauty? the Beauty?"

"My dear madam, pray have a little patience, and read "Blue Beard;" how nearly his last wife was destroyed by her curiosity. My mystery is not yet ripe, and you have even less right to the key of my Romance than Fatima had to the key of the Bloody Chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY person of common observation must have remarked the vast contrast between the carriage of a man going *up*, and the bearing of the same man going *down* in the world!

In the first case how he trips, how he brightens, how he jokes, how he laughs, how he dances, how he sings, how he whistles, how he admires, how he loves; in the second predicament—how he stumps, how he glumps, how he sneers, how he satirizes, how he grumbles, how he frowns, how he vilifies, how he hates—in short, how he behaves with a difference, like Mr. Booby.

As he ascended Grove-hill his step was brisk and elastic, he simpered complacently, held his bouquet mincingly in his lemon-coloured glove, and had his new hat stuck jauntily a little on one side of his head.

As he descended the steep, his tread was heavy, sometimes amounting to a stamp, the flowers had been thrashed into a bundle of stalks, the delicate kid glove was being guawed into a mitten, and the bran new beaver was sullenly thrust down over his eyebrows.

As he mounted, his eyes were cast upward towards the elm-tree tops, as if looking for birds' nests.

As he descended, his eyes were turned to the gravel-path, as if in search of Brazilian pebbles.

As he went up, he hummed "La çï darem."

As he went down, he muttered curses between his teeth.

In going up, he had carefully picked his way, avoiding every dirty spot.

In going down, he tramped recklessly through the mud, and stepped into the very middle of the puddles.

"And had the Beauty slighted him?"

Why, those persons who saw him come out of the house-door, remarked as he stumbled down the steps, that his face was as red and hot as a fiery furnace: others, who did not notice him till he had cleared the front garden-gate, observed that his complexion was as pale as ashes. And both reports were true, for like the Factions of the Red and White Roses, did Anger and Vexation alternately domineer and hoist their colours by turns in his countenance.

"But had the Beauty really behaved ill to him?"

Why, in going to the house he had conducted himself towards men, women, and children, with a studied and almost affected courtesy; whereas in going from the premises he jostled the gentlemen, took the wall of ladies, punched each little boy who came within reach of his arm, and kicked every dog that ran within range of his foot.

"Then she *had* been scornful to him!"

Every body in the street looked after him. Some thought that he was mad; some, that he was in liquor—others, that he was walking for a wager, and, from his ill temper, that he was losing it.

"Poor man!"

However, on he went, striding, frowning, muttering, and swearing, gnawing one kid glove, and shaking the other like a muffin-bell. On he went—like an overdriven beast—on

through Church-street, and away across the Green, kicking hoops, tops, and marbles ; thumping little boys, and poking little girls, snubbing nursemaids, making faces at their babies, and grinning viciously at everything in nature that came within his scope. He was out of humour with heaven and earth. It pleased him to know, by a sudden yell in the road, that a cur was run over ; and he was rather glad than otherwise to see a horse in the pound.

“Poor fellow ! how cruelly he must have been treated !”

Well, on he went to the Red Cap, where an omnibus was just on the point of starting.

It was invitingly empty, so without asking whether it went to the East or West End, in jumped Mr. Booby, and threw himself on the centre seat at the further end of the vehicle. And now, for the first time, he had leisure to feel that he had been worked and walked, morally as well as physically, into a violent heat. He let down all the windows that would go down, tugged out his handkerchief, wiped the dew from his face, and then fanned himself with his hat. The process somewhat cooled the outer man, but his temper remained as warm as ever, and at last found vent.

“Confound the old fool !” he exclaimed, with an angry stamp on the floor of the omnibus—“Confound the old fool with her Camberwell Beauty ! Why didn’t she tell me it was a Butterfly !” *

* *Vanessa Antiopa*—deriving its English name from having been first observed at the suburban village in Surrey. The famous clown, Grimaldi, who was a butterfly-fancier, described the Camberwell Beauty as “very ugly.”

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PHŒNIX.



“How ! dead !

How dead ? Why, very dead indeed !”

Killing no Murder.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS once dead.

“Eh ! how ! what !” interrupts the Courteous Reader naturally startled by such a posthumous announcement.

“What ! dead, dead, dead !” inquires a Criminal Judge, unconsciously using the legal formula.

“What ! food for worms ?” exclaims a great Tragedian.

“What ! gone to another and a better world ?” says a sentimental spinster.

“Or to a wus,” snuffles a sanctified shoemaker.

“What, to that bourne,” says a Bagman, “to which no traveller makes more than one journey ?”

“What,—unriddled that great enigma !” cries a metaphysician, “of which we obtain no solution but by dissolution ?”

“Or, in plain English, *Hic Jacet* ?” puts in an Undertaker.

“What, hopped the twig ?—kicked the bucket ?—bowled out ?—gone to pot ?—mizzled ?—ticked off ?—struck off the roster !—slipped your cable ?—lost the number of your mess ?” ask as many professional querists.

“Oh ! a case of suspended animation—hung and cut down !”

“Or a cut throat, and sewed up ?”

“Poisoned and pumped out ?” hints a Medical Student.

"Drowned, and 'unsuffocated gratis?'" quotes a reader of "Don Juan."

"Or buried in a trance?" guesses a Transcendental speculator.

"Poo, poo! he means dead-beat," cries a Sportsman.

"Or dead lame," prompts a Veterinarian.

"Or dead asleep," proposes a Mesmerizer.

"Or dead drunk," mutters a Tea-totaller.

"Or only metaphorically," suggests a Poet.

But begging the pardon of the Poet, the Tea-totaller, the Mesmerizer, the Horse-Doctor, and the Student, I had no such meaning: but that I was departed, deceased, demised, defunct, or whatever term may denote the grand Terminus.

"What! as dead as a house—as a herring—as a door-nail—as dumps—as ditch-water—as mutton——"

Yes—or as Cheops, or Julius Cæsar, or Giles Scroggins, or Miss Bailey. In short, as declared before, I was once dead—a regular subject for the Necrologist—an entry for the Registrar—an item for the Obituary as thus:

"On the 3rd instant, suddenly, Peregrine Phœnix, Esq., of Clapham Rise."

CHAPTER II.

"To be sure," murmurs Memory, applying her right forefinger to her forehead, and pressing on her own organ, "to be sure there have been many persons who, though seemingly dead, and even interred, have afterwards returned to life. For example: the wife of Reichmuth Adolch, the Councillor of Cologne, who died of the plague, and was buried with a diamond ring on her finger, and was revived by the violence of the thievish sexton in wrenching off the ornament. Then

there was Monsieur François de Cville, thrice confined and thrice restored ; not to forget the romantic tale of the lady of Nicholas Chassenemi, who was rescued from the grave by her old lover Cariscendi. Also, the Honourable Mrs. Godfrey, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Anne, and sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, who lay in a trance for a week. Then there was Isabella Wilson, who, after eleven days of rigid insensibility, would have been entombed but for the interference of the Doctor, who felt some warmth about the heart ; and Mr. Cowherd, of Cartmell, Lancashire, who revived after being laid out ; and Isaac Rooke, who revived after a coroner had been summoned ; and Walter Wynkbourne, executed on the gallows at Leicester in 1350—but jolted to life in a cart. Above all, there was Anne Green, who, after being hung and pulled by the legs, and struck on the chest by the butt-end of a musket, yet recovered, and married and bore three children.”

“Hout aye,” chimes in a Scottish Mnemosyne. “And there was yon Ill-hangit Maggie, as they ca’d her.”

“Yaw, yaw,” adds a Teutonic Remembrancer. “Also dere was de Yarman, Martin Grab, who comed to himself quite lively, after he was a corpse.”

And so he did. And thereby hangs a tale of the DEAD-ALIVE, which will serve for a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER III.

IN the Free City of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us, in the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature

interment, the remains are always retained above ground till certain signs of decomposition are apparent; and besides this precaution, in case of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell-rope, communicating with an alarum, so that, on the slightest movement, the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation—a watcher and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now the duty of answering the Life-bell had devolved on one Peter Klopp—no very onerous service, considering that for thirty years since he had been the official “Death Watch,” the metallic tongue of the alarum had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained, one and all, man, woman, and child, as stiff, as still, and as silent, as so many stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct: in some bodies out of so many thousands it doubtless lingered, like a spark amongst the ashes—but disinclined by the national phlegm to any active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed, there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, between life and death, between sleeping and waking, which a Transcendental Spirit would not willingly dissolve. Be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their turns in the Corpse-Chamber, as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred—not a muscle twitched—not a finger contracted, and consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

In fine, he became a confirmed sceptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring—unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no—Death and the Doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such

manner. And truly, it is curious to observe that in proportion to the multiplication of Physicians, and the progress of Medical science, the number of Revivals has decreased. The Exanimate no longer rally as they used to do some centuries since—when Aloys Schneider was restored by the jolting of his own coffin, and Margaret Schöning, leaving her death-bed, walked down to supper in her last linen.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who, long past the first tremors and fancies of his noviciate, had come, by dint of custom, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or bales of goods committed to the temporary custody of a Plutonian warehouseman, or Lethean wharfinger. But he was doomed to be signally undeceived.

In the month of September, just after the autumnal Frankfort Fair, Martin Grab, a middle-aged man, of plethoric habits, after dining heartily on soup, sour kroust, veal-cutlets with bullace sauce, carp in wine-jelly, blood sausage, wild boar brawn, herring salad, sweet pudding, Leipsic larks, sour cream with cinnamon, and a bowlfull of plums, by way of dessert—suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the Doctor, the body was conveyed as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cemetery, where being deposited in the Corpse-Chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the Death-Watch, Peter Klopp.

Accordingly, having taken a last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the Life-Bell round the dead man's fingers, and then retiring into his own sanctorum, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that foggy Paradise, which a true German would not exchange for all the odour of Araby the Blessed, and the society of the Houris.

“And did the fat man come to life again?”

Patience, my dear madam, patience, and you shall hear.

It was past midnight, and in the Corpse-Chamber, hung with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud as still as a marble statue. At his head, the solitary funeral lamp burned without a flicker—there was no breath of air to disturb the flame, or to curve the long spider-lines that hung perpendicularly from the ceiling. The silence was intense. You might have heard the ghost of a whisper or the whisper of a ghost, if there had been one present to utter it—but the very air seemed dead and stagnant—not elastic enough for a sigh even from a spirit.

In the adjoining room reposed the Death-Watch, Peter Klopp. He had thrown himself, in his clothes, on his little bed, with his pipe still between his lips. Here, too, all was silent and still. Not a cricket chirped—nor a mouse stirred—nor a draught of air. The light smoke of the pipe mounted directly upward, and mingled with its cloudlike shadows on the ceiling. The eye would have detected the flitting of a mote, the ear would have caught the rustling of a straw, but all was quiet as the grave, still as its steadfast tombs—when suddenly the shrill hurried peal of the alarm-bell—the very same sound which for fifteen long years he had nightly listened for—the very same sound that for as many long years he had utterly ceased to expect—abruptly startled the slumbering senses of Peter Klopp !

In an instant he was out of bed and on his feet, but without the power of further progress. His terror was extreme. To be waked suddenly in a fright is sufficiently dreadful ; but to be roused in the dead of the night by so awful a summons—by a call, as it were, from beyond the grave, to help the invisible spirit—perhaps a Demon's—to reanimate a cold, clammy Corpse—what wonder that the poor wretch stood shuddering, choking, gasping for breath,

with his hair standing upright on his head, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his teeth chattering, his hands clutched, his limbs paralysed, and a cold sweat oozing out from every pore of his body ! In the first spasm of horror his jaws had collapsed with such force, that he had bitten through the stem of his pipe, the bowl and stalk falling to the floor, whilst the mouthpiece passed into his throat, and agitated him with new convulsions. In the very crisis of this struggle, a loud crash resounded from the Corpse-Chamber—then came a rattling noise, as of loose boards, followed by a stifled cry—then a strange unearthly shout, which the Death-Watch answered with as unnatural a shriek, and instantly fell headlong, on his face, to the stone-floor !

“Poor fellow ! Why, it was enough to kill him.”

It did, madam. The noise alarmed the resident doctor and the military patrol, who rushed into the building, and lo ! a strange and horrid sight ! There lay on the ground the unfortunate Death-Watch, stiff and insensible ; whilst the late Corpse, in its grave clothes, bent over him, eagerly administering the stimulants, and applying the restoratives that had been prepared against its own revival. But all human help was in vain. Peter Klopp was no more—whereas Martin Grab was alive, and actually stepping into the dead man’s shoes, became, and is at this day, the official Death-Watch at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

CHAPTER IV.

"AND do you really mean to say, sir," exclaims a vulgar-looking personage, in a black rusty suit, with black-silk gloves, black-cotton stockings, and a hat of two colours, black and sleek at bottom, and brown and shabby at top; a figure, a good deal like a decayed apothecary of the old school—"Do you really mean to say, sir, that you hactually obitted and resurgam'd like the appoplectic German gemman as ate such a very hearty last meal?"

Well, and what then?

"Why, then, sir, it's the beer, that's all."

The bier?

"Yes, the double X. You see, sir, the truth is, I've laid myself three quarters of rum to a pot of ale, as how it was not a reglar requiescat, nor a boney fide Celo quies, but only a weekly dispatch."

A Weekly Dispatch?

"Yes, or a Morning Post Mortum. Not a natural hexit, you know. Not a true Bill of Mortality—but that you was only killed by the perodical press, like lord Brougham!"

Humph! That such a rusty raven should pluck out the heart of my mystery! That such a walking shadow should throw a light on my enigma! But the fellow's guess is correct. I died only in print. The great Composer had no hand in it: my everlasting rest was set up by a compositor of the *Morning Herald*!

"On the 3rd instant, suddenly, *Peregrine Phoenix, Esq., of Clapham Rise.*"

CHAPTER V.

WHAT a strange sensation it caused, the reading of that mortal paragraph! A feeling only to be understood by those who have been put out of the world by the Globe, had their days ended by the Sun, been posted to eternity by the Post, or sent on their last journey by the Evening Mail!

The newspaper that morning came late; and when the fatal sentence met my glance, I was, like Hamlet's father, "full of bread." I had already finished my morning's repast, but by an instinctive impulse I took another egg, and began breakfasting over again. A sort of practical assertion of the animal functions—and I never enjoyed a meal so much in my life. What a zest it had! Each separate morsel by its peculiar substance, flavour, or aroma, giving the lie, backed by the three senses of Touch, Taste, and Smell, to that abominable announcement! The noble Athelstare, when he escaped in his grave-clothes from the funeral vault of St. Edmond's Abbey, did not attack the venison-pasty and the wine-bottle with more relish! There was a certain pleasure even in a crumb's going the wrong way!

"What!" exclaims Civic Apoplexy, his face as crimson as the wattles of an enraged turkey-cock, his tongue struggling for utterance, and his eyes protruding, like pupils about to be expelled by the head master, "a comfort in choking!"

Yes, my dear Alderman, as an evidence of active existence. Unlike the race-horse, every cough is in your favour.

For my own part, oh, how vividly I delighted in the grating in the throat, the soreness of the lungs, the watering of the eyes, which told how, instead of being dead, I had

merely lost my breath! How deliciously I enjoyed every symptom, otherwise disagreeable, of vitality! The imputed absence of my life made me intensely sensible of its presence. I felt, methought, the warm blood coursing through my veins and arteries, and tingling in the very nails of my fingers and toes. Every movement of the machine, beforetime withdrawn from notice, had become decidedly perceptible. I had a distinct notion of the peristaltic motion, and seemed absolutely conscious of the growth of my hair!

“What, without Macassar! Impossible!”

Perhaps so, Mr. Rowland, but it seemed probable. And then how delightedly I strutted about, and boxed with Nobody, and fenced with my own shadow, and spouted like a 'Bartlemy Tragedian. No, no—I was not dead. A gentleman who eats two breakfasts

“And lightly draws his breath,
And feels his life in ev'ry limb,
What should he know of Death?”

My next act was to ring for my servant, who entered, and found me grimacing before the looking-glass—dead men don't make faces.

“John, where was I, and what did I do on Friday last, the 3rd instant?”

“Let me see—you rowed on the river, sir, in the wherry.”

“What, with Charon?”

“No, sir, with Mr. Emery.”

“Very good, that will do, John.”

And joyous as a blackbird in Spring, I began to whistle Dibdin's air of “Jack's Alive.” By an association of ideas, Dibdin's verses put me in mind of Sterne, and darting off at a tangent to my library I pulled down the first volume of *Tristram Shandy*, and began to read aloud the extempore

lecture of Corporal Trim on the text of "Are we not here now, and are we not gone in a moment?" with his cocked hat illustration of sudden death. "But I am alive," said the foolish, fat scullion.

Oh, how I admired that fat scullion! I could have hugged her in spite of her grease—our feelings, our sympathies were in such perfect unison! Trim's Funeral Sermon had been to her the same in effect as my obituary paragraph in the *Herald*.

In the meantime, the ten o'clock Clapham omnibus called for me as usual; I put on my hat and gloves, took my walking-stick (the dead don't walk with sticks), got into the vehicle, seated myself, and remarked with a smile all round.

"Well, this is better than a hearse."

A speech natural and significant enough under my peculiar circumstances, but to the rest of the company, who wanted the key, a mere impertinent truism.

One gentleman in particular seemed personally disgusted and offended by the observation, and on glancing at his beaver, I perceived he wore a hatband. Somebody dead of course—but it was not Peregrine Phœnix, Esquire, of Clapham Rise, a reflection which made that vivacious personage as merry as the music after a soldier's funeral.

The confinement of the omnibus, and the reserve of its passengers, ere long became intolerable; the first cramped the physical activity, and the last checked the flow of animal spirits of a man more alive than common. So taking a hearty tug at the conductor's dreadnought, I was set down, and walked off at the rate of four miles an hour, and humming,

"Life let us cherish,"

along the London-road. But I was soon arrested by a

spectacle of uncommon interest—an undertaker's shop, with all the grim and glittering emblems of the craft in the window. I had passed them a hundred times before without notice, but now the establishment had for me all the interest of an exhibition.

I examined every painted scutcheon, as if for an æsthetic critique—scrutinized the mottoes and inscriptions as if for an archæological essay—examined each crest and blazonry with heraldic relish, and inspected the shining coffin-plates and handles with the zest of an antiquary poring over rusty pieces of antique armour. A device of a flying cherub was gazed at like a design of Raffaele's, and the notification of "Funerals Performed," was read over and over again like a love posy. But above all, I was smitten with an emblem which had formerly seemed rather a repulsive one—a Death's head and cross-bones—especially the dreary skull with its vacant eyelet holes, and that sardonic grin—whereas now, a laughing eye within the dark cavity seemed to tip me a knowing wink, and the ghastly grin was become a smile so contagious, that I felt myself smiling from ear to ear.

All this time the hammer had sounded merrily—yes, *merrily* from the interior of the shop, and looking in at the door, I saw the master, with his journeyman, busied in the last decoration of a handsome black coffin, lined with white satin—to some, perhaps, a dismal object, but to me a poetical one, like

————— "A sable cloud
That turns its silver lining on the night."

I read the name engraved on the silver plate thrice over, and with a novel but pleasant curiosity, informed myself minutely of all the particulars of the age, business, and circumstances of the deceased.

And when, pray, did the poor gentleman die?

“On the 3rd instant, sir, rather suddenly.”

The very day that *I* did not!—Oh! the electric thrill of life that ran through every fibre of my frame at that coincidence of dates! The vivid revelation of a stirring, vital principle, that glowed from head to heel! I am convinced that for a man to know, to feel, to enjoy his existence, to be properly conscious of his being, he must be put into the Obituary! Till then, he is like the flounders that didn't flounder.

“But the fish are dead,” objected the Cook.

“Not them,” said the Fishwoman, tossing the last flounder into the blue and white dish. “Just see how they'll kick when they comes to the hot lard. Why, bless ye, they're as alive as you are, only they don't know it till they're put in the pan.”

CHAPTER VI.

“THEN after all,” says Mrs. Grundy, a lively, loquacious old lady, familiarly known to a very wide circle of friends and acquaintance, “it is not so very disagreeable to be killed by the press?”

By no means, madam—rather reviving than otherwise—as good as a sniff of hartshorn, sal volatile, or aromatic vinegar, and much more agreeable than burnt-feathers—a bunch of black ostrich-plumes always excepted.

“Well, I should have thought that such a broad hint in black and white would be a memento mori—a sort of ‘Philip, remember thou art mortal.’”

“Quite the reverse, ma'am. A memento vitæ—a fillip to the animal spirits—a ‘remember thou art alive.’ Dead men, you know, don't read their own obituaries.”

"True. Nevertheless, the sudden shock of such a frigid announcement—"

Like the shock of a shower-bath, ma'am. Cold, but bracing ; and for a phlegmatic temperament, the finest and safest stimulus in the world ! Gives a glow to the skin—a healthy tone to the nerves—improves the appetite, corrects the spleen, and tickles the cockles of the heart and the risible muscles. You have heard, ma'am, of a lightening before death ?

"Yes—Romeo alludes to it."

Well, it's nothing to the lightening after it ! I mean in print. Talk of Parr's Life Pills, or the Elixir Vitæ !—a kill by the press is the Grand Catholicon—a specific for ennui or tedium vitæ, a sovereign remedy for Hypochondriasis, and infallible for Suicidal Monomania ! Only let a newspaper hint that you are a corpse, and it makes you *quite another thing*—a Harlequin, a Rope-dancer, a Tumbler, a Dancing Fakir, a Springheel'd Jack. But not to advertise a remedy without a case—there was Lord Cowdenknows, who was killed by the *Times*.

"Ah, by an upset of his carriage."

Yes—with one horse's hoof on his sternum, another on his os frontis, a wheel on his epigastrium, and the broken axletree through his abdomen. No mortal was ever *pressed* to death more completely—and what is the result ? Why, an intense consciousness of his existence, and the continual assertion of his vitality by a vivacious volubility and volatility amounting almost to a nuisance. He reminds us that Lord Cowdenknows is alive with a vengeance !—his enemies by astounding pats on the head and confounding slaps on the back ; and his friends by disconcerting digs in the ribs, or staggering punches in the stomach. No practical joker in the exuberance of his animal spirits ever played

more pranks. On one head he pours melted-butter, on a second cold water, on a third vinegar, smears a fourth with honey, a fifth with cantharides, a sixth with treacle, a seventh with tar, an eighth with bear's-grease, a ninth with mustard, a tenth with cold-cream, an eleventh with paste, a twelfth with cowage, and then daubs an unlucky Quaker with ink. One he trips up, and astonishes another with a *coup de pied*. In short, he is all alive and kicking—"all manner of ways."

CHAPTER VII.

"Now I think of it," says Mnemosyne, again pressing the organ of memory with her right fore-finger, and gently smiling as if some pleasant image rose up before the mental eye, "There was Squire Foxall, a martyr to that melancholy humour called Hypochondriasis, and who was cured by the Press. Many a serio-comic scene there was between the master and his man Roger, a confidential servant of the old school, shrewd, trusty, and as blunt as a spade."

"Well, Roger," the master would say, after a very long and solemn shaking of his head, "I am going at last."

"Glad on it—to Swaffham, in course?"

"No, Roger, no—to another world."

"What, to Amerikey?"

"No, to another and a better one, Roger—to the world of spirits."

"Ah, that's along o' missing your brandy—you be low, you be."

"Not so low as I shall be, Roger. I'm at death's door—I have double knocked, and am scraping my shoes, and it will

soon be, walk in. Now, Roger, remember when I'm gone that Mr. Bewlay—"

"Yes, yes—I know. He have got the last o' your last wills. Your nevy will come into the land, and your niece is to have your personal bulk."

"No, Roger—that was the will before. I've made another since then—but no matter. I've done with money and land. All I require now is a little turf."

"Well—there's a whole stack on it i' the rick-yard, and when you've burnt out that—"

"Never, Roger, never! I'm burnt out myself—quite down in the socket, and shall go off like a snuff. I am ready, Roger, for the garner."

"Yes, yes, and corn for the sickle, and grass for the scythe, and a ripe plum for the basket, and a brown leaf for hopping the twig. I know all that by heart."

"I'm a dying man, Roger, and you know it. I haven't twelve hours to live—no, not six, before I pay the debt of nature."

"Dang the debt o' nature! I wish you had none to settle but hern. But it arn't do yet, it arn't."

"Due and overdue, Roger. The receipt's made out, and before to-morrow you will have another master."

"No, I shan't. I harn't had no warnin'."

"But *I* have, Roger. Here, feel my pulse. It stopped just now for two minntes and a half. The circulation is at a standstill—the heart cannot perform its functions."

"All moonshine, master. It's performing its funkings at this minit. It's going as regular as the eight-day clock—I can a'most hear un tick."

"No, no, Roger—that's impossible."

"Is it? Then why do Dr. Darby try to hear it with his telescope?"

"Stethoscope, Roger—ste-thos-cope. There may be hypertrophy for all that. But you know I can't argue with you. My lungs are quite gone—quite!"

"No wonder—you've been blowin' 'em up this ten year."

"They're destroyed, Roger. Pulmonary consumption has set in—"

"Yes, yes, I know—and they're full of tuber-roses."

"Tubercles, man—and my liver is in no better state."

"No—they're schismatic. And you've got an absence in your inside—"

"An abscess."

"Well, an abscess in your stomach, and can't digest properly for want of gas-water."

"A deficiency of the gastric juice. It is all too true, Roger. Every organ I have is out of order."

"Then I wouldn't play on 'em. Well, what next? Why, you've got a gatherin in your lumbering progresses."

"Lumbar processes—"

"Which in course affects the head, and so you've got a confusion of water on the brain. Then you've had an eclectic fit, and three parallel strokes—and there's your stertian ague, and the intermediate fever—"

"Intermitting."

"Then, there's the inflammation of your mucus members—"

"Membrane, membrane."

"Well, membrane. Next there's your vertical headach—"

"Vertigo."

"And lord knows what in your intestates and viceruses. Then there's your legs with their various veins—"

"Varicose."

"And as to your feet, what with hoppin gout in them—and flying gout in your stomach—and swimming gout in your head—you're gout all over."

"Yes, Roger, yes—it has got hold of my whole system, sure enough. But it's apoplexy I'm afraid of—apoplexy, Roger. I have giddiness, tinnitus, congestion, lethargy—every symptom in the book!"

"Dang the books—it's them as done it! There's Doctor Imray's Family Physicker, you've giv yourself over ever since you brought it home. And then there's Doctor Winslow's book, and Doctor Frankum's, as made you believe between 'em, that you'd got a turned head and a pendulum belly—"

"Pendulous, Roger, pendulous."

"Well, it's all one. And then their plaguy formuluses for making up your own prescriptions. You'll proscribe yourself into heaven, you will some day, with your blue pills and hydrangea powders—"

"Hydrarge powders."

"It can't be good for nobody to swallow so much calumny. And then your dabblin with them deadly poisons, though you know as well as I do, that three Prussian Acidulated Drops would kill a horse."

"You mean Prussic acid. But in some affections, Roger, it is of great service."

"Yes, like Oxonian acid, for hoot-tops. Then, there's the newspapers. I do believe there an't a quack medicine advertised, but you've tried 'em all, from Cockle's Antibiling pills, and the Febrifudges to Sarcy Barilla. Lord! lord! the heaps of nasty messes you have swallowed sure-ly! Not to forget the Horse Physic you took arter readin in Doctor Elliotson that the human two-legged specious could ketch the glanders!"

"And was the poor man cured of his Hypochondriasis?"

Yes, by the *County Chronicle*, into which some wag introduced an announcement of his sudden demise, "*after a com-*

plication of disorders borne for a long series of years with unexampled cheerfulness and resignation." The effect on the patient was miraculous! Instead of damping his spirits or shocking his nerves, it set up his lumbagoed back, roused his sluggish spleen, stimulated his torpid liver, stirred his lethargic lights, warmed his congested blood till it boiled a-gallop, and turned his flagging heart to a *cœur de lion*. He declared loudly that the paragraph originated in a political spite—swore that it was intended as a hint for his assassination, and vowed that he would horsewhip the Editor of the diabolical newspaper in his own infernal office.

And he was as good as his word—for which practical sincerity he had to pay a hundred pounds for damages, and as much more in costs. The cure however was complete. His old affections vanished as if by magic; and now his only complaints in the world are of the impudence of counsel, the partiality of judges, the stupidity of juries, the uncertainty of the law, the murderous propensities of the Whigs, the rascality of venal Editors, and the intolerable licentiousness of the Press.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AND don't you think, sir," asks Self Preservation, in a close ball-proof silk corslet, under his figured waistcoat, "don't you think that the fellow who takes another man's life, though only in a newspaper, ought to be shut up for ever, if not hung—as a Homicidal Monomaniac?"

By no means—nor will you either, my dear Number One, when your feelings, which temporary excitement has raised from Blood Heat to the Fever Pitch, have subsided to their

natural temperature. For my own part, I blush for my countrymen. There is something of cowardice as well as cruelty in the present irrational outcry for chains, cells, strait-jackets, and—fie on it!—even halters for the lunatic. A return to the barbarous system of our ancestors, when insanity was treated as a crime, and punished with a severity beyond the severest prison discipline of the present day.

“No matter,” says Number One, “I stick by the first law of Nature—so Protection! Protection! Protection!”

“Protection! Protection!” shrieks Fear, with her hand before her eyes.

“Protection, Pro—tection,” shouts Folly, out of wantonness,—and the Spirit of Imitation, like Echo, repeats the cry.

“Protection! Protection!” bawl a million voices, while with better reason, Conscious Guilt—the poor man’s Oppressor—the Robber of the Widow and the Orphan—the Heart-Breaker, and the Brain-Breaker—vociferously swells the clamour, aware in his felon soul how richly he has earned the stab or the shot from the weapon of frenzy!

For my own part, my fears look the other way, and my cry would be for better defence against the Sane. Not the half-witted, but the sharp-witted—not the crazy, but the clear-headed—not the non-compos, but the homicidal lucid fellows who do not babble of Covenants, or Chambers’s Journal, or the Customs, who neither brandish knives, nor draw triggers, nor even “throw about fire”—and yet deliberately take our lives, for they do “take the means by which we live.” Against such, O Law and Justice! defend *me*. Only protect me from the sane Foxes, and I will take my chance about the March Hares!

Still Society, with her numberless throats, roars “Protection!”

Heavens! what are a few bewildered creatures roaming

the earth, though furnished with sticks, staves, swords, and guns, to the legion of sound Destructives who go at large, armed with "a little brief authority," and a billy-roller or a forge hammer! When did Homicidal Monomania, with all her mischievous malignity, and all her weapons, when did she cripple a child per day, or poke out thirty pairs of eyes during one short court mourning?

But still the Hydra shouts, with all its mouths in chorus, for "Protection!"

Such popular outcries against a class are always perilous, and apt to lead to cruelty and injustice. So, perhaps, some centuries ago originated a prejudice and persecution against a description of human beings quite as forlorn and desolate, only the Homicidal Monomaniacs of those times were called Wizards and Witches.

It is fit and proper, no doubt, for the security of society, that dangerous Lunatics should be so confined as to prevent their carrying any murderous design into effect—but to judge by the popular ferment, and the vehemence of the outcry for more Protection, I fear Society would hardly be satisfied with anything short of the incarceration of every individual who happened to go ungartered, or to button his doublet awry; and above all, the establishment of a Cordon Sanitaire between South and North Britain, with positive orders to shoot every Scotchman who crossed the Tweed with a bee in his bonnet. For be it noted, that Scotland comparatively swarms with what she calls, in her own dialect, "daft, or dementit bodies"—every city, every town, nay, every pelting petty village has its crazy or imbecile Goose Gibbie, or Davy Gellatly. Nevertheless, even the Provosts and the Bailies sleep in whole skins, and would be intensely surprised if they could not get their lives insured at as low rates as their neighbours.

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The truth is, the English public was always haunted—as Goldsmith points out in his Essays—by some popular Bugbear; and he instances an epidemic terror of Mad Dogs. There is something of this national characteristic in the present panic, which really amounts to a general monomania about monomaniacs. Every day some person or other denounces his or her homicidal lunatic; and as human heads cannot be rung like bells or glasses, or sounded like sovereigns on wooden counters or stone-steps, to ascertain if they are cracked, the magistrates are sorely puzzled, and half-crazed themselves, by a question on which Lawyers with Physicians, and even Doctors with Doctors, are at issue. The dispute between the two learned Professions promises, indeed, to become “a very pretty quarrel.”

“And pray, sir, how do you think it will end?”

Heaven only knows, madam. But, between ourselves, I do not despair of a very Rabelaisian termination—namely, the Big Wigs proving that the Gold-Headed Canes know nothing about Mental Disease; and the Gold-Headed Canes proving that the Big Wigs know nothing about Jurisprudence.

CHAPTER IX.

“HARK!” cries Alarm, holding up a warning finger, listening and looking as if she saw something.

“Eh!—what!—where?” inquires bewildered Surdity, dancing with excitement, and looking hastily North—Nor-nor-East,—Nor-East,—East-Nor-East—East, and so all round the compass.

“A Comet of the first magnitude,” says Rumour, bedecked

in her old robe, all over tongues, and breathless with running down "all sorts of streets."

"A what?" asks Surdity, eagerly poking his acoustical mainpipe into his best ear, and trying to lay on the report. "A new Comedian?"

"No—a great new Comic that has appeared in the Hare," bawls officious Ignorance into the bell of the flexible Voice-Conductor. "A voluminous body, with an inflammatory tail, as reaches, they say, from Sir William Herschel in England, to Mr. Cooper in Italy."

"Three hundred and sixty degrees in length," puts in Popular Exaggeration.

"Why then we shall have a fiery belt all round us," exclaims a female voice from Prospect House—"like the Planet Satan."

"An awful Phenomenon!" says Mrs. Aspenall, trembling like a leaf.

"A Fiery Dragon!" mutters Superstition: "with a sulphurous tail of burning brimstone, from the bottomless pit."

"We shall all be burnt alive!" roars Vulgar Error, running into the back-yard, and plumping up to his chin in the water-butt.

"There will be another Deluge!" cries a Whistonian Theorist, determined at any price to purchase a life-boat and a cork-jacket; having proved in print, that Noah's Flood was certainly caused by a Comet.

"It will approximate into physical collision with our terrestrial globe," says the Schoolmaster, abroad, "and obliterate our sublunary planet into infinitesimal fractions!"

"We shall have changes and revolutions," murmurs a Continental Monarch with pale lips.

"War! Pestilence! and Famine!" bellows a Modern Astrologer!

"And Earthquakes," croaks an unshaken believer in the shocking predictions of the old Monk of Dree and Doctor Dee.

"It will blow up our Powder-Works," groans a resident near Waltham Abbey.*

"And dry up our Water-Works," moans a Chelsea Director, turning to all the colours of a *Dolphin* out of its element.

"It's played the dickens already with the Consternations," says Ignorance. "They do say as how it's singed the Ram, set fire to the Wirgin, roasted the Bull whole, scorched up the Man with the Watering-pot, and fried all the heavenly Fishes!"

"So much the better!" ejaculates the Lord Mayor.

"So much the better!" exclaims his Worship of Bowstreet.

"So much the better!" cries his Worship of Marlboroughstreet.

"So much the better!" observes his Worship of Hatton-Garden.

"So much the better!" remarks his Worship of Marylebone.

"So much the better!" echoes his Worship of Queensquare.

"So much the better?" says his Worship of Worshipstreet, briskly rubbing his hands together, and drawing a long deep sigh of satisfaction from somewhere about the solar plexus—"so much the better! The public panic will now perhaps take another direction, and instead of the daily monomaniac, and the everlasting question, "*How's his head?*" it will be, "*Where's its tail?*"

* As good a prophecy as any of Zadkiel's: for the Waltham Powder Works actually blew up, about a fortnight after the hint in print.

CHAPTER X.

BUT Mr. Hatband—

The Undertaker was so delighted with the interest I had taken in his work, and the decoration of the coffin, that on parting, he presented to me his card, which he gave me with a pleasure only inferior to mine on receiving it, but derived from a very different source—he supposing that I had some funeral order in store for him, and I exulting that there had been no occasion, on my own behalf, for his services—in reality, feeling very much like a man who has just escaped, untouched, from a meeting with a dead shot.

The sun was shining brilliantly, and the morning was delicious ; one of those Spring mornings when we seem to walk on spring boards ; but never on elastic wood, or turf, did man tread so lightly as Peregrine Phœnix, Esq., on the broad flat flag-stones, pleasantly contemplating, now and then, the active shadow, which proved that he was not a shade. It was the most agreeable promenade I ever enjoyed—that solitary walk to the West End—making a dozen satisfactory purchases by the way ; for example, a stick of red sealing-wax, simply because it was not black—a piece of Holland linen for shirting, which “was warranted to wear well,” and two pair of trousers that were ticketed “Everlastings.” The next shop but one to the draper’s was a Circulating Library, a rather pretty repository ; but there was a placard of the terms in the window, and although the act cost me a guinea, I could not resist going in and subscribing *for a year*.

A Statuary’s a few yards further on supplied me, like the Undertaker’s, with some very comfortable cogitation. For

the first time since my birth, I found a charm in pot-bellied monumental Urns—in stone-blind Cherubs with wigs *à la mode* and alabaster—and in petrified Angels, with wings of good solid masonry, blowing dumb coach-horns. They were finer to me, in my peculiar frame of mind, than Phidian sculptures. And then those polished, snow-like marble slabs and tablets, how cheerfully they shone in the bright sunshine! It was indeed my lucky day, *marked with white stones!* Yes, lucky, although in turning away from the statuary's, I was run against, full butt, by a workman with a package of laths under his arm, that came in uncomfortable contact with my body, a little below the chest. But the poor fellow begged my pardon so humbly, that it was impossible for a Christian, and especially under my circumstances, to refuse it.

"Well, well, pick up my hat. That poke in the stomach has given me a strong conviction, at any rate, of my corporeal vitality."

"I'm sorry to hear it, sir," replied the workman, "I am indeed, and I hope it's a feeling as will soon wear off."

But my greatest triumphs awaited me at my Club. Oh! the indescribable look of the porter, when he saw my Ghost thrust open the glazed door!—the unutterable astonishment of the waiter when my Apparition ordered a biscuit and a glass of sherry—the profound mystification of my friend B. when my Spirit carelessly asked him the current price of Long Annuities. The other members present were equally amazed. Some started up—most of them ejaculated—all stared—one choked—and a tumbler of Bass's Pale Ale dropped with a crash on the floor. Had I walked into the room *à la* Phoenix, in a pair of incombustible asbestos trousers, blazing with burning spirits of wine, there could not have been a greater sensation. However, the excitement

subsided at last, and gave place to boisterous congratulations. The news of my sudden demise had circulated amongst my club intimates and acquaintance, and to do them justice they hailed my resurrection from my ashes as cordially as if they had conjointly underwritten my life.

A House Dinner was proposed to celebrate my revival; and fixed for seven precisely. The interval I employed chiefly in the pleasant task of composing a public contradiction of the paragraph in the "Herald," and writing bulletins of my perfect health to all my friends and acquaintances, and some few others, including a tradesman or two, and the actuary of the Eagle Assurance. And when the missives were done and delivered to the house-steward for the post, with what gusto I added, "Mind, not the Dead Letter Office!"—while the steward stared by turns at the enormous *red* seal, and the staring P. PHOENIX, in the corner of each envelope, intended to *break my life* to my correspondents.

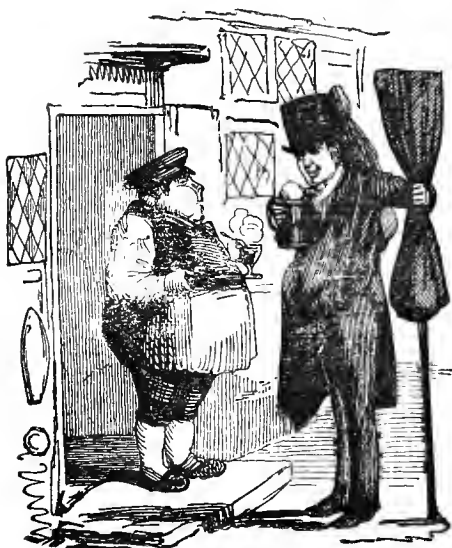
"And did the dinner go off well, Mr. Phoenix?"

Excellently, madam. The best I ever ate. Every delicacy of the season—the most delicious fruits I ever tasted—the most exquisite wines I ever drank. Then everybody was in capital spirits, and myself above all (good reason why)—joking, punning, telling my best stories (dead men tell no tales), and laughing, like one of the Immortals. Then after the cloth was drawn, the toasts that were drunk—not in solemn silence—but vociferously, with all the honours, "The Arabian Bird,"—"Never say Die,"—"Many Happy Returns of the Day," and the songs that were sung, and the speeches that were made, including my own, in which I assured the company, with unusual sincerity, that upon my life (a phrase since become habitual with me) it was the happiest day of my life—one to be remembered to my last hour—but which,

in spite of somebody putting on my clock, like the grim Covenantant in "Old Mortality," had not yet arrived.

"Hear, hear, hear!" shouted my auditors, and to tell the truth, I joined lustily in their cheering, out of sheer self-congratulation. If ever a human biped enjoyed the nine-fold vitality of the feline quadruped, it was mine at that moment. I was full, brimming, overflowing with life; there was enough in me, had I been chopped up like a polypus, to animate a dozen Phœnixes!

It was nearly dawn ere we broke up, when between two companions, who—these are Confessions—looked sometimes like four, I set out to walk home, not walking as a mechanic plods to his work, or as an invalid ambulates for exercise, but with occasional skips and curvetings, or a little run, in one of which courses my head came in collision with a lamp-post, and gratified me with ocular demonstration of my existence in a shower of vital sparks. Nor yet did we proceed quite so mumchance as quakers, or boarding-school misses, but whistling, warbling trios, and occasionally shouting in chorus, when just at the bottom of Waterloo-place, or it might be the top of the Haymarket—by some mystery not to be explained—through some *Casus Belli* never clearly defined—for it was in the days of Tom and Jerryism, when war was seldom formally declared—all at once I found myself engaged in battle royal, or rather republican—it was so free and independent—with an unknown number of opponents. My new life, probably, was in danger, for I fought for it like a tiger, wrestling, hugging, tugging, kicking, pushing, striking right and left, and being kicked, pushed, and belaboured in return. One unlucky punch, I suspect, punched out my centre of gravity, from my difficulty afterwards in keeping my legs. Sometimes I was on my feet, sometimes on my head, now on my back,



then on my front, then on my side, and then on my seat—bounding, scrambling, rolling, up again, posturing, squaring, warding, and down again—at first dry, next wet, then tattered and torn, but still fighting, encouraged by shouts of “Go it, Lively!” though purblind, giddy, bleeding, and almost out of that precious article, my breath. Still the battle raged with various success; my spirit, or spirits, for I seemed to have several within me, yet unsubdued, when just in the middle of a furious rally, in the very crisis of victory, I was caught up horizontally, and before tongue could cry rescue, Peregrine Phoenix, Esquire, the Dead Man of the “Morning Herald,” was borne off kicking and shouting at the top of his voice “Hurrah for Life—Hurrah for Life—Hurrah for Life—Life—Life in London!”

THE LONGEST HOUR IN MY LIFE.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

CHAPTER 1.

“TIME,” says *Rosalind*, in that delicious sylvan comedy called “As You Like It,”—“Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.”

And thence she prettily and wittily proceeds to enumerate the parties with whom he gallops, trots, ambles, or comes to a stand-still. And nothing can be truer than her theory.

Old Chronos has indeed infinite rates of performance—from railway to snail-way. As the butcher’s boy said of his horse, “He can go all sorts of paces—as fast as you like, or as slow as you don’t.”

"But hark! what says a clear bell-like voice from the Horse-Guards?—that "time is time, and one o'clock is one o'clock all the town over."

True, old Regulator! The remark is as correct as striking, time is time, and the horological divisions are or should be synchronous from Knightsbridge to Whitechapel. But the old Mower is, like ourselves, a compound being—body and spirit. Hence he hath, as the Watchmakers say, "a duplex movement:" namely, Mechanical and Metaphysical;—the first, governed absolutely by the march of the sun, and the swing of a pendulum; the second, determined by moral contingencies: the one capricious as the *ad libitum*, the other exact as the *tempo obbligato* of the musician. Thus the manifold bells of London—sounding, like the ancient chorus, a solemn accompaniment to the grand drama of Human Life—thus hundreds of iron tongues simultaneously proclaim the current hour to the vast metropolis, yet with what different speed has time travelled from chime to chime with its millions of inhabitants—with the Bride, and the Widow, the Marchioness in the ball-room, and the Milliner in her gullet, the Lounger at his club, and the Criminal in the condemned cell!

Of these "divers paces with divers persons," there is a memorable illustration in "Old Mortality," where Morton and the stern Covenanters, with opposite feelings, watch on the same dial-plate the progress of the hand towards the fatal black point, at which the hour and a life were together to expire.

The Novelist has painted the victim "awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straw-breadths." The walls "seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud painful distinctness, as if

each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ."

Here then was one of those persons whom Time gallops withal, whereas to the bloodthirsty Fanatics he crept on so leisurely, that Impatience could not refrain from giving the laggard a thrust forward on his course.

In our Courts of Law, Civil and Criminal, the divers paces of Time are continually exemplified, and have been verified on oath by scores of respectable witnesses.

For example: there was once a murder committed at Tottenham; and on the trial of the assassin, it became a point of judicial importance to determine the exact interval between two distant pistol-shots.

"Five minutes!" deposed Miss White, who had passed the evening in question *tête-à-tête* with her affianced sweet-heart.

"Fifteen," swore Mrs. Black, who had spent the same hours in vainly expecting a husband addicted to the ale-house.

"Bless my soul and body!" exclaimed the Judge, naturally astonished at such a wide discrepancy; "the clocks in that part of the country must be sadly in want of regulation!"

But his lordship himself was in error. The material wheels, springs, pendulums, and weights, worked truly enough; it was the moral machinery that was accountable for the variation. The rectification, however, was at hand.

The suburban village of Tottenham swarms, as is well known, with resident Members of the Society of Friends—a sect remarkable for punctuality, and the preciseness and uniformity of their habits—whose lives flow as equably as the sand of the hour-glass—whose pulses beat with the regularity of the pendulum. Accordingly, five Quakers who

had heard the shots, were examined as witnesses ; and, on their several affirmations, gave the interval between the two reports with little more variation than so many Admiralty Chronometers. As thus :

	Min.	Sec.
Obadiah	9	59
Jacob	9	58
Ephraim	9	59
Joseph	9	59
Samuel	9	58

Being actually the *juste milieu*, or a drab average, between the extreme statements of Black and White.

CHAPTER II.

BUT to my personal experiences.

Like my fellow-mortals in fair *Rosalind's* catalogue, I have found Time to resemble both the Hare and the Tortoise, sometimes as fleet as the quadruped, at others as slow as the reptile in his race. Many bright and brief days recur to my memory when he flew past with the speed of a flying Childers, many dark and long ones, when he stepped as heavily and deliberately as the black horse before a hearse. All his divers paces are familiar to me—he has galloped, trotted, ambled, walked with me, and on one memorable occasion, seemed almost to stand stock-still. Never, oh, never can I forget the day-long seconds which made up those mouthlike minutes, which composed that interminable Hour—the longest in my whole life !

“And pray, sir, how and when was that ?”

For the when, madam, to be particular, it was from half-past nine to half-past ten o'clock, A.M., on the First of May, new style, Anno Domini, 1822. For the how, you shall hear.

At the date just mentioned my residence was in the Adelphi, and having a strong partiality for the study of Natural History from living specimens, it suited both my convenience and my taste to drop in frequently at the menagerie at Exeter 'Change.

These visits were generally paid at an early hour, before town or country cousins called to see the lions, and indeed it frequently happened that I found myself quite alone with the wild beasts. An annual guinea entitled me to go as often as agreeable, which happened so frequently, that the animals soon knew me by sight, whilst with some of them, for instance the elephant,* I obtained quite a friendly footing. Even Nero looked kindly on me, and the rest of the creatures did not eye me with the glances half shy and half savage which they threw at less familiar visitors.

But there was one notable exception. The royal Bengal tiger could not or would not recognise me, but persisted in growling and scowling at me as a stranger, whom of course he longed to take in. Nevertheless there was a fascination in his terrible beauty, and even in his enmity, that often held me in front of his cage, enjoying the very impotence of his malice, and recalling various tragical tales of human victims mangled or devoured by such striped monsters as the one before me ; and, as if the cunning brute penetrated my thoughts, he would rehearse as it were all the man-eating manœuvres of the species : now creeping stealthily round his den, as if skulking through his native jungles, then crouching for the fatal spring, and anon bounding against the bars of his cage, with a short, angry roar, expressive of the most

* This same elephant once nearly killed an Irishman, for an insult offered to his trunk. The act was rash in the extreme ; "but it was impossible," the Hibernian said, "to resist a nose you could pull with both hands."

fiendish malignity. By-the-bye, madam, did you ever hear of the doctrine of Instinctive Antipathies ?

"Yes, sir ; and Mr. Lamb or Mr. Hazlitt quotes an instance of two strangers, who on meeting each other in the street immediately began to fight."

Well, madam, there seemed to be some such original antipathy between me and the tiger. At any rate he took peculiar pleasure in my presence in ostentatiously parading his means of offence. Sometimes stretching out one huge muscular leg between the bars, he unsheathed and exhibited his tremendous claws, after which, with a devilish ogre-like grin, he displayed his formidable teeth, and then by a deliberate yawn indulged me with a look into that horrible red gulf, down which he would fain have bolted me in gobbets. The yawning jaws were invariably closed with a ferocious snap, and the brutal performance was wound up with a howl so unutterably hollow and awful, so cannibalish, that even at its hundredth repetition it still curdled my very blood, and thrilled every nerve in my body.

"Lord ! what a dreadful creature !"

Very, ma'am. And yet that Carnivorous Monster, capable of appalling the heart of the bravest man, failed once to strike terror into one of the weakest of the species—a delicate little girl, of about six years old, and rather small for her age. She had been gazing at the Tiger very earnestly for some minutes, and what do you think she said ?

"Pray what, sir ?"

"Oh, Mr. Cross, if ever that beautiful great pussy has young ones, do save me a kitten !"

CHAPTER III.

APROPOS of Time and his divers paces, he notoriously goes very slowly—as Sterne vouches—with a solitary captive, and of all solitary captives methinks he must go slowest with a caged wild beast. The human prisoner gifted with a mind, can beguile the weary hours with dreams of the past or future—if of an intellectual turn, and educated, he can amuse himself with philosophical speculations, or mathematical calculations. He may even indulge in poetical composition. But a beast, a stupid, ignorant beast, has no such mental resources. If he struck a lyre it would be to immortal smash. Neither would it be of any avail to supply him with materials for those various handicrafts by the exercise of which the Philadelphian Solitaries, described by Dickens, contrived to lose and neglect the creeping foot of time in their confinement. A lion, if furnished with the whole stock of a marine-store shop, would never “manufacture a sort of Dutch clock from disregarded odds and ends,” with a vinegar-bottle for the pendulum: neither would a tiger appear “in a white paper hat of his own making,” though expressly provided with stationery for the purpose, from her Majesty’s own office. It follows that wild animals in confinement must experience great weariness—in fact, they obviously do suffer from *ennui* in no common degree.

“How, sir? A vulgar, ill-bred wild beast, afflicted with the peculiar complaint of a woman of *ton*—of a lady of quality?”

Precisely, madam. There is a case on record of a Lioness with all the symptoms of the complaint, and of her adoption of that fashionable antidote, a lapdog.

A lapdog! What, a dear little King Charles's spaniel?'

"No, but a little terrier, which the Lioness in a natural state of health would have devoured on his first introduction, whereas being troubled with the vapours, she could not dispense with a plaything that happened to amuse her.

"A Lioness with the vapours, and a lapdog—ridiculous!"

Madam, I am in earnest, severely serious. But just do me the honour to step with me, in fancy, to the Zoological Gardens. There—look at that Lioness. How indolently she stretches herself—how listlessly she rolls her head and half closes her languid eyes! Then what distressing yawns, as if for a change she would turn herself inside out!

"Rather like *ennui*, I confess."

No doubt of it. Now look at yonder moping Lion, too apathetic even to glance at us. Look at his head between his knees, and his tail—that formidable tail, furnished at the end, as naturalists tell us, with a kind of prickle, so that he can spur as well as lash himself into a hasty fit—lying as idle and still as a torpid snake. Did you ever see an attitude more expressive of lassitude? and yet he hath but taken a few turns round his den, and given one roar since sunrise. All he cares is to blink, and gape, and doze, through the long hours till supper-time. Yonder again is a female Puma, with head drooping and closed eyes, uttering at intervals an inward groan, as palpable a sufferer from world-weariness as Mariana at the Moated Grange. The panthers, leopards, ounces, jaguars, and the smaller cats, from constitutional irritability, are somewhat more active, or rather restless; but it is only another mode of expressing the same thing. One and all are labouring under *tedium vitæ* so intensely that it is a wonder they have never discovered self-murder! In fact Chuny, the elephant who was shot for attempting to break out of his prison, is said, after receiving

many musket-balls, to have knelt down at the command of his keeper, and to have presented his head with suicidal docility to the marksmen.

"Their lives, poor things, must indeed be very monotonous !"

Miserably so, madam, and their hours like ages ! No amusement, no employment to shorten them ! One can fancy Time himself looking in at the Beasts through the iron lattices, and tauntingly whispering, "Ah, ah ! with all your murderous paws, and claws, and jaws, you cannot kill ME !"

"One may, indeed ; but now, if you please, sir, we will go. My own spirits begin to flag, and a sort of lassitude comes over me : I presume from example and the influence of the place."

Beyond question, madam. There was a case in point. My friend H., the well-known artist, once had occasion to take the portrait of a Lion in the Tower Menagerie ; but he went so frequently, and required such long sittings, that, knowing the usual facility of his pencil, I became curious to learn the cause.

"Why, the truth is," said H., "if I could only have kept my spirits up and my eyes open, the thing would have been done in a tithe of the time ; but what with the dejection and drowsiness of the beasts, and their continual gaping, I was so infected with their dulness that after the first ten minutes I invariably began to blink and yawn too, and soon fell asleep."

CHAPTER IV.

"HUZZA !"

My dear sir—

"Huzza ! huzza !"

My dear sirs—

"Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !"

Gentlemen—Ladies—Boys—Girls—good people *do allow* me to ask the reason of such vociferous cheering ?

"The Baron for ever !"

Eh ?

"The Doctor for ever !"

Whom ?

"The thing with a hard name for ever !"

What Baron—what Doctor ? — what thing with a hard name ?

"What thing ? Why, Som-nam-bam-boozle-fusilism, to be sure. The animal sent the painter to sleep, didn't he ?"

Yes.

"And ain't that animal Magnetism ?"

Yes, yes—certainly, yes—as clear a case of Mesmerism *as ever I met with !*

CHAPTER V.

ON the morning of the first of May, 1822, between nine and ten o'clock, I entered the menagerie of Exeter 'Change, and walked directly as usual into the great room appropriated to the larger animals. There was no person visible, keeper or visitor, about the place—like Alexander Selkirk,

"I was Lord of the Fowl and the Brute." I had the lions all to myself. As I stepped through the doors my eyes mechanically turned towards the den of my old enemy, the royal Bengal tiger, fully expecting to receive from him the customary salutes of a spiteful grin and growl. But the husky voice was silent, the grim face was nowhere to be seen. The cage was empty !

My feeling on the discovery was a mixed one of relief and disappointment.—Methought I breathed more freely from the removal of that vague apprehension which had always clung to me, like a presentiment of injury sooner or later from the savage beast. A few minutes, nevertheless, spent in walking about the room, convinced me that his departure had left a void never properly to be filled up. Another royal tiger, larger even, and as ferocious, might take his place—but it was unlikely that the new tenant would ever select me for that marked and personal animosity which had almost led me at times to believe that we inherited some ancient feud from our respective progenitors. An enemy as well as a friend of old standing, though not lamented, must be *missed*. It must be a loss, if not to affection, to memory and association, to be deprived of even the ill-will, the frown or sneer of an old familiar face, and the brute was, at any rate, "a good hater." There was something piquant, if not flattering, in being selected for his exclusive malignity. But he was gone, and the menagerie had henceforward lost, for me, a portion of its interest. But stop—there is a Gentle Reader in an ungentle hurry to expostulate.

"What !—sorry for a nasty, vicious wild beast, as owed you a grudge for nothing at all, and only wanted an opportunity to spit his spite?"

Exactly so, madam. The case is far from uncommon. Nay, I once knew a foreign gentleman in a very similar

predicament. From his German reading, helped by an appropriate style of feeding, the stomach of his imagination had become so stuffed and overloaded with Zamiels, Brocken Witches, Hobgoblins, Vampires, Were Wolves, Incubi, and other devilries, that for years he never passed a night without what we call bad dreams. Well, I had not seen him for some months, when at last he called upon me, looking so wobegone and out of spirits, as to make me inquire rather anxiously about his health. He shook his head dejectedly, sighed deeply, laid his hand on his chest, as if about to complain of it, and in a broken voice and broken English, informed me of his case.

"O, my goot fellow, I am miserable quite. Dere is something all wrong in me—someting very bad—I have not had de Night-Mare for tree weeks."

"Well, after that, sir, I can swallow the tiger. So pray go on."

After the first surprise was over, my curiosity became excited, and I began to speculate on the causes of the creature's absence. Was he dead? Had he been destroyed for his ferocity, or parted with to make room for a milder specimen of the species? Had he gone to perform in the legitimate drama—or taken French leave? I was looking round for somebody to answer these queries, when all at once I descried an object that made me feel like a man suddenly blasted with a thunderbolt.

"Mercy on us! You don't mean to say that it was the Tiger?"

I do. Huddled up in a dark corner of the room he had been overlooked by me on my entrance, and cunningly suppressing his usual snarl of recognition, the treacherous beast had proceeded to intercept my retreat. At my first glimpse of him he was skulking along, close to the wall, in the

direction of the door. Had I possessed the full power of motion he must have arrived there first—but terror riveted me to the spot. There I stood, all my faculties frozen up, dizzy, motionless, and dumb. Could I have cried out, my last breath of life would certainly have escaped from me in one long, shrill scream. But it was pent up in my bosom, where my heart, after one mighty bound upwards, was fluttering like a scared bird. There was a feeling of deadly choking at my throat, of mortal sickness at my stomach. My tongue in an instant had become stiff and parched—my jaw locked—my eyes fixed in their sockets, and, from the rush of blood, seemed looking through a reddish mist, whilst within my head a whizzing noise struck up that rendered me utterly incapable of thought or comprehension. Such, as far as I can recollect, was my condition, which, from the symptoms, I should say, was very similar to a combined attack of apoplexy and paralysis.

This state, however, did not last. At first, every limb and joint had suddenly stiffened, rigid as cast iron: my very flesh, with the blood in its veins, had congealed into marble: but after a few seconds, the muscles as abruptly relaxed, the joints gave way, the blood thawed and seemed escaping from the vessels, the substance of my body seemed losing its solidity, and with an inexpressible sense of its imbecility, I felt as if my whole frame would fall in a shapeless mass on the floor.

“Gracious goodness—how dreadful!”

The Tiger in the interim, having gained the door, had crouched down—cat-like—his back curved inwards, his face between his fore-paws, and with his glaring eyeballs steadily fixed on mine, was creeping on his belly by half-inches towards me, his tail meanwhile working from side to side behind him, and as it were *sculling* him on.

In another moment this movement ceased, the tail straightened itself out, except the tip, which turned up, and became nervously agitated, a warning as certain as the like signal from an enraged rattlesnake.

There was no time to be lost. A providential inspiration, a direct whisper, as it were, from heaven, reminded me of the empty cage, and suggested, with lightning rapidity, that the same massive bars which had formerly kept the Man Eater within, might now keep him out. In another instant I was within the den, had pulled to the door, and shot the heavy bolt. The Tiger foiled by the suddenness of this unexpected manœuvre, immediately rose from his couchant position, and after violently lashing each flank with his tail, gave vent to his dissatisfaction in a prolonged inward grumble, that sounded like distant thunder. But he did not long deliberate on his course : to my infinite horror, I saw him approach the den, where rearing on his hind legs, in the attitude the heralds call rampant, he gave a tremendous roar, which made my blood curdle, and then resting his fore-paws on the front of the cage, with his huge, hideous face pressed against the bars, he stared at me a long, long stare, with two red fiery eyes, that alternately gloomed and sparkled like burning coals.

“And didn’t the Tiger, sir, poke his great claws, sir, into the cage, sir, and pick you out, sir, bit by bit, sir, between the bars ?”

Patience, my dear little fellow, patience. Since the Creation, perhaps, a Man and a Wild Beast, literally changing places, were never before placed in such an anomalous position : and in these days of dullness, and a dearth of dramatic novelties, having been furnished with so very original and striking a situation, the Reader ought to be allowed a little time to enjoy it.

CHAPTER VI.

HA ! ha ! ha !

"Zounds !—pshaw !—phoo !—pish !" ejaculates a Courteous Reader, "it's all a hoax, the author is laughing at us."

Not at all. The cachinnatory syllables were intended to signify the peal of dreary laughter with which the hyena hailed my incarceration. It was perhaps only a coincidence—and yet the beast might comprehend and enjoy the sudden turning of the tables, the Man become a prisoner, and the Brute his gaoler.

It might tickle his savage fancy to behold a creature of the species before which the animals of his own kind instinctively quailed and skulked off—it might gratify a splenetic hatred, born of fear, to see a member of that aristocratic order reduced by a Revolution, beyond the French one, into a doomed captive in such a Bastile !

"Excuse me, sir, but do you really believe that a brute beast ever reasons so curiously ?"

It is difficult to say, madam, for they never utter, much less publish, their speculations. That some do reason and even moralize——

"Moralize ! what, a brute beast—for instance, a great bear—a moralist like Dr. Johnson ?"

Yes, madam ;—or Hervey, of the Meditations. The hyena is notoriously a frequenter of graves—a prowler amongst the Tombs. He is, also, the only beast that laughs—at least above his breath. And putting these two circumstances together, who knows but that the Ghoul acquired his Sardoniac grin, and his cynical ha ! ha ! ha ! from a too intimate acquaintance with the dusty, mouldy, rubbishing, unsavoury

relics of the pride, power, pomps and vanities of the so-called Lord of the Creation ?

“Who indeed, sir ? What man can see into the heart of a brute beast ?”

Why, if any one, ma’am, it’s the man who puts his head into the lion’s mouth.

CHAPTER VII.

It was now my turn to know and understand how Time “travels in divers paces with divers persons.” To feel how the precious stuff that life is made of might be drawn out, like fine gold, into inconceivable lengths. To learn the extreme duration of minims and seconds, and possible “last moments” of existence—the practicability of living ages, as in dreams, between one vital pulsation and another !

Oh those interminable and invaluable intervals between breath and breath !

How shall I describe—by what gigantic scale can I give a notion of the enormous expansion of the ordinary fractions of time, when marked on a Dial of the World’s circumference by the Shadow of Death ?

Methinks while that horrible face, and those red, fiery eyes were gazing at me, Pyramids might have been built—Babylons founded—Empires established—Royal Dynasties have risen, ruled, and fallen—yea, even that other Planets might have fulfilled their appointed cycles from Creation to Destruction, during those nominal minutes which by their immense span seemed actually to be preparing me for Eternity !

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the meantime the Tiger kept his old position in front of the cage, without making any attempt to get at me. He could have no fear of my getting out to eat *him*, and as to his devouring me, having recently breakfasted on shin of beef he seemed in no hurry for a second meal, knowing perfectly well, that whenever he might feel inclined to lunch he had me ready for it, as it were, in his safe.

Thus the beast continued with intolerable perseverance to stare in upon me, who, crouched up at the further corner of the den, had only to await his pleasure or displeasure. Once or twice, indeed, I tried to call out for help, but the sound died in my throat, and when at length I succeeded, the Tiger, whether to drown my voice, or from sympathy, set up such a roar at the same time, and this he did so repeatedly, that convinced of the futility of the experiment, I abandoned myself in silence to my fate. Its crisis was approaching. If he had no hunger for food the savage had an appetite for revenge, and soon showed himself disposed, catlike, to sport with his victim, and torment him a little by exciting his terror. I have said cat-like, but there seemed something more supernaturally ingenious in the cruelty of his proceedings. He certainly made faces at me, twisting his grim features with the most frightful contortions—especially his mouth, drawing back his lips so as to show his teeth—then smacking them, or licking them with his tongue—of the roughness of which he occasionally gave me a hint by rasping it against the iron bars. But the climax of his malice was to come. Strange as it may seem, he absolutely winked at me, not a mere feline blink at excess of light, but a significant know-

ing wink, and then inflating his cheeks, puffed into my face a long, hot breath, smelling, most ominously, of *raw flesh* !

“The horrid wretch ! why he seemed to know what he was about like a Christian !”

Yes, madam—or, at any rate, like an inhuman human being. But, before long, he evidently grew tired of such mere pastime. His tail—that index of mischief—resumed its activity, swinging and flourishing in the air, with a thump every now and then on his flank, as if he were beating time with it to some Tiger’s March in his own head. At last it dropped, and at the same instant thrusting one paw between the bars he tried by an experimental semicircular sweep, whether any part of me was within his reach. He took nothing, however, by his motion, but his talons so nearly brushed my knees, that a change of posture became imperative. The den was too low to allow of my standing up, so that the only way was to lie down on my side, with my back against that of the cage—of course making myself as much like a *bas-relief* as possible.

Fortunately, my coat was closely buttoned up to the throat, for the hitch of a claw in a lappel would have been fatal : as it was, the paw of the brute, in some of his sweeps, came within two inches of my person. Foiled in this fishing for me, he then struck the bars, seriatim, but they were too massive, and too well imbedded in their sockets, to break, or bend, or give way. Nevertheless, I felt far from safe. There was such a diabolical sagacity in the Beast’s proceedings, that it would hardly have been wonderful if he had deliberately undone the bolt and fastenings of his late front-door and walked in to me.

“Oh, how dreadful if he had ! And what a position for you, sir ! Such a shocking picture—a human fellow-creature

in a cage with a great savage tiger a-tearing at him through the bars—I declare it reminds me of the Cat at our Canary !”

CHAPTER IX.

I WOULD not marry the Young Lady who made that last comparison for Ten Thousand Pounds !

CHAPTER X.

CONFOUND the Keepers !

Not one of them, Upper or Under, even looked into the room. For any help to me, they might as well have been keeping sheep, or turnpikes, or little farms, or the King’s peace—or keeping the Keep at Windsor, or editing the Keepsake !—or helping the London Sweeps and Jack-in-the-Green to keep May Day !

Oh ! what a pang, sharp as tiger’s tooth could inflict, shot through my heart as I remembered that date with all its cheerful and fragrant associations—sights, and scents, and sounds so cruelly different to the object before my eyes, the odour in my nostrils, the noise in my ears !

How I wished myself under the hawthorns, or even on them—how I yearned to be on a village green, with or without a Maypole ; but why do I speak of such sweet localities ?

May-day as it was, and sweep as I was not, I would willingly have been up the foulest flue in London, cleansing it gratis. Fates that had formerly seemed black and hard,

now looked white and mild in comparison with my own. The gloomiest things, the darkest misfortunes, even unto negro-slavery, shone out, like the holiday sooterkins, *with washed faces*.

My own case was getting desperate. The Tiger enraged by his failures, was furious, and kept up an incessant fretful grumble—sometimes deepening into a growl, or rising almost into a shriek—while again and again he tried the bars, or swept for me with his claws. Lunch-time it was plain had come, and an appetite along with it, as appeared by his efforts to get at me, as well as his frequently opening and shutting his jaws, and licking his lips,—in fact, making a sort of Barmecidal feast on me beforehand.

The effect of this mock-mastication on my nerves was inexpressibly terrible—as the awful rehearsal of a real tragedy. Besides, from a correspondence of imagination, I seemed actually to feel in my flesh and bones every bite he simulated, and the consequent agonies. Oh, horrible—horrible—horrible!

“Horrible, indeed! I wonder you did not faint!”

Madam, I *dared* not. All my vigilance was too necessary to preserve me from these dangerous snatches, so often made suddenly as if to catch me off my guard. It was far more likely that the brain, overstrained by such intense excitement, would give way and drive me by some frantic impulse—a maniac—into those foamy jaws.

Still bolt, and bar, and reason retained their places. But alas! if even the mind remained firm, the physical energies might fail. So long as I could maintain my position, as still and as stiff as a corpse, my life was comparatively safe: but the necessary effort was almost beyond the power of human nature, and certainly could not be long protracted—the joints and sinews must relax, and then——

Merciful Heaven! the crisis just alluded to was fast approaching, for the overtasked muscles were gradually give, give, giving—when suddenly there was a peculiar cry from some animal in the inner room. The Tiger answered it with a yell, and, as if reminded of some hated object—at least as obnoxious to him as myself—instantly dropped from the cage, and made one step towards the spot. But he stopped short—turning his face again to the cage, to which he would probably have returned but for a repetition of the same cry. The Tiger answered it as before with a yell of defiance, and bounded off through the door into the next chamber, whence growls, roars, and shrieks of brutal rage soon announced that some desperate combat had commenced.

The uproar alarming the Keepers, they rushed in, when springing from the cage with equal alacrity, I rushed out; and while the men were securing the Tiger, secured myself by running home to my house in the Adelphi, at a rate never attained before or since.

Nor did Time, who “travels in divers paces with divers persons,” ever go at so extraordinary a rate—for *slowness*—as he had done with me. On consulting my watch, the age which I had passed in the Tiger’s den must have been some sixty minutes!

And so ended, Courteous Reader, the Longest Hour in my Life!

[I have found among my father’s collection of autographs the following passage, with reference to the preceding story, in a letter from Mr. W. J. Broderip, the well-known Police Magistrate, and Author of “Zoological Recreations.”]

“THE longest Hour of your Life” gave me a night-mare. The whole day had been employed in listening to a horrid murder; and at night I took up your paper to amuse me,

and drive the bloody business out of my head. The effect of the combination out-Fuselied all that Fuseli ever conceived after a supper of the rawest of pork—though I supped on sugar and water. Maltese murderers with raised knives ready to strike ; blood running slowly and lava-like down walls. Tigers attracted by the smell of the blood, and attacking editors and justices shut up in rush cages—in one everlasting smash, notwithstanding a gasping attempt to read the Riot Act! Ah, it is all very well to laugh *now*, but it was awful!”

END OF VOL. VIII.

